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WOMAN, HER POSITION, INFLUENCE, AND WISHES.*

THE influence of women on modern European society, Mr. Buckle tells us, has, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. We presume the influence of men has also, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. Yet it would seem odd to urge this,

What is the origin of this curious habit, by which we so often speak and think of women as something outside of general humanity, or at least a lesser distinguishable part, whose relation to the whole may be made the subject of estimate? Are they not in reality human society as much as men are? If one looks at the subject with a fresh sudden glance, it seems as strange to speak of women exercising a beneficial influence on society as of the branches and leaves exercising a beneficial influence on the tree. Yet a mode of speech so universal, and of antiquity so undated, must have some true basis. "Man" can not mean both men and women for nothing; and mean it in all times and all languages. Does this expression imply that the nature of the man comprehends, includes within it, that of the woman? Not this probably; but it does imply that society ever since the

* *Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks.* London: Chapman & Hall. 1857.

The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. *Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1858. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

The Englishwoman's Journal. London. 1858.

Remarks on the Education of Girls. By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES. Third Edition. London: John Chapman. 1856.

Woman and her Wishes: an Essay inscribed to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. London: John Chapman. 1854.

The Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise. By JUSTITIA. London: John Chapman. 1855.

world began has received its characteristic nature and distinctive impress, not from the women, but from the men who helped to compose it. It does imply, and the world's history confirms it, that the collective body of men are in their nature more strong, more vigorous, more comprehensive, more complete in themselves, than the collective body of women. It is of no use screaming about it; the irrefragable fact remains. It is idle to say it is all owing to the defective education you give us. Why not have secured a higher education? It is no answer to cry, it all depends on your advantage in mere physical strength; for to say so admits the fact, and gives an adequate reason for it. Why tell us of Semiramis and Maria Theresa, of Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther and Captain Betsy who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus? These great names, which shoot so high, serve but to measure the average growth. Against the great fact of subordination of place in the world's history, however, is to be placed another fact not less marked and important, that the upward progress of the race has always been accompanied by a commensurate increase in the influence of women. The fact to which Mr. Buckle calls attention, that in the palmiest days of Athens the influence of women was at a minimum, is strictly in accordance with the purely intellectual, and therefore narrow, though brilliant civilization to which alone the Greek mind attained. It serves to show how large a part of intellectual cultivation may be independent of the woman, and how incomplete in such independence are its loftiest achievements. Mr. Buckle, with his narrow theory of civilization, rests the matter too purely on considerations of intellectual conformation; yet it can scarcely be denied that the influence of woman is less at the present day than it was before the advent of what may be called the scientific age, that our material civilization is the result of effort and mental activity of a more specially masculine kind. Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort

of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, a keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later and proportionately fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world's affairs from the basis of the false idea of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inexpugnable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, leveling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world's progress who make roads bit by bit, as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty they that will be used, and profitably used.

It is a pleasant exercise of the imagination to rearrange the world on an hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of training and mode of life were entirely altered. The effect of this, some bold assertors maintain, would be so com-

plete, that (except during her confinements—if she should foolishly expose herself to such an impediment to her usefulness) she would be in every respect identical with man. Others hold that she would be distinguished from him by retaining all her own superiority, while she absorbed all his special attributes. She would be more chaste, more refined, more virtuous, more religious; not less bold, persevering, thoughtful, and comprehensive. These are engaging speculations, and we will not be rash enough to discuss what the future may have in store:

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed—their present state."

All we wish to call attention to, is the fact, that the main object for our attention is women as they are, not women as they are not.

That hitherto women have ever been different from men, has not been very seriously disputed; and the vast number of instances in which their several characters approach, intermingle, and even interchange, has not been held either by profound thinkers or agricultural laborers to efface, or even to obscure, the permanent distinctions of sex:

"If black and white blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?"

Probably the agricultural laborer has the best of it in the clearness of his conviction as to the reality of the distinction; the thinker, in trying to eliminate what is common, and appreciate the exact nature of the differences, gets hopelessly bewildered among the grays, and loses all clear perception of the two original colors. Meanwhile the laborer knows from daily experience that he is not the same sort of creature as his wife.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker-sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy: a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in

another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on to the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rushing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they move from and are guided by the special relations thus deduced.

The mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently, and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction for each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel. Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends: they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of, and a far greater power of wielding, small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently: they do not shine in the committee-room.

Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unreflected, and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon

these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. A lady will look a servant, who comes to be hired, in the face, and say he is not honest. She can not tell you why she thinks so. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him: he robs you—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes: the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight, but you also say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge in apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters: they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognized, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

The characteristics of the moral and spiritual nature of women are closely allied with those of their intellect. Their superiority in all that depends on intuition; their higher apprehension of and fuller life in personal relations, as distin-

guished both from material things and abstract ideas; their deeper power of influencing and greater dependence on individuals, as contrasted with a wider power exercised over numbers—are too obvious not to have been often made the subject of remark.

It is an idle question which is the higher in creation when each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other; but if the point must be mooted, perhaps the following consideration may indicate the true solution:

WOMAN NEARER TO ANGELS.

If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the fox-hound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the sea-weed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man; it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels. Woman is higher than man in her nature; she is less noble in the degree of self-control and independent responsibility imposed upon her. To men, with instincts less pure, intuitions less deep, sensibilities less fine, and a heart less faithful and unselfish, has been given a weightier charge—to be more entirely under his own control, to be more completely master of himself. Often has human existence been compared to the wide ocean, over which each winged ship of individual life struggles forward through storm and sunshine. Man sets the sail and leans over the wheel, bends his eye on the compass and the chart, questions the heavens of his place, and considers with anxious revolving mind what port it were best to seek and what course to make; asks even whether there be an ultimate haven and a pathway across the deep; and, bent on knowing rather than trusting, questions the silent unresponsive stars, and casts his lead in the fathomless ocean. But woman bears a loadstone in

her breast, and, standing on the prow, gazes forward over the waves, and is drawn heavenward by some strong attraction. Devious gusts of passion blow her astray; and losing once her track, sudden and utter shipwreck on sunken rocks or sand too often awaits her; but originally she has but to be true to her highest instincts, and needs not nor cares to distract her mind with questionings of the event. Her nature is higher than man's; but man is set higher above his nature. To speak thus is of course to express, in unmodified language, the extreme tendencies of either sex. We do not mean that men have no instincts, or women no consciences, only that each is stronger and fuller in one direction than the other. And the differences between male and female consciences illustrate the same thing. The sense of duty, the instinct of right, has in itself no discriminating power; it simply asserts in its very action, whenever called into exercise, a higher claim to the obedience of the will than any other of our moving impulses. But it does not itself decide on a course of action, any more than hunger tells us what to eat. Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another in her ordinary intercourse with those around her utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men.

Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feel more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses.

Again, compassion to the individual is the woman's virtue, justice to all the man's. But there is no need to point out the familiar operation of the more instinctive nature of women finding its life among personal relations; suffice it that out of these spring her gracious prerogative and happiest attribute—the power to live in others, through the affections to enjoy self-sacrifice, and, high above these, the faculty through love to discern and rest upon a personal God. We do not say that the influence of women has kept personal religion alive in the world; yet the truth lies not far from this; and certainly there are thousands of men who owe it to her alone that they have ever soared above a cold and stoical conscientiousness. This is a higher office than preaching, or legislating, or “inculcating ideas,” or rivaling men in any of the more general but less profound influences they exercise over their fellows. In religious life, as elsewhere, the highest of all is not that which is specially masculine or feminine, but which unites the best of both, which is based on the most conscious and deliberate self-surrender of the will to the highest claims—which vivifies conscience by love, and loves God because he is good.

WOMEN HAVE TAUGHT MEN.

There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world; and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon

us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference, we do not think this is quite so; we can not believe, what is nowadays so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstance, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly oblitative of such important qualities, it seems strange they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resource. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever; and is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds. On the other hand, none will deny that much is due to education; nor can any limits be assigned *a priori* to the intellectual achievements of which a judicious training might make the female mind capable. We only say that men with equal advantages will go further in their own direction. The same pains bestowed on an average boy and girl, will not make the girl so patient and accurate an investigator as the boy; but neither will it give the boy so quick and suggestive a mind as that of the girl. There can be no doubt, however, that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. In saying this, we do not urge, as some have done, that its office is to create and maintain an equilibrium of powers, and that those which

are naturally the most strong should be allowed to rest in the vain endeavor to place the weaker ones on a level with them; that because a boy has a taste for languages you should confine him to mathematics, or because he is a soldier by nature try to make him a clergyman by profession; the true rule probably is, to give by education the strongest propulsion in the direction in which a man naturally leans, provided it be a desirable one, and at the same time sedulously to guard against absolute deficiency in any other direction; to preserve an impetus, and to guard against an over-balance. We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honor to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.

Those modern Amazons who insist upon setting up their sex as a separate class of beings, naturally at enmity with man, and by him unjustly subjugated and ignorantly tyrannized over, are fond of speaking of us as if we either followed a Machiavelian policy in keeping our wives and daughters ignorant, or as if as a matter of taste we preferred to associate with ignorant females that we may rejoice in our superiority. This is a mistake. No doubt Lieutenant Smith, skilled only in horses, does dislike a young lady to mention Dante; and Jones, who has contracted all he once knew into a familiarity with the prices and quality of cotton, trembles to be asked what Kepler's laws are; but it is an error to suppose that educated men prefer the society of uninformed women. Perhaps, indeed, there is no intellectual exercise so delightful, or so highly appreciated on either side, as the interchange of ideas between cultivated minds of the different sexes. From a female mind on a level with his own a man gathers much more that is new and interesting to him than from conversation with a fellow-man; he sees a new side of old ideas, and is presented with a thousand delicate sug-

gestions beyond the reach of his own faculties; nay, often when his mind is saturated with knowledge which yet forms a turbid incoherent mass, the touch of a woman's mind, some hint—vague perhaps, but far-reaching—will make it shoot into sudden crystalline harmony. It is idle to say that men, whenever they are worthy of it, do not appreciate this sort of intercourse, that they do not consider it one of the highest pleasures of their lives. But they hate, and most justly hate, women who parade their knowledge and and their cleverness for the gratification of their own vanity, who are so narrow-minded that they can talk nothing but information, and so indifferent to the sufferings of other as to obtrude it on them without regard to the occasion. Bored are selfish, callous, pachydermatous animals; and these qualities are peculiarly disagreeable in women. This is a class all agree to avoid; but that intellectual culture of the very highest order to which they can attain is not as good and as desirable for women as it is for men, none but those who are either narrow-minded, or themselves ignorant, will care to deny. Of course the pursuit of intellectual excellence must not in women interfere with higher and nearer duties; but neither must it do so in men; and the only real difference which exists is, that the natural pursuits of men make a severe training of the intellect and a complete stocking of the mind more universally and necessarily a duty with them than with women. Do any women complain of this? Much more justly might men regret that the arrangements of society and the necessities of life leave them so much less opportunity than women for the cultivation of the heart. The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been, the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought; and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education. An opinion of female tact, insight into character, and instincts of management formed in the harems of the the East, would not differ widely from one formed in the drawing-rooms of London; but the estimates of intellectual capacity made in the two places would vary as if made of two different kinds of creatures. The highest development of the human mind lies on

the verge between the sexes; and though the main distinctions are permanent, it can scarcely be doubted that in the progress of civilization they will be ever growing less marked and prominent: only we are apt to make the great mistake that all the improvement is to be in one direction, that the minds of women are always to be elevated and strengthened by making them more like those of men; whereas the fact is, that a great deal remains to be done for the intellects of men by making them more like those of women.

What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subjects towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, instead of being led to look back into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions: they think geography lies in *Butler's Atlas*, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country: they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote: they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla; but they are taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to

look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books—if they studied less, and inquired more—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged; the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigor into the realms of thought. Then we say, you have learned music and French; it is now time you should practice dancing and dinner-parties. Most of them cheerfully acquiesce in this new course of instruction, others of a higher bent grasp at some degree of wider cultivation. The aids for attaining it are certainly greater than they were, but they are still defective and very limited in their operation: it is only extraordinary minds which, when thrown on their own resources, have the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and it is next to impossible that any should perceive the necessity for, and observe the conditions of, strict intellectual training. Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher ladies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes.

Another advantage of studying realities, and emancipating ourselves to some degree from the enervating prostration before print now so universal, would be, that individual minds having something of their own, there would be something to impart and gain in the intercourse between mind and mind. Conversation still exists, but only among those who have experience or ideas of their own. What is the use of hearing a person's disconnected and confused recollections of what you can buy all clear for a shilling? We think it easier to get information from a book than from a neighbor; but if the neighbor has information of his own it is different. Common subjects of intellectual interest

make far better subject-matter for conversation and mental intercourse than reading a book together. The "art of conversation," we all know, has perished—that is an old story; but all oral interchange of idea seems likely to go after it. We amuse ourselves with the pains taken to converse well by our forefathers, and think we have improved on all that; but the fact is, we have improved it away altogether; and after asking where you drove to-day, and what that fellow got for poaching, we "join the ladies." If we say any thing there, we ask them if they have seen A lately, or if they know B. But we need not say any thing. We knew a gentleman in past days who, when the company were gone, would draw his chair to the fire, and say: "Now let's be jolly, and not talk." Nowadays he might have been jolly all the evening. If a man will ask for our ideas on a subject, we put him off as briefly as possible; we have them, but we can not be bored to explain them; it is a process we are not accustomed to. Even the young ladies are becoming brusque and monosyllabic. They say, "Ha, ha!" like the horse in the book of Job, and go on dancing. More is lost in this way—in readiness, accuracy, and what we may call general handiness of mind—than we think for. We have many more avenues to knowledge open to us than our fathers had; but the floating mass of thought and general activity of mind in modern society is certainly less proportionately to the ground which our research has covered than it was in the reign of George III. Both men and women of that day obtained much more intellectual exercise out of far more limited materials than we now possess. The ladies of that day had narrower educations, and were more engrossed in household details, than those of our own; but they had more activity of mind in proportion to their acquirements, and freer intellectual intercourse with men. We dare say nothing of our wives; but we can not help thinking our mothers were agreeable, more social, and enjoyed a more lively and genuine interchange of thought with the young fellows of their day, than our daughters do. Charming clever women, thank Heaven, still exist; but there was something very delightful about her grandmothers. Witness gentle Anne Elliot, and sensible spirited Elizabeth Bennett. One thing we may notice;

there seems to have been a better balance than we now see between the mind and the feelings. Women indulge their feelings too much. They always were in danger of that; but now they ponder upon them. In the absence of external subjects of real interest, they employ their thoughts on their feelings, which are of real interest. They turn their nice observation and their imagination to the contemplation of the aspect and working of character viewed almost exclusively in this aspect. The justly-celebrated efforts of modern female novelists are all studies and representations of passions and sentiments. Characters are drawn and distinguished with exquisite discrimination and felicity, but only one side of human nature is developed. Above all, there is in many writers an exacerbation of moral sentiment, against which there must be a reaction, and which we fear will end in a return to the perusal of Dr. Franklin.

THEORY OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

The theory of female education is somewhat perplexing, to say nothing of the practice. On the one hand is the idea, now somewhat worn out, that girls should be taught only what will make them useful in their homes, and agreeable to their husbands. The other extreme is represented, if not in its best, yet in its most exaggerated form, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught every thing, and that immediately. She is urgent about it. "It appears most necessary," she says, "to open all subjects of thought to young women, and to facilitate their pursuit of all and any even to the farthest limits." There is often a confusion between learning and teaching. It is quite true that we have no right, even if we had the power, to limit by any arbitrary standard the mental activity and studious research of women; still more do we do them injustice if we attempt to cramp their stature with the idea of forming them so as to minister most perfectly to the supposed wishes and happiness of man. This is but a refined remnant of the institution of female slavery. The idea is as false as it is unjust that the best interests of the sexes are not compatible with one another, and of equal importance. The highest possible cultivation of the faculties of women ought

clearly to be subjected to no artificial hindrances, either of law or conventional restraint. But education is a complex matter. We not only educe the powers, as Miss Parkes tell us, we direct them to ends; and, to a certain extent, we not only develop, we mould the character. If we find a little girl given to telling fibs, we do not foster that tendency; if we find her always poring over her books, or gossiping with Anna Maria in the corner about possible lovers, we send, or ought to send, her out to play. And if we attempt to mould character, and to educate the various powers, we must be guided by some notion of the conditions in which the former is to be placed, and the objects to which the latter are to be directed. And here arises a strong divergence of opinion. We say the sphere of woman is home, and her influence personal. Man, we say, finds his activity in the world, and moves minds in masses and from a distance. But while we acknowledge that it is good for man to cultivate the home affections, and draw closer his personal relations with others, we do not so readily acknowledge that it is well for women to have a sufficient field for their energies, and to exercise comprehensiveness of mind. This is a truth which would be more readily admitted if it were not so constantly distorted; if the claim made were for an extension of the woman's field, rather than one to usurp the field of man. When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators, and militiamen, we sometimes wonder that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and so slow to urge claims which are surely as much founded in justice. Why have we not "Man's Right to the Nursery," by a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Foot-guards; or "A Claim to Lie in," by a Templar? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debar us all of this privilege.

The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an in-

creasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other. And there is no bitterer satire passed, or graver injustice done to women, than by those of their own sex who assume so passionately that every thing that is masculine must be desirable for women, and better than what they have of their own; and who quit the pleasant glories of their own seats, to sally out and snatch the most rugged and outlying bits of the territory of their neighbor man. Women must be true to their own high qualities and important duties, if they are to draw men up to themselves in those many points in which we are inferior to them; and men must cease egotistically to assume that they hold an uncontested higher place, and learn that it will benefit themselves in many respects to become more of women, and that the more they approach women on the higher side of their characters, the less danger there will be of their becoming effeminate, that is, approaching them in their weaknesses. "Men," says a Westminster reviewer, "can not retain manliness unless women acquire it." It is true, feeble women make feeble men, and *vice versa*; but it is not true that the reverse of a feeble woman is a manly woman. A manly woman is a very feeble man, a feeble man is a manly woman. But a strong man is a strong man, and a strong woman is—strange as it may sound to the reviewer—a strong woman, and not the less a true woman, and very different from what we call a strong-minded one. A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodeled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organization, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to oc-

cupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them. It should be remembered that of women these are the least truly women, and that it is most misleading to assume them as representatives of their sex. There are two ways in which women and men approach and modify one another. The one is where they are drawn together by the affections, where mutual sympathies, moral and intellectual, are aroused: "*Les goûts se communiquent, les sentimens se repandent, les idées deviennent communes, les facultés intellectuelles se modèlent mutuellement.*" Yet so far are they from being merged in one another by this union, that each sex acquires from it its most complete and characteristic development; each gains from the other, and strengthens what it has best of its own; they approach not by abnegations, but by additions, each from the other, of what is necessary to raise either man or woman to the fullness of the perfect creature. Tennyson has said it the best:

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral high,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

The other mode of approach is the reverse of this, where men brought up apart from women, and women debarred more or less from the society of men, lose not only the benefit of what each can give the other, but something of the truest characteristics of their own sex, which are not developed in their fullness and beauty except when the affections and sympathies, aroused by free intercourse, have their full play. These men and women approach on a sort of neutral ground. Such women are more of men than the others; but it is because they are less of women: the two grow like one another by respective loss, not by respective gain. Many things which these more neutral women

may dare and do without injury, are not fitted for more real women. Many circumstances which will suit the one will not suit the other. If society can be arranged—and doubtless, as far as the defectiveness of human arrangements will allow, it both can and ought to be—so as to give free scope to both, this is what is most of all things to be desired; but if the two come into competition, it is clear which ought to receive the advantage. Yet almost invariably it is the position of the neutral class which is specially had in view, and to whose supposed wants changes are to be adapted. We do not say this is exclusively so, but we do say that the great mass of thought and disputation on this subject is imbued with this idea, and that many arguments professing to be adapted to the wants and position of all women are in reality only applicable to this portion of them; and often it is plainly said, "We do not care for wives and mothers—they are well provided for, they have husbands and children;" but husbands and fathers take an interest in this class of women, and they will naturally continue to look at the question almost too exclusively from this side. The real difficulty is, as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married. Still the whole mass of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live,

might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated; and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favors this excess. It is constantly asserted, or implied, that all women ought to be educated as if they were men and were going to live as men, nay more, that the life of man is necessary to their complete education; you must, it is said, shut no avenue of knowledge to women, and debar them from no occupation through any false fear of soiling their purity or hardening their nature. Now if the woman is to be educated to fight the battle of life in the same ranks and under the same discipline as the man, she must no doubt learn early to fit herself for the roughnesses of the campaign; but if to the normal condition of a woman's life the freshest bloom of delicacy, the grace and depth of unvarnished emotions, and a nature unhardened by the keen pursuit of selfish interests, are not only the highest crown, but the most necessary conditions of her highest function and influence, is it wise to endanger these at the outset? Two replies are made. It is said, woman is an earthly creature; and it is idle to strive after supermundane purity. Most true, only let us have a *quid pro quo*. If women are to be exposed to a larger extent than hitherto to the ruder and coarser influences of life, let us take what care we can that they lose no more than is necessary, and nothing without an adequate countervailing benefit. Again it is said, if woman be that pure and lofty being you describe her, and would fain have her remain, raised by a holier and finer nature above the man, she may be fearlessly exposed to the same influences as he is, and will pass unsullied through them. But this is by no means so certain as it is assumed to be. Doubtless the innate delicacy and modesty of women is greater than that of men—from this axiom we all start; but experience seems to prove that their finer bloom is more easily rubbed off. The stronger nature of man is better fitted for the ruder trials it has to undergo; contamination neither stains it so deeply nor leaves so permanent a mark. He is, as we have said, less dependent in his nature than woman, and daily we see men retrieving themselves from impres-

sions and habits which must permanently have degraded a woman. Of course the man suffers loss; he can never be what he might have been had he been true to himself and placed under happier conditions; but undoubtedly he has more power of casting his slough than the woman has; and things which rub off his rough outside, sink into and decay the softer nature of a woman.

Let us not be understood. We are not speaking of the contact of a higher nature with extraneous misery or debasement. When the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian charity and Christian patriotism, lead the way, Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses may walk with ministering hands through the loathsome hospitals of war, or Elizabeth Fry visit to redeem the vicious and polluted inmates of the prison; and a stain shall no more touch them than water cling to polished steel. It is of the evils of a competitive struggle we speak, with its temptations to selfishness, to dishonesty, to untruthfulness, its not easy reconciliation with modesty and self-forgetfulness; it is of the dangers which must necessarily, and undoubtedly do, hang about many of the avenues of knowledge. Ought women rashly to expose themselves to these? And there is danger that they venture rashly; extremes have a charm for them. There are signs enough of this in what advanced women write on education. They don't like the common-place difficulties of the beginning; the patient training of intellect, which is what they most want. They prefer something easy and *outré*. Miss Parkes does so. We have cited her before as the advocate of teaching all things; we may cite her again to show that she really means to exclude all discrimination. She does, indeed, give Euclid a condescending half-contemptuous nod of approbation in passing. It is not, however, mathematics that she urges as a discipline for the tender and discursive intellect of young girls, nor the exact study of one of the completer languages, nor the methodic pursuit of some branch of natural science, (indeed, these things do seem poor beside all knowledge;) but she thinks that the subject of the relation of the sexes, which we are told includes in it "the passion influences of women," should certainly engage the attention of young women, and that it

ought to be pursued with entire thoroughness; that granting this, it is preposterous to debar girls from "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding," and they must be well grounded in "George Sand." We can not help saying this is not only nonsense, but nonsense of a very unpleasant sort. It is difficult to say why Dryden and Jonson are named, except from a sort of wanton love of pushing the theory beyond all the limits assigned by decency and common-sense. There is nothing in either of these authors that bears on the relations of the sexes, except perhaps some of the most unmitigatedly indecent parts of their plays; and to read these parts for the sake of the knowledge to be derived from them, would be as if a well-dressed woman should insist on wading up a sewer to secure a pin. Knowledge may be bought too dear, and we daily and most justly sacrifice the acquisition of it to higher considerations. Still it may be true that no research should be denied to a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self-responsible alone, and of mature mind. It may be true that the pure thirst for knowledge may carry her safe through even such a path; but the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the lady is a theorist who has not realized the working of her vague ideas. Practically her recommendation is not a very dangerous one. Few people would send their daughters to attend the lectures of the Professor of the Passional Influences who proposes to read George Sand with his pupils; instinct and experience have alike made plain the ruinous effect, to boys and girls alike, of stimulating feelings through the imagination before they have met a legitimate natural development and practical object.

Difficult as well as dangerous knowledge has a charm for Miss Parkes; any thing that is not simple and dull. "There is," she tells us, "one branch of education so important in itself, so admirable as a method of exact training, and so calculated to supply that lack of interest in large subjects for which women have been hitherto reproached, that it must receive specific mention—it is the study of the Science of Social and Political Economy." We are desired to "take the three reasons for the pursuit of this study by women separately: Firstly, it is most important to that

sex who are expected more and more to undertake the application of detailed relief for social ills. . . . Secondly, another important reason consists in its excellence as a means of training the mind to attain power as an instrument, for which we so often hear the less daily applicable science of mathematics commended. . . . Thirdly, this study is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the minds of young people. . . . Once imbued with the theoretical principles of social welfare, women would soon learn to feel an active interest in the special application of those principles daily treated of in the public papers," etc. Much more of the same sort. Miss Parkes, however, is not responsible at first hand for the idea of teaching social science to the young. To us it seems a caricature of beginning at the end. That science which is of all others the most complex, the most difficult, and the least ascertained, is recommended as a whetstone to the intellects of boys and girls. The real fact is, that you may get them to learn its more obvious principles by rote, but that not one in a hundred of mature minds is competent to appreciate even its difficulties and short-comings. To recommend it as a training for young people, is as if the ascent of Mont Blanc should be recommended for teaching babies to walk. First, it is important to children who will be expected to walk up-hill; secondly, it is excellent as a means of training the legs as an instrument of progression; thirdly, it is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the bodies of little people. We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension; we do not say that minds, though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems: we only say that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for early training of the intellect instead of such things as arithmetic and geometry. The preponderating place assigned to it, and the idea of its serving as a substitute for mathematics, indicate truly the feminine tendency to give the slip to those duller things in which girls really most want training, and to substitute for them some-

thing which shall be immediately interesting and admit of endless discussion.

It is not our object here to enter upon the question of non-domestic employment for women in its economical bearings. It is enough to say in passing, that the objection based on the tendency of their interference to lower the wages of male labor is untenable. The social and educational influence of such employment has, however, received an elaborate treatment in one of the books before us; and may properly give occasion for a few remarks in pursuance of what we have said above. The author is in earnest; but is too apt to think that this entitles him to be prosy and interminable. He sometimes overstates his facts, and often over-strains his arguments; but he has patiently and carefully gathered his subject-matter together, and treats it with vigor and not without occasional eloquence. Many of his observations commend themselves by their truth and appropriateness; but we can not help thinking that his main views are pushed to an extreme which deprives them of truth and value. He complains, and justly, of the distinction which so early takes place between the studies of boys and girls, of social conventions which limit their free intercourse, of the ever-widening divergence of intellectual culture, especially in the middle classes, and of the too frequent perishing of all mental sympathy and intercourse of thought through pure inanition or want of common grounds of interest. But he is not less eloquent in his description of the evil than he is confident in his proposal of a remedy. The women must join the men in their work. Men and women of the higher classes, says our author, lead a life of leisure, and sympathize on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labor. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapped up in industry; all their ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the nar-

row-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husband's ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

WHAT MAN WANTS.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labor the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they

allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this, that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought

lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually

find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fish-women worse than fish-men—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less tho-

rough-going advocates of the change—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nurse-maids.

We are strongly of opinion, then, that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for women to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate any thing in the nature of a cloisteral seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist—her “distinctive womanhood.”

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence

and conduct of business that any thing like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

Something we had proposed to have said on the “political rights of women;” but have left ourselves too little either of time or space. Yet we will not conceal our conviction, that if there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and the legislator. If women are indeed only men a little weaker in the body, as “*Justitia*” maintains in a dogmatic little pamphlet on this subject adorned with a singular apparatus of false logic, then we can understand their entering into direct competition with us, and that the right to vote and legislate is one they may justly claim. If, however, they be really different, and adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours but essentially differing from it, then the question is a more difficult one. It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman's more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. The argument on these questions can not be compressed into very short space. All we can say is, that women seem to us to have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena; and that, constituted as they now are, and before they have passed through the great transformation they promise us, a large admission of the female element into legislation would pro-

bably carry further than any society has yet experienced the special evils of democratic government—its hasty impulsiveness, its rash action, its discords, its unscrupulousness, and its instability. And yet who shall be bold enough to say that the English constitution shall not, with its slow all-assimilating power, find some safe practical method of including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action? As far as representation goes, it is certain that women possess, from their personal relations permeating all classes, an absolute security that their ideas and wishes shall be taken into account. If in some respects they continue in a position of social disadvantage, it is because they have themselves chosen to acquiesce in it and fostered the conventional tone of thought and feeling in which it is based. The sincere desires of any large number of the real women in the country necessarily secure immediate attention, and certainly exercise at least their full

share of influence over the action of the men. For women to say they are unrepresented, is as if the sugar in the tea should complain that it was not tasted.

Our observations have been directed not to any attempt to discuss the particular claims made for extension of the sphere of women's action; but to draw attention to the false ideas on which such claims are based by what may be called the more neuter members of the sex and their adherents. Two of these ideas may be selected as most commonly put forward, most evil in their results, and most intrinsically untrue. These are, the idea that women are to be considered as forming a distinct class in society, which ought to possess a distinctive class action and a peculiar class position; and the idea that if they are not men, it is only by some great injustice which demands instant remedy, and that the object of their highest ambition should be a successful rivalry in the masculine career.

From the Eclectic Review.

LOVE BENIGHTED.

BY W. TIDD MATSON.

At the hour of midnight dreary,
When Arcturus drives the weary
Bear towards his western setting,
And the busy tribes of men,
Overcome with toil, are sleeping;
Love benighted came a-weeping
At my gates, and loudly knocking
Made the silence ring again.

"Who," said I, "my dreams dispelling,
Breaks the stillness of my dwelling?"
"Be not fearful," then he answered,
"I am but a little child,
And implore your kindly shelter,
From these drenching rains that pelt;
Have compassion on a wanderer
Through the moonless midnight wild."

Having heard, and moved to pity
By his sad and plaintive ditty,
Straight my chamber-lamp I kindled,
And my doors I opened wide;

Lo! a little child before me,
Clad with wings as with a glory,
In his hand a bow, and quiver
Full of arrows at his side.

By my hearthstone, burning brightly,
Having seated him, I lightly
Took and warmed his hands in mine,
And wrung the moisture from his hair;
Looking then from arch brows under—
"Let us try my bow; I wonder
If the bowstring has been injured,"
Said he, and with sprightly air,

Drew an arrow from his quiver,
And he shot me through the liver,
Like a gadfly, and upleaping,
Loudly laughed, and said again,
With his red lip curling at me:
"Dear mine host! congratulate me!
My bow is indeed uninjured,
But thy heart will feel the pain."

From the London Review.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.*

WHEN a new poem by Mr. Longfellow is announced, we know at least what kind of pleasure to expect, and seldom encounter either disappointment or surprise. We look towards the Atlantic for a half-familiar face: it is as though another child of that dear friend of our youth, who left us now so many years ago for a distant land, is about to greet us in his travels, to bring a message of continued love, and to gratify us with a new presentment of old tones and features, the same and not the same, alike, but oh! how different! It is thus that we anticipate and welcome another member of this favorite family of song, assured that we shall recognize and love it under any guise, whether of moral psalm, quaint legend, or pure domestic carol.

The last offspring of Mr. Longfellow's

muse is now before us, and, claiming the sweet Evangeline for sister and associate, meets at once a cordial recognition. The *Courtship of Miles Standish* is a poem in hexameter verses, the story taking date, incident, and color, from the first English settlement in North-America. Miles Standish is the Puritan captain of Plymouth, New-England. He comes of a good old English family, long settled in Lancashire, and frequently distinguished by the exploits of its members in the cause of freedom and religion. Soon after landing from the Mayflower he meets with a sad bereavement. In the opening of this poem he is bluntly introduced in all his bluntness, handling his Damascus sword, admiring his armory, and interrupting with his reminiscences the occupation of John Alden,

"His friend and household companion,
Writing at diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;"

and then he lapses into a sadder mood, and we read:

"Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest, and meadow, and hill, and the steel blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
'Yonder there on the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the way-side!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them, and see how many already have perished.'
Lastly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful."

Presently the good captain begins to regret his loneliness—to remember and repeat on the best authority that it is not good for man to be alone. The image of the Puritan maiden Priscilla, "the angel

whose name is Priscilla," rises before him. He resolves to make offer of his hand and heart, and to do it by the mouth of his friend, John Alden.

"Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old captain, a man not of words, but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases."

* *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London. 1853.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can sing it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of ladies,
Such as you think best adapted to turn the heart of a maiden."

At this proposal, John Alden is surprised, dismayed; for in his secret heart he loves the maiden himself. The struggle of love and friendship then commences. He urges the captain to undertake his own suit, quoting the soldier's favorite maxim: "If you would have a thing well done, you must do it yourself." But the

soldier is a coward in love, and presses his embassy on the reluctant youth, who yields at length, and goes in search of the fair Priscilla. We should like to quote the whole of the section which describes "The Lover's Errand," so spirited is the scene. The earlier portion of it we must venture to extract.

"So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the ear with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind;
Saw the new-built house and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
'Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living.
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!'

"So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying: 'I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer."

But it is hardly fair to transcribe so much of our author's little book, or even to forestall the reader's interest by disclosing its conclusion. How John Alden fared in his strange mission, for whom he wooed, and by whom the maid was won,

shall be left untold by us; for if we have awakened any curiosity, it may be both cheaply and completely gratified by the purchase of this little book. The few poems at the end will then seem thrown into the bargain.

From the Westminster Review.

THE HEROES OF INDIA.*

THE complaint of Sir Bedivere is the doleful burden of latter-day prophecy. The "true old times are dead"—never more to return. The age of chivalry is past, and to the noble knight there is no longer the noble chance. There is no faith upon earth, for the fear of God has fled with the soul of art and the spirit of adventure. To this dreary, well-abused world there remain only steam-engines, cotton-looms, and electric telegraphs. We work no longer as we once worked—we fight no more as we once fought. All is barren, cold, mechanical. We breed no more heroes, or if we do, we do not discover them and set them over us, abiding in the dead level of representative institutions. We are content

to plod through a base, mean, and soulless existence, owing nothing to faith, and having no room for heroism.

Yet, in the march of time and progress of civilization—phrases which have been so mercilessly derided, but to which, nevertheless, the world will continue to attach a certain definite meaning—there is surely evidence enough to show that the one thing incorruptible and immortal is the spirit of faith—that it abides with us, under all conditions and modes of life—that it has not perished with helm and hauberk, with Crusader and Cavalier, with Puritan and Covenanters—that it endures perennially, and will endure, so long as man has need of it. The hero has even in these days his appointed function, and it is a notable thing to remark, that wherever there is the heroic work to be done, there is the hero to do it. Nor is the Nineteenth Century, with all its spirit of commerce, its lust of gain, and love of forms, without that spring of faith in the heart of it, without which all civilization would be rotteness, and the world a *Malebolge* pool of hideous despair. Notoriously, there is no lack of heroism, of romance, or chivalry, in this age of ours. We can not paint like Fra Angelico, or build like William of Wykeham; but we are not lost to all faith, or beyond hope. The holy Grail is yet ours to seek. The blood of Arthur and Lancelot, of Richard

* *The Homeward Mail from June, 1857, to September, 1858.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow. By L. E. R. REES, one of the surviving Defenders. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

Journal of the Siege of Lucknow. By Capt. R. P. ANDERSON, 25th N.I. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1858.

Day by Day at Lucknow. By Mrs. CASE, widow of Colonel Case, 32d Regiment. London: Bentley. 1858.

The Crisis in the Punjab. By FREDERICK H. COOPER, Esq., B.C.S. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.

Eight Months' Campaign against the Bengal Sepoys during the Mutiny. By Colonel GEORGE BOURCHIER, C.B., Bengal Horse Artillery. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.

and of Oliver, of Sydney and Raleigh, has not so thickened in our veins, as that British chivalry is all a thing of the past. Something the children of this age too have done, not without the purest glow of chivalry. Heroes in every walk of life have we, living and active among us, as great and as glorious as any that are of the past—brave and true men in word and deed. Martyrs to faith and duty we have, than whom no better ever bore lance in rest for the right. A Livingstone, treading on foot, all lonely, the mysterious interior of an unknown continent—a Maclure, cleaving his way through storms and ice to solve a scientific problem—a Brooke, carrying peace and order into the heart of savagery—these are heroes enough to redeem any age; their enterprises may match all feudalism in chivalry, nor are they less chivalrous for being useful.

Heroes of war as well as of peace have we, worthy of the best days of English manhood—of the God-fearing, hardy age of Elizabeth—or of the sterner Puritanism in its highest development. How few of the blessings of peace we have made for ourselves a curse, has been demonstrated plainly enough to the world in these latter days. Nor has our ordeal been easy. Within these half-dozen years, this country has begun and concluded two wars as great and terrible as ever tried the nerve of any nation. In each instance, our manhood has been put to the severest proof. In each instance the country has called for all that the brain of man could devise, and the arm of man perform. And it must be admitted we have come honorably out of the trial. If we have degenerated, our degeneracy has not been made visible. If we have fallen one whit from our ancient valor, fortitude, or fidelity, there has been no outward sign of our decadence. In the Crimea, it is true, our triumphs were mostly negative, but only because of a vicious organization; not the effect of national degeneracy, but of oligarchic assumption. Though we lost an army through the incapacity of our rulers, our soldiers lost no honor. At Alma and at Inkermann, they proved as at Agincourt and Cressy, "those limbs were made in England." All that manhood could do—all that British manhood had ever done, was done, honestly and faithfully. Where we failed, it was from no lack of any manly quality, but from causes

which in all ages have spoilt the results of genius and valor. And even through all our Crimean blunders was seen a generous devotion which never belonged to a race in any stage of decadence. Having foolishly undertaken a double share of the siege work, our army never flinched from it, but died, starved and frozen, where it stood. At Balaklava, the blunder of the immortal Six Hundred was such a blunder as no other soldiers ever made, and is of all blunders the most heroic. And throughout that terrible winter of 1854, whatever other parts of our military character we lost, assuredly we lost nothing on the score of courage or resolution. The lesson, indeed, which we learnt in the Crimea, was the very reverse of that which our philosophical croakers had been trying to teach us; for our failure was precisely on the side of mechanical genius, and not at all in consequence of moral or physical deficiencies. We were betrayed by the very power in which we trusted, and driven at last to rely upon that native "pluck," now as ever, the last and only sure resource of Englishmen.

But it is in India, during the past twelve months, that our manhood has been put to the severest test, and our ever-living heroism most nobly vindicated. India, for a hundred years the grandest theater of British enterprise—the glory of modern British genius and valor—has now borne a final testimony to the greatness of our race. The mutiny of the Bengal Sepoys—that source of death and misery to many of our unfortunate countrymen—has been to Englishmen the occasion of their greatest triumph. And perhaps the triumph is worth all its heavy cost, not only in preparing the way for the better government of India, but in proving to the world our capacity of retaining that government. It has confirmed the opinion of our supremacy, and established our title of conquerors. The mystery of our rule has been proved to consist in that moral and physical superiority which has enabled a few scattered handfuls of Englishmen, spread over a vast alien territory, separated by many long miles from home, and surrounded by every kind of danger from brutality, treachery, and fanaticism, to meet and overcome, all unprepared as they were, the utmost efforts of a hundred and twenty thousand disciplined

soldiers, fighting desperately for dominion. It was a contest by far the most unequal ever seen in the world. The enterprises of Cortez and Pizarro were safe and easy compared to it. At its commencement, every circumstance of fortune, season, and position, was against our countrymen. They were attacked at all possible advantage. The British armed force in the country was smaller in proportion to the native army than it had ever been—sixteen thousand British only holding the entire territory between Rangoon and Peshawur. The number of our troops in India was actually less in 1857 than in 1835, though in that interval we had acquired the Punjaub, Scinde, Oude, Pegu, Nagpore, and Berar—provinces peopled by the most warlike and turbulent races of India—and had increased the native army by more than a hundred thousand men. With entire trust in these Sepoys, the Government gave up the capital city of India to a mock emperor, guarding it, for his sake, with native troops only; and keeping but six hundred English soldiers to garrison a kingdom of eight millions of people, who had just lost their independence, and were afflicted with a chronic prejudice against all government.

The seasons conspired with the Sepoys and the Government for the destruction of the English. The struggle began just before the height of that terrible hot season which the mutineers knew to be their best friend against the British soldiers. It raged under the fierce sun of an Indian summer, when simple exposure was almost death to the native of Europe. Thus suddenly assailed, under every unfavorable condition for resistance—foully betrayed at every point by those for whose faith they had pledged life and honor—hunted from village to village by the hounds of slaughter, and abandoned to every strait of fortune, every peril and privation—yet have our countrymen emerged victorious from the contest—yet have they maintained their old supremacy, visiting with a terrible vengeance those fiendish traitors who had steeped their hands in the blood of women and children.

The heart which is unmoved by the tale of this Indian mutiny is dead to every generous impulse. The nation which does not acknowledge the devotion and fidelity displayed by its soldiers in all this dread-

ful struggle is unworthy to be served by heroes. Our history, the "ages of faith" included, contains no higher examples of heroism. The principal achievements of the war will hereafter be numbered among the chief treasures of glory possessed by the British nation. The capture of Delhi—the turning-point of the mutiny—was a wondrous feat of arms, effected by less than four thousand Englishmen against an army of thirty thousand men, strongly entrenched, in possession of an inexhaustible arsenal, and well provided with every thing necessary to defy assault. Yet fortune, numbers, position, and season notwithstanding, Delhi became ours ere a single soldier from England had reached India. The skill with which the operations were conducted is no less remarkable than the intrepidity displayed by all arms of the service.

The siege and relief of Lucknow exhibit, if possible, in still higher colors, the high qualities of soldiership which abide in the English army. Considering under what circumstances the garrison of Lucknow was suddenly called upon to defend itself against all the armed force of the kingdom of Oude, it is little less than miraculous that it should have been preserved from destruction. The scene of this memorable defense was no fortress, strong by nature and art—no walled city, even like Saragossa and Londonderry, manned by its own inhabitants—but a range of fragile buildings, encircled by such entrenchments as could hastily be thrown up in a few days, surrounded at all points by an enemy in the heart of a hostile population. The garrison consisted of a portion of one British regiment, with some hundred and fifty loyal natives, and a motley gathering of civilians; against whom was arrayed a vast armed host of not less than sixty thousand men, mostly of our own training, inspired by a bloody fanaticism which lent them for the occasion an unnatural courage. For three long and fearful months, before the arrival of Havelock, did our devoted countrymen maintain their hold, in hourly peril of death—exposed night and day to incessant assaults—with twenty-five guns of large caliber playing on their frail defenses, some actually within fifty yards of their position—under a constant shower of bullets from ten thousand loop-holes—with mines exploding every day beneath their feet—with privation and disease

within, and no certain hope of relief from any quarter. It is too little to say that the defense of Lucknow is without a parallel in history. The pen of General Inglis has recorded, in touching and manful terms, a tale such as the world has never yet heard. Not old Saguntum, nor modern Saragossa, can for a moment compare with this league of ours. No body of Englishmen were ever exposed to greater peril, or bore their part with greater heroism.

Two pictures of what was done and endured at Lucknow may be extracted from the recently published evidence of eye-witnesses. Here is a description of one of the most desperate assaults sustained by the garrison, taken from the work of Captain Anderson:

"After these had been knocked over, the leaders tried to urge on their men. Again and again they made the attempt, but back they had to go by a steady fire. Their chiefs came to the front, and shouted out: 'Come on, come on—the place is ours—it is taken.' And the Sepoys would then rush forward, then hesitate and finally get under cover of the stockade, and keep up a fearful fire. Some hundreds of them got under the Cawnpore Battery, but found the hand-grenades rather disagreeable, and had to bolt rather sharp. Poor Major Banks came up, and cheered us during the hottest fire, and we were glad to see him. Our shells now began to fall amongst the enemy, and this still further roused their indignation; you could hear additional yells, and horrid imprecations on the heads of all Christians. No less than three times were we assaulted by enormous odds against us, and each attack was, thank God, successfully repulsed. There we were, a little body, probably not eighty men in all, (that is, Cawnpore Battery—our post, and Captain Germon's) opposed to several thousands of merciless, blood-thirsty fanatics. We well knew what we had to expect if we were defeated; and therefore each individual fought, as it were, for his very life; each loop-hole displayed a steady flash of musketry, as defeat would have been certain death to every soul in the garrison. Had the outposts fallen, they were in such immense numbers that we could never have turned the enemy out, and then not a man, woman, or child would have been spared. It was, indeed, a most anxious time, and the more so, as we did not know how matters were progressing at other points. We dreaded that the others might have been even further pressed than we were. At intervals I heard the cry of 'More men this way,' and off would rush two or three (all we could possibly spare) here and there; and then the same cry was repeated in an opposite direction, and then the men had to rush to support their comrades who were more hotly press-

ed, and so on: as the pressure became greater at particular places, men rushed to those spots to give assistance. During this trying time even the poor wounded men ran out of the hospitals, and those who had wounds in the legs threw away their crutches, and deliberately knelt down, and fired as fast as they could out of the loop-holes; others, who could do little else, loaded the muskets whilst the able-bodied soldiers fired; and in this odd manner these brave men of Her Majesty's Thirty-second upheld the honor of their nation, and strained every nerve to repel the furious attacks of the enemy."

Mr. Rees, a civilian, who found himself unexpectedly shut up with the garrison, and who doubtless fought with as much ardor and vigor as he writes, thus describes the daily life within the Residency:

"As for death it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without a remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common that even women and children cease to notice them. They are the rule, not the exception. At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the wound through the temples instead; at another I moved off from a place where in less than the twinkling of an eye afterwards a musket-ball stuck in the wall. At another, again, I was covered with dust and pieces of brick by a round-shot that struck the wall not two inches away from me; at another, again, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook, one dangerously, the other slightly; at another, again—but no; I must stop, for I could never exhaust the catalogue of hair-breadth escapes which every man in the garrison can speak of as well as myself. The wonder is not that we lose so many men, but that so few of us are hit amidst the constant dangers we are exposed to."

But, in the striking words of General Inglis—

"If further proof were wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle which we have, under God's blessing, so long and successfully waged, I would point to the roofless and ruined houses, to the crumbled walls, to the exploded mines, to the open breaches, to the shattered and disabled guns and defenses, and, lastly, to the long and melancholy list of the brave and devoted officers and men who have fallen. These silent witnesses bear sad and solemn testimony to

the way in which this feeble position has been defended."

In truth, no deed of heroism was ever more clearly made out: the simple fact stands, that for more than three months the garrison defied the whole armed population of Oude.

The minor episodes of the war, attended by whatever fortune, bear equal testimony to the heroic spirit of our countrymen. In a hundred isolated stations, the tale of heroism is repeated with various success. Wherever a handful of Englishmen were gathered together under some leader not altogether effete or imbecile, it defied almost any adverse conjuncture of numbers, position, or season. Of numbers, indeed, there was no account, for the prayer of King Henry at Agincourt seemed to have been granted to our countrymen in this time of mortal peril, and a sense of reckoning was taken from them. At Benares, at Agra, at Peshawur, at Saugor, at Neemuch—at every point, in fact, where a dozen Englishmen had time to prepare for defense, there England was present to assert her supremacy over the wretched traitors who dared to dispute her dominion. Even at Cawnpore, the scene of our greatest disaster, nothing was left undone by the hapless garrison which could serve men in a strait so fearful. For what could a hundred men do behind a brick wall, without shelter from the Indian sun, against some forty times their number of fanatics raging for blood? In all the bitterness of that bloody tragedy there is no shame for Englishmen, but only honor—such honor as is due to the unfortunate brave.

Of the heroes who have made the last chapter of Indian history an epic, there are some who, standing out conspicuously among their fellows, like the champions of the *Iliad*, have performed such parts as single them out for particular honor by their country. Of these, alas! the greatest are already beyond human recompense. Martyrs to duty, they have sealed their work of faith by their life-blood. Henry Lawrence, Havelock, Nicholson, and Neill—are in their graves. This is the heaviest trial which England has to endure—the grievous cost at which India has been preserved. Yet the memory of their heroism survives as a lasting heritage for their country. Not in vain have they lived whose deaths are mourned in every Eng-

lish household—through all the lands which own fealty to England—as a domestic even more than a national calamity.

On the proud roll of Indian hero-martyrs, the first place belongs of right to the name of Henry Lawrence. The full worth of his career is perhaps not so well known in England as it should be; but in India, by common consent, Henry Lawrence had been the foremost man of the public service, since Lord Dalhousie's happy choice made him ruler of the Punjab. Sir Henry Lawrence is indeed the glory of our late Indian history, as Clive is of the earlier—the difference between the characters of the two men illustrating the change which a hundred years have made in the spirit of Indian statesmanship. The rude rough age of battle and conquest found its apt representative in the daring and reckless genius of the older hero; while in the later is typified all that purer and kindlier spirit in which we interpret our present duties towards the subject people of India. And it is the highest merit of Sir Henry Lawrence that he was the first to comprehend and to carry out that milder and more genial policy in our conquered provinces, which is henceforth the basis of all solid government in India. For such a duty never was man more happily fitted. To deep wisdom and rare sagacity, he united that sweetness of nature which is the invariable attribute of the true hero. A man never breathed of a purer soul and loftier purpose. Earnest, simple, and tender, withal manly and self-contained, his fine nature was admirably calculated to win love and trust, to arouse the enthusiasm of every generous and noble heart, and to overcome even those wild spirits intrusted to his dominion.

Called, almost by acclamation, to the administration of the Punjab when yet a simple Captain of Artillery, notably did Henry Lawrence justify an appointment so irregular, according to all official precedent. And in estimating the extraordinary results of that administration, let us remember what kind of people it was over whom he was set as absolute governor. A more arduous governorship was never undertaken. The country which, in 1847, had become ours by unquestioned right of conquest, presented certain difficulties so peculiar to the Indian government, that the timid mind of Lord Hardinge might well have been scared at

the prospect of annexation. The home of the most turbulent and warlike race of India, the Punjab had from time immemorial been the battle-ground of Affghan and Hindoo. It was the cockpit of Hindostan, in a greater sense than Belgium is of Europe. Either by foreign invasion or internal dissension, war and rapine had been, since Alexander, the normal condition of the country of the Five Rivers. Over it host on host of desolating armies had swept in their course eastward and southward. Tartar and Turk had made it their highway for centuries. Conquered again and again by successive hordes of invaders, it became at length an appanage of the Mogul empire. Then disputed fiercely, during another era of its troublous history, between the monarchs of Delhi and Cabul, it subsided into an Affghan province under Ahmed Shah, the great Dooranee. In all this time a power was slowly rising in the country, destined ere long to put down both Hindoo and Moslem. In the fifteenth century had been born a new religion out of Hindooism. Nanuk, its prophet and founder, who holds the same place in the older faith that Wahab does to Mohammedanism, came to teach that all men were equal in the sight of God—that distinctions of caste were not a principle of faith—that differences of religion did not debar men from a common charity. A singular tolerance and love of peace marked the teaching of the new prophet, but little in accordance with the character of the times, and, as it afterwards proved, with the spirit of his race. Under persecution, these Quakers of Hindooism were not long in unfolding their true genius. Under their tenth high-priest, the Gooroo Govind, the Seikhs were formed into a military confederacy, and carried on an incessant desultory warfare with the Mohammedan Emperors. Every follower of the sect was bound to dedicate himself to arms, to wear a beard, and to carry steel always about his person. The Khalsa, or "The State," as the new confederacy termed itself, taking advantage of the dissensions between Moslem and Hindoo, gradually acquired entire possession of the country between the Sutleje and the Indus. Its form of government at this early period was a federation of chieftains, each independent of others, who met together at intervals to provide for the common safety, and furnished each his armed contingent for the public service.

This sort of constitution, well suited to dangers from without, was little calculated to endure the perils of internal discord; and accordingly it was not long before the genius of Runjeet Singh rose paramount in the Khalsa. One by one the Sirdars fell under the dominion of this remarkable man, until he was left absolute master of the Punjab, and the acknowledged secular and religious head of the Seikh confederacy.

The territory possessed by Runjeet Singh, which after the events of 1847 fell to the Indian government, extended six hundred miles from east to west, and at least nine hundred from north to south. The population within its boundaries consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Seikhs proper. These latter formed but a minority of the people, including only the army and the chiefs, with their immediate followers. The great mass of the Punjab peasantry is still divided into almost equal proportions of Hindoo and Mohammedan, and has been little affected by the religion of their military rulers. The character, habits, and pursuits of the Punjabees generally presented difficulties the most formidable to a foreign conqueror, especially to conquerors so exceptional among Asia as the British. The Seikhs, by themselves, formed a large, fierce, and turbulent body—every man born to horse and spear, and trained to arms from his cradle. They were the first entire and united sect of religionists in India which had ever come under British sway, and the first who ever fought with us on any thing like equal terms. They might reasonably be expected to offer the most energetic resistance to our occupation. The army of Runjeet Singh, numerous, devoted, and well-appointed, was rather a national militia than the mercenary force which we usually had to encounter in India. Its defeat and dispersion let loose over the country a horde of trained and warlike savages, animated by every passion which could drive hereditary plunderers to despair, and little likely to accept the logical consequences of defeat. To them, defeat meant not only the loss of bread, but the disgrace of their religion. It was the boast of the Khalsa never to be beaten. The ordinary salutation of its warriors was, *Wa Gooroo-jee ka Khalsa!** They

* Victory to the State of Gooroo.

believed themselves destined to conquer the whole of India, and with one foot already in Hindostan—almost within sight of the treasures of Delhi—they had been driven back by the armies of the British—aided, to their greater mortification, by the Hindoo Sepoys, the peculiar objects of their contempt and hatred. The desperate nature of the battles on the Sutleje in 1845-6—the most obstinate ever fought by natives in India—and the vigorous resistance repeated under Shere Singh, in the years following, serve to show in what unkindly temper the Seikhs finally submitted to the British dominion.

In proportion to the difficulty of the work must be our admiration for the manner in which Sir Henry Lawrence dealt with this rugged people, and like another Odysseus,

“Through soft degrees,
Subdued them to the peaceful and the good.”

The only other parallel instance of administrative genius is that of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde. The career of either hero is a striking example of what may be done by the mere force of individual character in the government of a barbarous people. Of the two, perhaps Lawrence was the more successful ruler, by virtue of his gentler and more self-sustained temperament. Certainly, among the marvels achieved by Englishmen in India, there is nothing equal to the pacification of the Punjab. The genius of our country for dominion was never more strikingly demonstrated. The history of the Punjab proves by how just a title we hold the place of the ancient Romans as the true *Domini rerum*. The wisdom and beneficence of our rule were never more clearly vindicated than by the present condition and conduct of the Seikhs. All this is due to Henry Lawrence. It was his genius which conceived and carried through that system to which we owe the preservation of India. The work which he undertook in the Punjab was nothing short of an absolute re-construction of the state. In five short years he had done it. He had brought order out of chaos—law out of anarchy—peace out of war. He had broken up the fental system, and established a direct relation between the government and people. He had dissolved the power of the great Sirdars. He had disbanded a vast Prætorian army, and disarmed a whole population. He had

made Lahore as safe to the Englishman as Calcutta. And all this he had done without any recourse to violence, and with scarcely a murmur on the part of the conquered people. Even the chiefs, who saw themselves deprived of almost sovereign power, accepted quietly, almost without exception, the new condition of things. As for the mass of the people, they had abundant reason to be satisfied with a change which, for the first time, gave them security for life and property, and all that immense practical good which, let the critics of our Indian dominion say what they will, invariably attends the presence of the British constable in any part of the world.

The effect of Sir Henry Lawrence's policy, (in which he was ably seconded by his colleagues, his equally famous brother, and Mr. Mansel,) has been a thorough revolution in the social state of the Punjab. The old soldiers of Runjeet Singh have either taken service with us, or have been absorbed in the body of the peaceful population. The majority of them have returned to agriculture. “The stanch foot-soldier,” says the Second Punjab Report, “has become the steady cultivator, and the brave officer is now the sturdy village elder. The great chiefs, if deprived of the principal portion of their authority, have been confirmed in all their just possessions, and their younger scions display a great ambition for civil employment under the British Government, for which, by an excellent educational system, they are being rapidly qualified.” In regard to the tenure of land, the most important, perhaps, of all the questions between sovereign and people in India, the measures adopted by Sir Henry Lawrence are a model for all future Indian government, and admirably illustrate his rare sagacity and judgment. The transfer of the lands usurped by the great Sirdars was so made as scarcely to draw a complaint even from the dispossessed holders. The resumption of estates was made to bear as lightly as possible on the existing proprietors. Every respect was paid to old-established rights and local customs. The private Jagheerdars—an exceptional class who hold by special tenure for eminent military service—were left in full possession; and fresh grants liberally made to those who had done similar service for us. Life pensions were granted to others whom the rigorous justice of the British

collectors could not recognize, and every possible means adopted to render the change of government as little harsh to the upper classes as was consistent with the interests of the general community. The land-tax was reduced by one fourth, yet the total revenue, even in the second year of the annexation, had reached the full amount ever realized by Runjeet Singh.

"In short," (to quote once more from the Second Punjab Report,) "while the remnants of the aristocracy are passing from the scene, not with precipitate ruin, but in a gradual and mitigated decline, on the other hand, the hardy yeoman, the strong-handed peasant, the thrifty trader, the enterprising capitalist, are rising up in robust prosperity to be the durable and reliable bulwark of the power which protects and befriends them. Among all classes (the reign of anarchy and arbitrary exaction being over) there is a greater regard for vested rights, for ancestral property, for established principle. There is also an improved social morality; many barbarous customs are being moderated, and the position of the female sex is being secured and respected. Among all classes there is a thirst for knowledge and an admiration for practical science."

As to material results, giving evidence of the wisdom and energy of our rule, it is sufficient to quote the numerous useful public works which were begun and carried through under the Lawrence administration.*

We have dwelt thus at length upon the civil administration of the Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence, not only as exhibit-

ing in the most signal manner the resources of his genius, but for its important bearing upon the present and future condition of India. For it is not too much to say that upon the foundation laid by Henry Lawrence in the Punjab rested the whole fabric of our empire during the late mutiny. Throughout the late disasters the Punjab has been our ark of safety and our rallying-point. Its population, tamed and tutored by its late chief, are at present our most faithful and devoted allies. Without the Punjab and the Sikhs, where would now have been British India? Who shall say how yet more terrible would have been the loss and the suffering to England had the Punjab not been quiet and the Sikhs loyal? How many Englishmen would have returned to tell the tale of the Sepoy mutiny? To Henry Lawrence, therefore, as the founder of the Punjab government—as he who first turned the hearts of its martial races—who in himself afforded them so noble an exemplar of the just and good Englishman—is due the eternal gratitude of his country—of all who value the national good name, and recognize the high mission which, by so many evident signs and tokens, has called our race to India.

The secret of Sir Henry Lawrence's success in the Punjab lay as much in his personal character as in his rare administrative genius. The ineffable, indefinable influence of a large heart and honest purpose breathed over all his works. His very presence was a charm and a power. None who came within the circle of that eager and lofty enthusiasm could resist its fascination. With Europeans and natives alike he was the object of such homage as is rarely paid to a ruler so absolute, stern, and vigorous. By his own officers he was looked up to with a love and veneration in these days rarely inspired by high officialism. By the natives, keenly susceptible as are all Asiatics to the influence of personal character, he was adored as few Europeans have been in India. What the memory of Tod is in Rajastham, what Macpherson was to the Khoonds, Outram to the Bheels, Napier to the Beloochees, that and more was Henry Lawrence to the fierce and haughty Sikhs. How deep and strong is this feeling—how lasting the power of one good earnest man over the hearts of the most barbarous race—is witnessed by the recent history of the Punjab, and by the

* The great Baree Doal canal, connecting the Ravee with the Sutleje, is in itself one of the most important works ever undertaken, and for grandeur and solidity may vie with any similar undertaking in Europe. Extending over four hundred and seventy miles of country, in the dryest seasons it affords the means of navigation and irrigation to all the valuable territory which it waters, and which is mainly dependent on it for its means of wealth and industry. Such a work alone is a sufficient refutation of the charge so often made against the British in India, of neglecting the development of the country. Besides this and other smaller works of irrigation, which have changed the whole feature of the country, making what were sandy deserts fruitful corn-fields, there was presented to Government by the Punjab Board, in 1853, the following remarkable summary of its labors in road-making: "One thousand three hundred and forty-nine miles of road have been cleared and constructed; eight hundred and fifty-three miles are under construction; two thousand four hundred and eighty-seven miles have been traced; and five thousand two hundred and seventy-two miles surveyed—all exclusive of minor cross and branch-roads."

important part played by the Seikhs in the recovery of the British dominion. Who in the days of Ferozeshuhur and Sobraon would have ventured to predict that in a dozen years the British flag would have been borne by Seikhs into Delhi and Lucknow? And to whom is the marvel due but to Sir Henry Lawrence?

The latter days of the hero's life were worthy of his Punjaub career. Perhaps none of our officers were so perilously situated at the commencement of the mutiny. Appointed too late to the administration of Oude, when already suffering from a mortal complaint, the fruit of his past devotion to the public service, he had barely assumed the reins of power ere the revolt had burst out. The mischief had already been done, and it was too late to arrest the progress of events. The task before Sir Henry Lawrence was hopeless from the beginning, yet he did not shrink from it. The time had gone by for reconciling the nobility of Oude to our sway. The summary and ill-judged policy of Lawrence's predecessor, in the settlement of the lands had alienated all the great *talookdars*, and inspired general discontent and misgiving. Sir Henry Lawrence had always protested against the absolute dispossession of the great landholders, whom custom and long tenure, if not right, had given a sort of title; and there can be no doubt now that to the adoption of a policy contrary to the Punjaub precedent, rather than to any national feeling on the score of the annexation, is to be attributed the present rebellion in Oude—from the beginning something more than a military revolt. And in estimating the danger of Sir Henry Lawrence's position, it is to be remembered that he alone, of all the British officials, had to contend with a disaffected people as well as a mutinous soldiery. To do this, he had a total European force of *nine hundred men*! Upon his success or failure there hinged the vital interests of the empire. The province of Oude is the heart of India. Had it been lost to us as completely as was Rohilcund or Delhi, there would have been no safety for the Europeans outside the walls of Fort William. The whole rebel horde would have poured into our home provinces, overpowered the feeble garrisons on the way, and annihilated the small British bands under Havelock and Neill. That such

were not the results is due to the vigor and foresight with which Sir Henry Lawrence met the revolt at its birth, and to the heroic endurance of the Lucknow garrison, of which he was the head and soul. From the first overt act of mutiny on the third of May, 1857, to the time of his death, there was nothing left undone by Sir Henry Lawrence which it was in the power of mortal man to do, to stem the tide of revolt and to maintain the British authority. And never did the genius of the soldier-statesman rise higher than when the walls of the Lucknow Residency contained all that was left of the British name in Oude. From first to last, we have the grateful testimony of the whole garrison that he did his duty in a manner equal to his reputation. To his foresight it was due that the garrison was provided with stores and ammunition, and to his military skill, that the defenses were concentrated within the Residency itself, to the abandonment of all the minor posts. He has been blamed, indeed, for the disaster at Chinhutt, but most unjustly and ungenerously. On every account it was desirable that the British should not retire into their defenses until the very last moment, and so long as the slightest prospect remained of holding their ground in the field. Nor could the base treachery of the native artillerymen—which was the cause of our ill-success on that fatal day—have been foreseen at that early stage of the mutiny. Of Sir Henry Lawrence's own behavior when, after superhuman deeds of heroism, that small handful of British was forced to retire before an army of nearly twenty times its strength, we have this affecting testimony from the pen of Mr. Rees:

"Sir Henry Lawrence was seen in the most exposed parts of the field, riding from one part of it to another, amidst a terrific fire of grape, round-shot, and musketry, which made us lose men at every step. When near the Kerkail bridge, he wrung his hands in the greatest agony of mind, and, forgetful of himself, thought only of his poor soldiers. 'My God! my God!' he was heard to say, 'and I brought them to this.'"

Of his conduct during the siege every witness, even Mr. Gubbins, speaks with fervent and grateful admiration. Up to the time of his death he was the animating spirit, the good genius, of the garrison. Ever watchful, prompt, and indefatigable, he never spared himself aught of the common duty and the common

danger. Every man fought knowing that the eye of his chief was upon him. His cheerful devotion infected even the meanest soldier of that small band. A characteristic trait of tenderness (misplaced perhaps on such an occasion) is recorded of him during the siege. He would not fire upon the mosques and palaces. "Spare the holy places," was his order. To the last, his great heart was full of noble and generous thoughts. Dying the death of a soldier, he left a place hardly to be supplied—a name which is henceforth an immemorial treasure to his country.

One legacy, by his will, he has left to England, which it should be ours to cherish and preserve in the munificent spirit of the hero. During life, the peculiar

objects of his noble generosity were the children of the British soldiers; with his last words he has bequeathed these to the care of his country. During a career so busy and troublous, they had never ceased to occupy his great and unselfish heart. To the foundation and endowment of schools for soldiers' children in the hills, he had, for many years, given up annually £1000 from his own income—an income derived solely from official appointments. And Kussowlie and Mount Abou will stand—the noblest monuments to the hero's memory. The country which he has served so well has done little in recognition of his worth and genius; but the English army in India will long bless the name of Henry Lawrence.

From the North British Review.

THE MODERN BRITISH DRAMA.*

THE plays of Shakspeare are not only the highest examples of the English drama, but they may almost be said to constitute, in themselves alone, the beginning, fulfillment, and end of an art. There was nothing like them before; and whatever has been like them since, has owed its resemblance to imitation, not to related vitality. With the exceptions of Ben Jonson and Massinger, Shakspeare's contemporaries and early successors did not

produce dramas that have any serious claim to be considered as works of art. Fletcher, the next greatest in reputation after Ben Jonson, wrote plays full of fine passages of poetry, and of startling dramatic effects, but a predominating unity of idea, which is the first essential of every work of art, is no more to be found in his works, than in those of our modern spasmodists, whom, indeed, he in some respects remarkably resembles. Ben Jonson and Massinger, however, resembled Shakspeare far less than Fletcher did. Fletcher imitated his style at least; but Jonson and Massinger were independent dramatists of a wholly different school—of a school to which our best recent dramatists have belonged. This school of dramatists occupies a sort of middle place between the ancient and the Shakspearian drama, and we fear it must be described as differing from both by defect. It would not be difficult to show that the Greek and the Shakspearian drama are two opposite poles, between which there is no satisfactory artistic medium. These two arts are so different from each other, that

* *Essays on the Drama.* By WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE. London: 1858. 8vo.

Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance in Two Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR. Sixth Edition. London. 1852. 8vo.

Edwin the Fair, an Historical Drama; and Isaac Commensal, a Play. By HENRY TAYLOR. London.

The Saint's Tragedy; or, the True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jr. *Saul: a Drama.* In Three Parts. Montreal: 1857.

Volensia: a Tragedy. London: 1851. 8vo.

Merope. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1858. 12mo.

Shakspeare's Dramatic Art, and his Relation to Calderon and Goethe. Translated from the German of Dr. HERMANN ULRICH. London.

they appeal to two entirely different states of mind, which can scarcely exist or be exercised at one and the same time. The Greek drama, including all its successful modern imitations, requires of its auditor or reader a refined perception, and a condition of passive receptivity. It is so simple, that it demands no exertion of the reflective faculty for its appreciation; on the other hand, it is so perfect, that it asks for the utmost calmness and refinement of judgment and feeling. It is exactly like a pure and noble style of melody in music, which the hearer receives either easily and passively, or not at all. On the contrary, the Shakspearian drama, as it is found in Shakspeare, and in him only, is an infinitely elaborate harmony, calling upon the hearer for the active coöperation of his reflective powers, in the absence of which it is no more than a musical chaos. Between the pure Greek drama, with its few and simple characters, its plain sequence of action, and its ostentatiously expounded morality, and the drama of Shakspeare, with its little world of people, its complicated unity, and its development of ethical results, too delicate and subtle to be expressed more briefly than by the entire work, there are innumerable shades of difference arising from the mixture of the two systems—namely, that of *melody or rhythmus*, which is a simple and proportioned *succession*, and that of *harmony*, which is a simultaneous working of several such simple successions, the parts of which require, by a lively exercise of attention and reflection, to be contemplated in relation to each other in order that their poetic value may be perceived. It is of the essence of the Shakspearian art, as it exists in Shakspeare, to be practically unlimited. Like nature, the world of Shakspeare seems simple to the simple, and profound to the profound. It is only the Coleridges and Goethes who know enough of him to know how little they understand him. Every reader finds as much as he himself knows, in the works of Shakspeare, and the sense which every intelligent reader must have of the world of unknown meaning which stretches on every side, is the greatest charm of the Shakspearian art; it is the vanishing horizon, without which no landscape is perfect. Though this charm is widely felt, it is rarely that people can be brought to consider the quality of a depth beyond

the reach of a commonly good understanding, as being other than an artistic fault. The fact however is, that that obscurity alone is faulty, which arises from defective expression. In Shakspeare language attains the highest conceivable perfection of expression; the obscurity which covers portions of his work arising from the reader's own remoteness from the writer's thought, and therefore being no more a fault of that writer, than the indistinctness of the stars in the galaxy, or of the separate trees and leaves in the forest on a mountain-side twenty miles off, is the fault of nature. There are the objects, to be seen by whomsoever has eyes strong enough; meantime there are thousands of stars and trees sufficiently in the foreground to be well seen by the least telescopic vision, while those which are beyond such vision combine into masses of light and color, which are not the less grateful to the eye, because we know that they are made up of infinite but separately invisible touches of creative skill. To this quality of practical infinitude in Shakspeare no critic has done full justice. The best of all his critics—not excepting Goethe and Coleridge—Ulrici, has allotted too little space to each play to allow of an effective indication of the marvelous way in which the *theme*, which this critic has always caught with admirable acuteness, is echoed from character to character, from event to event, and from word to work.

"Oh! hark, oh! hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh! sweet, and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"

In the greatest works of the greatest composers alone, is there any resemblance to this quality of Shakspeare's art. In a long composition of Beethoven, you may hear the theme repeated in a very similar manner, and under a thousand variations and disguises, each of which is an additional illustration, as well as a repetition. In order that those of our readers who have never made a critical study of Shakspeare's method may understand it, and so appreciate the contrast which we propose to draw between it and modern dramatic art, we take *Love's Labor Lost*, as being perhaps, of all Shakspeare's plays, that one in which the moral theme is developed in the clearest way. The following is Ulrici's criticism on this work:

"The leading idea of the piece is the significant contrast of the fresh, youthful, and ever-blooming reality of life, and a dry, lifeless, and recluse study of science. Either member of the contrariety, nakedly opposed to the other, and placed in hostile opposition to, and wholly uninfluenced by it, becomes untrue, preposterous, and absurd. The science which abstracts itself from reality, and retires in lonely contemplation, must either quickly entomb itself in the barren sands of a tasteless and pedantic erudition, or else, overcome by the gay seductions of life, give itself up to excessive pleasure and learned trifling, and earn for itself the merited reproach of affectation or pretension. One of these results is embodied in the curate, Sir Nathaniel, and the village schoolmaster, Holofernes—those truthful representatives of the retailers of learned trifles—and in the pompous and bombastic Spanish knight, Don Adriano de Armado, the Quixote of a high-sounding phraseology. The other is indicated by the king and his companions. From the pursuit of wisdom, which they blindly hope to gain by abstract study, they soon fall into the veriest silliness and fooleries of love-making; in spite of their oaths, nature and truth make themselves quickly felt, and gain an easy victory. But this victory over false wisdom is fundamentally nothing more than the defeat of folly by folly. For, on the other hand, nature and reality, taken by themselves, are but fugitive and illusory images when apart from the solidity of the cognizant mind; separated from this, the gayety of love is checked and damped; talents, shrewdness, and acquirements, become a mere vain and superficial wit; and love itself, when unassociated with the solidity, earnestness, and moderation, which occasional solitude and contemplative reflection alone can bestow upon the mind, sinks into a tawdry show of tinsel and sparkle; and to such meditation the prince and his courtiers are for a while consigned to the objects of their adoration. We have here the triumph of the fine and correct judgment of a noble woman, which is as complete as that of her social wit and clever management. The speech of the princess, in which she condemns the prince to twelve months of seclusion and self-denial, and the words of Rosaline, which indignantly expose the thorough worthlessness of wit and talents when exclusively directed to festive and social amusement, convey, as it were, the moral of the fable."

It is much to be regretted that neither Ulrici nor either of the other two or three critics, who have shown themselves able to comprehend the method of Shakspeare, and have stated, more or less clearly, the central thought of particular plays, have given to the world that minutely detailed criticism which could alone do justice to the subject. An adequate criticism of the least elaborate of Shakspeare's dramas would constitute a goodly volume, but it

would be one which would teach the ordinary reader to understand Shakspeare better than twenty volumes of mere general criticism, however judicious. In this place we can, of course, undertake to do no more than give a few glimpses of that method which is Shakspeare's peculiarity, as distinguished from other, and especially modern dramatists, and without a knowledge of which some of the most remarkable defects of modern dramatists, who have almost all, more or less, imitated Shakspeare without understanding him, could not be appreciated. The following remarks will be more easily comprehended if the reader will be at the pains to read them with his Shakspeare before him.

In *Love's Labor Lost* the satire on the confusion of words with things—of false science with reality—which, next to pride, is perhaps the most prevailing error of mankind, is opened by the proclamation of the king and his courtiers of their intention to retire for three years' space from the world, in order to "war against their own affections, and the huge army of the world's desires." Shakspeare, however, is careful to make, the king state that their ultimate object in establishing this "little academe" is nothing more than a desire for the world's applause. The unreality of the motive vitiates the enterprise, which has none of the moderation that would have been taught by a more real aim. Great emphasis is laid upon the oath which these gentlemen take to live for that time without seeing a woman, etc., etc.; an oath being the most solemn kind of word, and therefore affording the most forcible means of exemplifying, in its, in this case, inevitable fragility, the difference between words and realities. The king's three lords, Longueville, Dumain, and Biron, exemplify three different tones of mind in which such a scheme could be adopted. Longueville shows the greatest facility of deceiving himself by words, when he says, "I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast. The mind shall banquet, though the body pine," etc.

He thinks that he can undertake the task as a new mode of voluptuousness. Dumain, however, professes that he is already to some degree "mortified" to the world's delights, and henceforth

"To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy."

He is clearly a more hopeful hermit than Longueville. Biron, alone, has character enough to forecast the difficulties of the enterprise, and to protest against the impracticable features of it. He has no objection to live with the king in a three years' comparative retirement for the purposes of wisdom, but

"Oh! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barred, you mean, from common-sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on, then, I will swear to study
so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus—to study where I well may dine,
Then when to fast expressly I am bid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common-sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy
looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won;
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they
are.

Too much to know is to know naught but
fame;

And every godfather can give a name."

A man so profoundly versed in the knowledge of life's reality was not likely to undertake the king's oath in a tone that could render it very binding on his conscience. In the moment of signing the compact he points out the impossibility of keeping it, since the French king's daughter and her ladies are about to appear at the court on political business of importance; and, moreover, when the king, on Biron's objecting to certain details of the general agreement, tells him, "You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest;" the answer is, "By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest"—words in which a sensible man's "yea and nay" are put above an ill-considered oath. Biron, however, is

himself not wholly exempt from the malady of wordy unreality; but it takes, in him, its least injurious form, namely, that of wit that runs riot for mere pleasure, yet without ever intruding on the more serious affairs of life, except in so far as the habit of such wit damages the general seriousness of mind which a right life requires—an injury which is pointed out, in the end of the play, by Rosaline, who imposes a discipline for the correction of the too exuberant wit of this in other respects wise man. When Biron has taken the oath, accompanying it with the declaration, that

"Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space,"

the king says, that for recreation in spare hours, they have Armado, a Spanish knight, "a man of fine-new words," "that hath a mint of phrases in his brain." The next character introduced is Dull, who abuses language and diverts it from its corresponding reality, not from lightness, as in the king, or wit, as in Biron, or extravagance, as in Armado, but from mere and excessive stupidity; then comes Costard, who perverts every word that is spoken by punning upon it, or otherwise misapplying it, until we forget the primary sense; then, again, we have Moth, who takes up the theme in a new way by his continual word-catching; and Jaquenetta further illustrates it with her poor country wit, in answering the words rather than the sense of the speeches made to her by Armado, who, being the wordiest of all the set who have undertaken an oath with the king, is naturally the first to break the law. Sir Nathaniel, the curate, and Holofernes, the schoolmaster, complete the circle of male characters, and afford additional variations of the theme with their different modes of unreality in words, their whole style of conversation being exemplified by the first words they speak, which are touching a stag-hunt.

"Nathaniel. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, sanguis—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *calo*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nathaniel. Truly, Master Holofernes, the

epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least."

Shakspeare, in all his plays, but in this more obviously and perhaps less artistically than in any other, proves his moral by the *reductio ad absurdum*. The fault satirized—and even his tragedies may be regarded as most solemn satires—is chased from the highest form to the lowest, and shown to be identical in each; and in this process, which is exhaustive, every disguise of the error is taken away, and we discover the identical mummer in as many characters as were ever assumed in one night by the elder Matthews. Shakspeare never attempts a general representation of the character of a man or woman, but, in each play, shows only the relation of his various characters to the particular moral idea on which the piece is founded, leaving us to infer the general character as well as we may from this particular development. This system is the foundation of a dramatic unity more complete than has been dreamt of by any other writer, and from that unity arises a system of harmonious contrasts not less singularly admirable. All other dramatists contrast their bad and good people in a general way; now, so small a portion of a man's general life can be directly expressed in the space of a drama, that, by this method, the poet is properly permitted to illustrate only the most common-place and obvious characteristics of such life; and he is tempted, for the sake of novelty, to the representation of violent individualities, which are not rightly the subjects of the drama, because very exceptional characters are not only unconstructive, but, as far as they are exceptional, may be said to be unnatural, and out of the pale of artistic humanity. Shakspeare, as a philosopher, knew better than to represent men as differing from each other except in the *degree* and *manner* of their virtues and vices; and, as an artist, he bore in mind the maxim, that "dissimilar things can not be compared." He therefore shows, in all his plays, not so much the diversity as the fundamental identity of human characters; the diversity being proved to be formal, the identity essential. None but a reader who is willing to give much more attention than the perusal of a play is commonly supposed to require, has any chance of discovering more than one point in a hundred

which the poet makes in his juxtaposition of his various characters under the one relation chosen. We have taken *Love's Labor Lost*, not as the highest, but as the lowest and simplest exemplification of Shakspeare's system; and yet in a space which would serve for a tolerably full criticism of a play of any other writer, we can do no more than give a hint here and there of the abounding meaning. Let the reader observe that the inane pomposity of Armado is so extravagant, that it would not appear to be in any way related to the not very outrageous sacrifice of common-sense to unpractical and wordy knowledge by the king and his courtiers, but for the medium of other characters, especially Holofernes, in whom the love of useless learning is deepened into stolid pedantry, expressing itself with the pomposity which, in Armado, is without even that ground of excuse. In the first case, the thing satirized is so like truth as to be scarcely distinguishable, by itself, as error; in the second case, we have, as it were, the first and imperfect distillation; but in Armado the elimination of the element of folly is complete, yet not so as to prevent the display of a further quintessential distillation in the language of the totally uneducated pomposity, pedantry, affectation, and nonsense of Costard, who when in custody, says—"It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet." Holofernes criticises Don Armado for the faults of which he himself is so conspicuously guilty. "I did converse," says Sir Nathaniel, "this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado." Holofernes. "Novi hominem tanquam te: His humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." Nathaniel. "A most singular and choice epithet." [Takes out his note-book.] Holofernes. "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument," etc., etc. This is just what all the people in the play are doing, in some form or other, but especially Holofernes, who is always led by his word as an ass by the

nose. But perhaps the crowning touch of satire is where, after a long discourse about common things, couched in the most uncommon phraseology, Holofernes, complacent at his own eloquence, exclaims to Dull, "Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this time," and Dull replies, "Nor understood none either," whereby the identity of the extremes of dullness and fantastical learning is intimated, and the advantage, if any, remains with dullness.

We purposely abstain from entering into the principal action of the piece, because we should be led by its pregnancy into a detail for which we have no space. The reader, who has accompanied us thus far carefully, will find no difficulty in discovering a thousand fresh allusions to and illustrations of the theme of this play, whose motto might well have been the following words of the Princess and Biron:

Princess. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Princess. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Our readers will at once perceive that a play constructed on the system observed in *Love's Labor Lost*, and far more elaborately in various other of Shakspeare's dramas, is a work of which the parts must, by a separate activity of reflection, be relatively contemplated, in order that the writer's meaning may be discovered. In the absence of such reflections on the part of the reader, Shakspeare's works must always seem to be mere wildernesses, abundant enough in beauty and depth of character and incidental sayings to repay the reading, but still, as works of art, meriting nothing less than the epithet "barbarous," which has so often been candidly applied to them by French critics.

"Wonder," says Lord Bacon, "is broken knowledge;" and it is with wonder, rather than with intelligent admiration, that Shakspeare, until very lately, has been regarded by all, and is now regarded by all but the very few, who have studied his works so well and wisely that their knowledge of them, though necessarily falling short of the poet's full purposes, is no longer superficial or "broken." Now, it is a great misfortune for artists of any kind to have before them a model of overwhelming and unapproachable merit. To appreciate Dante or Shak-

speare rightly, is to be effectually checked from employing moderate poetic faculties upon similar subjects in an independent manner; but to "wonder" at them, which is what all but all men do, and are compelled to do, is to be condemned to be the slave of an influence not understood, and to imitate, not Shakspeare or Dante, but that "broken" and disordered view of them which presents itself to the wondering copyist. Nothing can be more opposite to the spirit of Shakspeare than the works—including the great majority of English dramas since his time—arising from such an imitation. Every play of Shakspeare is a world in little, a perfect cosmos, in which the greatest variety and boldness of contrast is only a means of exhibiting the unity of humanity; but, to an eye which looks only upon the surface of this cosmos, and therefore sees nothing but the diversity, all appears to be chaos; and, accordingly, it is chaos, not cosmos, which most of the imitators of Shakspeare have produced.

In combination with an imitation of Shakspeare, we must take into consideration the fact of the total decay of the *acting* drama, if we would understand the condition under which modern dramatists write. We believe that the day of the acting drama, in Great Britain, has forever departed, and we are convinced that neither society nor dramatic literature are likely to be the worse for it. The vast majority of a large British audience must always be appealed to by strong rather than by refined influences. Of all modern dramatists, Shakspeare alone was great enough to be perfectly true, and at the same time striking to the populace; we do not remember any other whose plays, having been long and greatly popular, are also capable of taking a position in permanent dramatic literature, whereas there are several plays which have been totally unsuccessful on the stage, and several others whose authors never dreamt of putting them upon the stage, which will occupy a place among the English classics. We need not pause to speak of the causes of the decay of the acting drama, further than to remark, that a fully sufficient reason, without the help of many others also at work, is to be found in the great leveling of external distinctions of all sorts which has of late years taken place, and is daily becoming more complete. Mr. Donne, in his collection of *Essays on the*

Drama, has the following true and picturesque passage on this subject :

"It is perhaps an inevitable result of advancing civilization, that it levels, in great manner, the external and salient points of individual character, and thus deprives the drama of one of its principal aliments and attractions. Evil passions and evil natures are unhappily, indeed, the accompaniments of every age, but they do not, therefore, always exhibit themselves under dramatic forms. The crimes and woes of 'old great houses' seldom affect, in our days, either the annals of the world, or the passions of individuals. Wars have lost their chivalric character. Politics are no longer tissues of dark intrigues revealed only by their results, but hidden during their process in impenetrable darkness. Society has ceased to be divided into castes, or distinguished by outward and visible signs of grandeur or debasement. Our manners and habits have grown similar and un-picturesque. A justice on the bench is no longer worshipful; a squire, except in the eyes of some poaching varlet, is no more 'the petty tyrant of his fields'; we take the wall of an alderman, and feel no awe in the presence of a mayor; lords ride in cabs; the coach with six Flemish horses, with its running footmen and link-bearers, has vanished into infinite space; a knight of the shire may be the son of a scrivener; our men on 'Change have doffed their flat caps and shining shoes; there are no bullies in Paul's Walk, and hardly a Toledan blade within the liberties of London. The toe of the peasant comes near the heel of the courtier. Our very inns have dropped their pictorial emblems; we write instead of paint our tavern heraldry. Town and country are nearly one. Clarendon says of a certain lord of Arundel, that 'he rarely went to London because there only he found a greater man than himself, and because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Lord Arundel's policy would be un-availing now. Our humors and distinctions are well-nigh abolished, and the drama, so far as it depends upon them, is deprived of its daily bread. The stage-poet can not find his Bobadil in any lodging in Lambeth, nor his Justice Shallow in Gloucestershire, nor Ancient Pistol in Eastcheap. The 'portrait of a gentleman or lady' at the Exhibition may represent four fifths of our similar generation."

With the disappearance of these picturesque distinctions in life, has disappeared, in great measure, the popular taste for beholding them dramatically represented; but the finer intellectual elements, which might and do make up for the want of these in our recent *written* drama, are not calculated to be effective on the stage. A premium on false effect is no longer offered to our dramatic writers, and, accordingly, the plays at the

head of this article, all of which have been written within the last few years, present a very remarkable and favorable contrast to any equal number of dramas written in the first quarter of this century, when a capability of representation was considered as being of the essence of a drama. Another great advantage enjoyed by dramatists not writing for the stage, is the absence of limitation as to length. There is no reason why a drama should be limited, any more than an epic, to some two thousand lines; on the contrary, the dramatic development of an action demands far more space than the same action narrated. Two of the plays which we have chosen for special notice are each of them as long as *Paradise Lost*, nor are they the least interesting and readable upon our list.

Mr. Henry Taylor stands at the head of living dramatists, and almost at the head of living poets. We have heard, indeed, that Southey pronounced *Philip van Artevelde* the greatest play which has been written since Shakspeare; but Mr. Taylor's style of mind is too nearly related to Southey's for either of these poets to be a very competent authority on the merits of the other. The excellence of Mr. Taylor's writings has been fully and cordially recognized by the highest critical authorities, and the sale of many editions of his chief work has corroborated their verdict. We venture, however, to predict for the dramas of this writer a wider and deeper reputation than they have yet obtained. Mr. Taylor had the merit, as well as the disadvantage, of writing in a perfectly sound and unmeretricious style, at a time when the popular taste had reached its greatest poetical perversion, and had come to regard the *defects* of certain remarkable poets — especially Keats — as the tests of poetic beauty. Unless every thought and image came clothed in a haze of strange words and a certain vague and sensual beauty, it was not thought poetical. The name of poetry had come to be attached to only a few, and those not the most noble of its developments. The highest poetry, which may be defined to be truths of perpetual human interest perfectly (and *therefore* metrically) expressed, was not in favor; indeed, by the majority of those who talked and wrote about the art, was scarcely looked upon as poetry at all. Trees, flowers, sunsets, and other objects of external nature, and men and women reduced to the level of such ob-

jects by an extravagant admiration for them, and by the dominion of the senses, were the world of Keats, and of the whole poetic school of the time. Mr. Taylor himself, in his short but exhaustive criticism, appended to the first edition of *Philip van Artevelde*, in the year 1834, has expressed the truth concerning the schools of Keats and Lord Byron in words which can not be improved upon. Byron's heroes, he says, "are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. Strip them of the veil of mystery and the trappings of poetry, resolve them into their plain realities, and they are such beings as, in the eyes of a reader of masculine judgment, would certainly excite no sentiment of admiration, even if they did not provoke contempt. . . . All is vanity; their exertions being for vanity under the name of love or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride. If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroic, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment or infirm in character? . . . Nor can it be said that any thing better, or indeed any thing half so good, has been subsequently produced. The poetry of the day . . . consists of little more than a poetical diction, an arrangement of words implying a sensitive state of mind, and therefore more or less calculated to excite corresponding associations, though, for the most part, not pertinently to any matter in hand; a diction which addresses itself to the sentient, not the percipient, properties of the mind, and displays merely symbols or types of feelings which might exist with equal force in a being the most barren of understanding." Against this style of poetry, which has even now its apostles and disciples among us, *Philip van Artevelde* was a magnificent protest. It stands, among the poetry of the time, like a single oak in a land of flowering weeds. In it a great action is represented with the vivid sympathy and power of realization, which show that the poet is morally related to the hero; and with a severe simplicity of language, of which the only fault is that it slightly tends to the extreme opposite to that of which it was, no doubt, an intentional reproof. It was an almost inevitable result, indeed, of such intention, that the "percipient" and moral properties of the mind should have too marked a predominance, in Mr. Taylor's poem, over

the "sentient;" and the penalty of this predominance has been, that Mr. Taylor is scarcely yet admitted to be a poet, by a large and not unimportant class of readers, who pique themselves upon appreciating the verses of Keats and his school. During the past few years, however, there has been a marked advance, among the people and the lower literary classes, in the direction of the views advocated and exemplified by Mr. Taylor. With the *cultured* classes, indeed, these views were never obscured, as is proved by the immediate and continued popularity among them of the play we are speaking of; but it is a curious fact that, for many years past, the so-called "literary" and the truly cultured classes have by no means been identical.

Philip van Artevelde is more free from the influence of Shakspeare than any other play of conspicuous merit in modern times. It is a perfect example of the simple or rhythmical drama, as we may call it, in opposition to the harmonic or Shakspearian drama. In its representation of a wise and heroic man, and his power of subduing the disorders of the world, we have the highest subject that could well be chosen; it is, however, as we have already suggested, an epic rather than a dramatic subject; and, accordingly, *Philip van Artevelde* holds an intermediate place in poetry, between the epic and the pure dramatic, as the latter exists in Shakspeare. To appreciate this play fully, the reader must be of a mature, grave, and thoughtful spirit; but, since its moral theme is general, and the characters, good and bad, are not represented under any partial and particular moral aspect, the moral standard which is ever present to such a reader's mind supplies the requisite commentary, and the separate and continually repeated efforts of reflection which are necessary for the right comprehension of a play of Shakspeare's would be superfluous here. And if Mr. Taylor's work is thus clear of Shakspeare's system, it is also clear of the slightest mockery of that system, which can not be said of the works of any other writer on our list. That Mr. Taylor is himself fully cognizant of the quality of his poem, with regard to other dramatic schools, is shown by the title, *Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance*.

This work is so widely known, and its chief merits are of so simple and intelli-

ble, though lofty a kind, that, in speaking of it, we shall limit ourselves mainly to indicating qualities which have often been denied to it by persons who have been made angry by its general opposition to the schools of poetry they admire. Mr. Taylor, in exalting the "percipient" above the "sentient" faculty, has by no means neglected to appeal as often and as forcibly to the latter as was consistent with his higher views. Lyric poetry is the proper field for appeals to the "sentient" faculty, and a man's power of making such appeals may be safely tested by his songs. Now, we feel quite secure in challenging the adverse critics of Mr. Taylor to point out any songs, by poets of their favorite schools, superior to the songs in Mr. Taylor's dramas. The song of Elena, beginning "Said tongue of neither maid nor wife," has scarcely its equal in modern poetry for pathos of theme and phrase.

We may be permitted to take one step out of our way to remark, that the beauty of this song is surpassed only by the design of Mr. D. G. Rossetti (the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite school) in illustration of it, which was exhibited last year at the private exhibition of the Pre-Raphaelite artists. Under a trellis-work of leaves, "betwixt the shine and shade," are two dicers, one of whom is sitting entirely engrossed by his game, while his mistress has her arms about his neck, and is singing in the sun, with raised head, vine-crowned; the other gambler kneels at the stool where the dice are being cast, and holds with one hand the dice-box, and with the other presses to his lips the hand of his mistress, who buries her weeping eyes in her other hand, and droops her head in the direction of a little girl, who is innocently singing and playing on a musical instrument. On the side of the picture, opposite to this little girl, sits a baboon, who is scratching his neck with an expression of extreme animal-satisfaction. The way the story is told by these four "points," namely, the innocent and joyful little girl, the two guilty but not hardened lovers, the careless couple, and the ape, is a marvel of symbolical art, and is exactly in Shakspeare's method, as we have attempted to describe it above. Indeed, we can scarcely explain the difference between the two kinds of art, concerning which we have said so much, better than by comparing Mr. Taylor's song

with Mr. Rossetti's picture. The one is the simple rhythmic expression of the idea; the other is the elaborate illustrative development of it, the thought not ceasing with the representation of the one unhappy woman, but being taken up and echoed through various persons and things, and losing itself in symbols so remote that we can scarcely feel certain whether their presence was intentional or not, as, for example, in the growth of tortuous and tangled branches, which bear up the "leafy honors" of the wood seen in the background, and which may or may not have been meant to afford an additional expression of the troubled mind that is hidden below the "jolly life" of guilt, and in the difference of the crowns of the two women, the singing woman having vine-leaves, and the weeping one roses with thorns.

Many readers of the present day have been so much accustomed to consider picturesque descriptions of nature and startling verbal beauties as constituting the substance, instead of being merely the adornments, of poetry, that a poet who makes no more than a sober and moderate use of these adornments runs the risk of being rated very low by them. His "fine" or "poetical" passages, when they do exist, are likely to be overlooked by such readers; for these passages always arise so naturally from the context, and are always so well subordinated to the principal effects, that they are never "striking." No poem can be thoroughly good, if it contains any "striking passages;" yet nine modern critics out of ten reckon a poet good in proportion to his custom of producing such excrescences. Now, Mr. Taylor's dramas contain innumerable passages which would be "striking," were they not so exactly the right words in the right places; as, for example—

"Artevelde. See'st thou yon sweeping section
of the road,

That leads by Eedorf to the eastern gate?

My eyes are strained, but yet I thought I saw
A moving mass of men.

"Van Ryk. I thought so too.

When I had held mine eyes a minute fixed,

As in a morsel of dry mouldered cheese,

I thought I could descry a tumbling move-
ment."

These last two lines are as intensely descriptive as any thing in Dante, the great

master of intense description; nor is the concluding image, in the following passage, less remarkable for its imaginative realization of a natural picture:

"How long since
Is it, that standing in this compassed window,
The blackbird sang us forth, from yonder bough
That hides the arbor, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky."

Philip van Artevelde and Mr. Taylor's other dramas, display qualities which make us ashamed to lay much stress upon the writer's skill in word-painting. It would, however, demand more than the entire space occupied by this article to do justice to the virile force, the simplicity, and the fullness of construction, which are the great merits of these dramas. None but a statesman could have represented statesmen as Mr. Taylor has represented Van Artevelde, Van den Bosch, the Earl of Flanders, Dunstan, and Isaac Comnenus.

A certain sameness in the main characters is the necessary defect of the epic tendencies of Mr. Taylor's dramas. He is quite right, for reasons already given, in avoiding the representation of strong individualities in his heroes, for all strong individualities imply great defects and disproportions in character. The wise and good statesman, whether he occupies the time and place of Isaac Comnenus, or of Philip van Artevelde, will be one and the same character in the main; and the epic pitch of the two dramas which go by the names of those heroes involves too great a similarity of circumstance to allow of any very diverse development of characters, on the whole, so much alike. No poet should write more than one drama of this kind, if he would avoid the appearance of want of fertility.

Violenzia: a Tragedy, has not made a considerable reputation, only because its subject is one which excludes it from the reading of young people. The subject, however, has not been chosen in ignorance or wanton outrage of the world's opinion, like that of the *Cenci*; but because a less terrible wrong than that done to *Violenzia*, and, through her, to her betrothed, could not have elevated the conduct of the latter to the highest pitch of the heroic. *Violenzia* resembles Mr. Taylor's

dramas in some points. It keeps close and clear view of a single and simple action, and represents it strictly upon the *explicit and rhythmical* and not the *symbolic and harmonic* method, and consequently it is easy and pleasant reading; in free and musical flow of verse it is superior to every other drama of the present day.

The story is that of an Earl of Felborg, (Ethel,) who, on taking commission in the army of the king, brings his betrothed, *Violenzia*, for safety, to the court. During the farewell festivities, the attentions of the king, a notorious voluptuary, to *Violenzia*, together with her manifest pleasure in them, alarm her brothers, Robert and Arthur, who also hold high commissions in the departing army, and somewhat grieve Ethel, who, however, knows *Violenzia* too well to augur serious evil from this display of feminine vanity in a woman who loves him deeply, and is too innocent to know how her behavior may be interpreted by suspicious people, like her brothers, and by the king himself:

"Robert. What! do you mark it too? for in
your eye
I read but small contentment.
Ethel. I do mark it;
Yet youth may plead her pardon; nor do I
think
She spoke him much encouragement.
Robert. Spoke, man!
Her eyes did speak, with bright, triumphant
sparks,
Delight to have a royal pursuivant;
Her smiles did sun the growth of his advances;
Her very gesture cast itself about
To be admired and bent to."

It is a great fault in the construction of this play, that no sufficient reason is shown for *Violenzia* being left (and for safety!) at the court of such a king. Directly Ethel and the brothers are gone, *Violenzia's* chamber is entered by Malgodin—a mere fiend of malice—a character which we believe to be totally contrary to nature, and therefore to poetry. The king, moreover, must have learned too much about women to suppose that they could be hopefully wooed by proxy, and by such a proxy. In this character, and in other parts of the play, the author shows that he has been injuriously influenced by the extravagances of Shelley and of the old dramatists. The *Cenci* is, in our opinion, a very imperfect as well as a very revolting play; and the writer of

Violenzia would have had a good chance of producing a much better drama than any that Shelley could have written, had he depended more upon his own fine and poetical mind for guidance. But to follow the plot: Malgodin, finding *Violenzia* unpliant, circulates reports against her reputation, thinking that she will yield to his master's wishes the sooner for the destruction of her fame. Finding themselves disappointed in this hope, Malgodin advises, and the king adopts, the resource of Tarquin. The rumor that she has yielded to the solicitations of the king reaches the camp, and is treated with contempt by Ethel, into whose presence *Violenzia*, almost immediately after the rumor has reached him, rushes and tells him what has happened. Ethel being second in command of the army, is urged by his indignant friends to seize the opportunity of vengeance, by turning its power against the king, the brothers of *Violenzia*, one of whom is commander-in-chief, being foremost in devising his destruction. Ethel treats such a proposition as treason; and, when the brothers endeavor to turn the forces from the enemy against their own country, they are seized, imprisoned, and condemned to death by Ethel, who assumes the chief command, gains a decisive battle over the Swedes, and then, regarding himself as called by Heaven to be a minister of justice, not revenge, turns his army homeward. In the mean time, the brothers of *Violenzia* have escaped from prison, and put *Violenzia* to death, in fulfillment of their vow. The deposition of the wicked king is an easy matter; and the play ends by Ethel's granting his request that he may not die, but pass his days in banishment and repentance, the crown being transferred to Haveloc, the younger brother of the king.

It is easy to build epics and dramas upon heroic events, but it is very difficult to treat them so that they become intelligible and credible, and therefore influential for good upon the mind of the reader. It is no small praise to say that the author of *Violenzia* has so represented a man heroically putting aside the thought of vengeance, when there was the strongest motive and the most tempting opportunity—nay, when not to revenge himself exposed him to the scorn and misconstruction of his best friends, that we rise from the perusal of the play

feeling that we could have done the same ourselves. Uncompromisingly Christian action, under such circumstances as those of Ethel, is a pitch of the heroic which no other dramatic writer, that we remember, has dared to depict; and in the choice, and in the power which has justified the choice, of such a subject lies the chief merit and originality of the play. This merit has the advantage of being a most seasonable one; for the old forms of the heroic have died out, and it is high time that the Christian heroic should come upon the vacant stage.

After what we have said in praise of this play, the author can afford to be told that it has very serious faults. We take it that these words, from the preface, involve a radically defective appreciation of the functions of the poet: "There could be no other injury so intolerable, no other grief so great, as that which here forms the trial of the hero. For his action under that trial I am responsible as a poet only, not as a moralist. . . . *A poet can not make his creations subservient to the enforcement of his own opinions, at least a dramatic poet can not.*" Now, the great fault of the play results from this mistake of the author, in supposing that a dramatic poet is not bound to be clear upon the point of morality. We are left entirely in doubt, the poet himself is evidently entirely in doubt, as to the right of Ethel to assume regal and judicial functions for the purpose of chastising the sins of the king. The poet, we think, was bound not to leave his readers in darkness upon so important a question; Shakspeare never shirks morality in this way; probably because he never made our author's mistake, of supposing that moral ideas are merely our "own opinions." Every one of the plays of Shakspeare, every poem of every really great poet, has been made "subservient to the enforcement," not of "his own opinions," but of his own *certainities* in morality. A good poem or drama is never what is called "didactic," not because it does not enforce definite moral views, but because its modes of enforcing them are peculiar, that is to say, indirect, symbolical, and representative rather than obvious and perceptive.

Intimately connected with this want of moral certainty in the mind of the author, is the evidently unintentional want of masculine force in his hero. We have said

that this drama is so written that the action is credible to our sympathies, which is the great point in a poem; but we doubt whether this credibility remains when it is closely examined by reason and reflection. A man in the least moral uncertainty would not have had the heart to bear him up in such a course as that pursued by Ethel; indeed, such uncertainty greatly damages the reality of his heroism, and suggests to our mind that he would have been more heroic still had he concluded to do nothing, when to do any thing was for him to take a leap in the dark. His many long, sentimental, and philosophical speeches at junctures when most men would be too full of life and action to talk much, show Ethel to have had too much of the Hamlet in him ever to have pursued a definite course with a calm and heroic determination. We have, however, to thank this temperament of soul for some passages of verse which, as poetry, are superior, or at least equal, to the best in any of the volumes before us. For example, after the death of Violenzia:

Ethel. Violenzia sleeps. Alone on the broad earth!

Olave. Your officers and soldiers love you dearly.

Ethel. I thank you very heartily. Is it strange

That our diviner impulses, great thoughts,
And all the highest, holiest life of the soul,
Should yearn for mortal sympathy, and not find it,

No, not in women? Nay, not dare to ask for't?

Olave. What is it you say, my lord?

Ethel. Do you not see,
It is the exceeding goodness of our God,
To bend our love into his Father's breast,
And press our heads to his bosom? *We are greater*

As children than as brothers"

Again, Olave thus defends the reputation of Violenzia against one who believes the rumors set afloat by Malgodin:

"Do you believe it? Why, man, let me tell you,

I, that did never more than once enjoy
The touch of her frank hand; that, in such courtesy

As one, till then a stranger, might exact;
And never more than once looked on her face,
A garden where the flowers of beauty sprang,
Troubling the sense with richness; never but once

Took through the dazzled windows of my soul
Her proud and innocent gaze; I that not knew her,

And of her musical speech heard no more tones
Than go to make a greeting; I'll believe
Rather the diamond should fade and rot,
Than she be turned to folly."

We must not close this notice without calling attention to a very fine point in the moral structure of this drama. So terrible a fate as that of Violenzia, is shown to have been not unprovoked by herself. It is represented as the penalty—though a fearfully severe one—of her vanity, which unconsciously encouraged the wicked king's desires until they became ungovernable. That this was the author's intention, is proved by the following words in the leave-taking, where Ethel warns Violenzia of the dangers which surround her:

Ethel. Alas! thou know'st not
What infinite perils set thee. Subtler genius
Than ever worked for good, shall with foul evil
Tangle thy soul, if thou should'st show like virtue.
Violenzia. It is my punishment."

Of *Saul: a Drama, in Three Parts*, published anonymously at Montreal, we have before us perhaps the only copy which has crossed the Atlantic. At all events, we have heard of no other, as it is probable we should have done, through some public or private notice, seeing that the work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain. This copy was given to the writer of the present article by Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, to whose recommendation of this, to him and to us, unknown Canadian poet, our readers and English literature generally are beholden for their first introduction to a most curious work. *Saul* is in three parts, each of five acts, and altogether about ten thousand lines long. In it the greatest subject, in the whole range of history, for a drama, has been treated with a poetical power and a depth of psychological knowledge which are often quite startling, though, we may say, inevitably, below the mark of the subject-matter, which is too great to be done full justice to, in any but the words in which the original history is related. What much adds to the startling effect of this poem, is the manifest fact that the writer is some person who has received little or no education, in the ordinary sense of the term. Not only does he make ridiculous mistakes in the commonest Latin quotations—for example, he has "*from DE PROFUNDIS*" twice

over—but he is apparently ignorant of English grammar, and even of spelling. There are two things, however, which he proves that he knows; namely, the Bible and human nature; and a poet can not be said to be really uneducated who knows these well. Shakspeare he also knows far better than most men know him; for he has discerned and adopted his method as no other dramatist has done. He takes not virtue and morality, and their opposites *generally*, as other dramatists do, but these under the single aspect of their dependence upon *spiritual influences*, of whatever kind; the direct influence of the Divine Spirit; and the influence of good spirits; and of the principalities and powers of darkness; and even the mysterious influences of music, the weather, etc., upon the moral state of the soul. Like most of Shakspeare's plays, this drama has the appearance of being strangely chaotic. There are hundreds of passages for the existence of which we can not account, until the moral clue is found, and it would never be found by a careless and unreflecting reader; for the work is exceedingly artistic, and there are few things in recent poetry so praiseworthy as the quiet and unobtrusive way in which the theme is treated. In a work written upon this noble symbolic method, one is never sure of *exactly* stating the author's meaning—indeed, as we have said of Shakspeare, the meaning is too full to be stated more briefly than by the whole poem; but we are sure that we are not far from the writer's intention, when we say, that in Saul he represents a man who is *eminently* the creature of spiritual influences; who is of the happiest sensitive and perceptive constitution, but lacks the one thing needful, the principle of *faith*, which would have given the will to submit himself to the good influence and resist the bad. "Faith wanting, all his works fell short," is the only *explicit* statement in the whole poem of this idea; but the whole poem indirectly implies it. This view of Saul's character, which is amply justified by Scripture history, is carried out and illustrated with an elaborate subtlety of which it is impossible for us to give our readers an adequate idea. The evil spirit of the king is brought personally, under the name of Malzah, upon the stage; and we are made to understand Saul's nature, and the nature of all who are the more or less passive slaves of natural and spiritual influences

ab extra, by the exaggeration of this character in the spirit himself, who is depicted with an imaginative veracity, which we do not exaggerate in saying has not been equaled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel. Malzah is decidedly "well-disposed," like many another evil spirit, human or otherwise; he knows his faults; is almost changed, for the moment, into a good spirit by artistic influences, especially music; he has attained to be a deep philosopher through the habitual observation of himself; and does not at all like the evil work of destroying the soul of Saul—a work which he undertook voluntarily, and to which he returns as the fit takes him. The following passages will carry out what we have said, and will illustrate the oddity, subtlety, and originality of this writer's language. Malzah tries to exonerate himself, in soliloquy, from the guilt of destroying Saul:

"I've had no part in this. I'm sorry too
(Like thee, king) that I ever came to thee.
Zounds! Why, I ought to have strong penance
set me,
Or else be branded with some sign of shame
For having volunteered for his undoing.
There's no essential honor nor good i'th' world,
But a pure selfishness is all in all.
Nay, I could curse my demonhood, and wish
Myself to be thrice lost for that behavior;
But I believe I am a very mean spirit."

Even finer than this flippant, imbecile, and impotent penitence of Malzah is the following song, which seems to us to be scarcely short of Shakspearian, notwithstanding the *De Profundus*!

"There was a devil, and his name was I;
From De Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye:
It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green i'th' sea, and white i'th' sky,
Oh! do not ask me! ask me why
'Twas green i'th' sea and white i'th' sky,
Why from Profundus he did cry.
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

Saul enters in a gloomy passion; Malzah says:

"Now is my time:
I'll enter him that he may work his doom;
His mind's defenses are blown down by passion,
And I can enter him unchallenged, like
A traveler an inn; and, when I'm there,
He is himself now so much like a demon,
He will not notice me."

In this poem, for the first time, spirits have been represented in a manner which fully justifies the boldness involved in representing them at all. Malzah is a living character, as true to supernature as Hamlet or Falstaff is to nature; and, by this continuation, as it were, of humanity into new circumstances and another world, we are taught to look upon humanity itself from a fresh point of view, and we seem to obtain new and startling impressions of the awful character of the influences by which we are beset. Seldom has art so well performed the office of handmaiden to religion as in this extraordinary character of Malzah, in whom we have the disembodiment of the soul of the faithless, sophistical, brave, and generously disposed King of Israel, and a most impressive poetical exposition of the awful truth, that he who is not wholly for God is against him. For proof of our opinion we can only refer the reader to the entire work, of which a few separate passages are no tests whatever. Although the language is often powerful, and the thought always so, the writer's want of literary culture is so great, that he seldom gives us many lines together without some obvious and often ludicrous fault. In proof, however, that this writer is a poet of no common order, we append a few sentences, taken almost at random from hundreds which we have marked.

Saul has vowed the death of David:

Anan. Now, my dear husband, come and take some rest.

Saul. Yes, when I've done what I have vowed to do.

I am beneath the tyranny of a vow,
Which I will honor whilst I am eclipsed,
That I hereafter may have power to plead,
I did it in the darkness. 'Tis the fiend:
He darkens, yet illuminates, my mind.
Like the black heavens when lightnings ride the wind."

Malzah is seen winging his way towards the palace of the king, whom he has been commissioned to possess:

"Lo! when yon demon, with increasing speed,
Makes his dim way across the night-hung flood,
Due to the Hebrew king, with onward heed,
Like to a hound that snuffs the scent of blood."

Saul, like Polonius, is full of wisdom, though it goes no further than his words; for example:

"Full many things are best forgot; and all
The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,

Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. . . . It were wise, nay,
just,
To strike with men a balance; to forgive,
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake.
Thus cherishing the latter,
We shall grow rich in life's pure gold, and lose
Only its base alloy, its dross refuse."

The following is one of many passages which, by creating an intelligence of the greatness and subtlety of Saul's temptations, render his example more affecting and fearful. Abner, in reply to Saul's lamentations over his liability to the apparently irresistible possessions of the evil spirit, says:

"Jehovah's ways are dark.

Saul. If they be just, I care not:
I can endure till death relieve me; ay,
And not complain; but doubt enfeebles me,
And my strong heart, that gladdeth to endure,
Falters 'neath its misgivings, and vexed, beats
Into the speed of fever, when it thinks
That the Almighty greater is than good."

The power of this drama is centered in Saul and his "double," Malzah. The other characters are, on the whole, much inferior to these; and we should be leaving our readers with an exaggerated impression of the merit of the piece, were we to conclude without saying that, though the writer has shown great poetical ability, he has by no means, as yet, written a great work. His faculty, however, seems to be so peculiarly adapted for the treatment of the particular theme he has chosen, that, should these words ever meet his eye, we would venture to recommend him to reconsider, and in many parts re-write, his poem, at the same time greatly abbreviating it by the omission of those parts in which the symbolical reflection of the theme is wanting or weak.

The Saint's Tragedy requires to be mentioned here for little more than the general merit of being one of the best of modern dramas. The author of *Violenzia* speaks of it as "a work which stands without a rival in the dramatic literature of the day;" but this is greatly to over-rate Mr. Kingsley's piece, which, though in various ways admirable, is in no respect superior to the dramas of Mr. Taylor, and in some respects inferior. Mr. Kingsley himself, we are sure, would be the first to allow the great superiority of the character of Dunstan, in *Edwin the Fair*, over Conrad in the *Saint's Tragedy*.

The *Saint's Tragedy*, again, is full of mental anachronisms, such as, "I have prepared my nerves for a shock;" "I had something orthodox ready;" and almost every line in the politico-economical discussions in Act II. By passages like these, we are too much reminded that it is a modern writer writing about old times. This is never so in Mr. Taylor's plays. There is also far more of what we have described as the unintelligent adoption of Shakespeare's manner, in Mr. Kingsley than in Mr. Taylor. The action does not go on singly, orderly, and plainly, as in *Philip Van Artevelde*, but is mixed with a good deal of matter which has more than the merely apparent irrelevancy of the subordinate by-play in Shakspeare. When, to these deductions from the perfection of the *Saint's Tragedy*, we have added the fault of an unnecessarily obtrusive and didactic *sexuality*, (not *sensuality*), which appears also in other works of Mr. Kingsley, we may give free scope to our admiration of this remarkable production of this writer's youth. It has the merit of being what few poems of late years have been, namely, a thoroughly conscientious work; the author did not leave off until he had made his play as good as he possibly could at the then stage of his faculties. There is not one slovenly line in the whole; and the action is every where kept up with a steady and equable vigor, which is not to be found elsewhere in recent dramas, if we except the dramas of Mr. Taylor, to whom Mr. Kingsley has evidently looked up, as to a noble model of masculine poetic power, especially in the lyrical portions of his work. Mr. Kingsley has been too often and too highly praised in this *Review* for it to be likely that the *Saint's Tragedy* is unknown to the majority of our readers. We may therefore be excused from entering into any detailed notice of it. Mr. Matthew Arnold, also, has been

so fully and so recently noticed by us,* and what we said about his addiction to ancient forms of art is so exactly applicable to *Merope*, that we need say little more of it here than that, with the exception of *Samaon Agonistes*, it is by far the most faithful, poetical, and learned revival of the Greek drama of which the English language can boast. We must confess, however, that Mr. Arnold's admirable workmanship, and the weight which justly attaches to his opinion, have failed to impress us with the general feasibility of what he had attempted, or rather, done. It seems to us that the forms of the Greek drama can never be revived among us, if it were only that their simplicity and severity exclude the representation of characters under other than very general aspects of good and evil. Our modern—shall we say "used up"?—intellects are entirely dead to causes which were powerfully moving in other times and under other conditions. Even among ourselves, in earlier days, an audience or a circle of readers might have been convulsed with excitement at the crisis in which *Merope* is on the point of slaying her son, mistaking him for her son's assassin; but, alas for the modern reader! "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba," unless they are better acquainted than the nature of the Greek drama allows them to be? We must know *Merope* and *Epytus* better, we must become personally interested in them as individuals, before we can care a straw for their fates as mere man and woman. We do not say that this is a right state of feeling, but we do say that it is the condition of all modern readers above fifteen years of age, and that it is fatal to the success of any thorough-going revival of the Greek drama.

* *North British Review*, vol. xxi. p. 493.

From Titan.

AN ALPINE STORM TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH.*

STRANGE wavering maze of whirling haze,
 Dim kingdom of indecision;
 Surprise took the helm in thy filmy realm
 To steer through the marvelous vision.
 No lightning stream, or ever a gleam,
 No masses of crimsoning cloud,
 Yet reason might reel at each long-drawn peal
 Of tremulous thunder loud!

Though it roareth past, like an Etna blast,
 The parching atmosphere,
 No burning breath of sandy death,
 No ardent simoom is here—
 It is not peace though the echoes cease,
 And silence dread descendeth,
 With wide wings furled the anarchy world
 New lives to wonder lendeth!

O'er the dim profound, though never a sound
 Of the lashing sea is there,
 The light foam floats, with its myriad motes,
 Like a curtain that veils despair;
 But the tumult swift of a dazzling drift,
 Swelling its desolate moan,
 With the speed of thought comes glancing
 athwart
 The stillness dreary and lone.

Deep hoary caves are tossed into waves,
 Curled frothing of white waves free,
 With never a stain of the distant main,
 Or tone of her mistreisy:
 No vestige of earth, O region of birth
 For wildered chaos and fear;
 To questioning eyes, no glorious skies,
 No ardors of heaven appear!

Vast, formless space, with never a trace
 Of color, or genial life,
 When Hope is decoyed to thy desolate void
 She is doomed to a ceaseless strife:
 Down still down, where the planets drown,
 And the sun is paling his flame;
 But the tempest has cleft the thick wizard
 web,

And we gaze through a hurricane frame!

Thousands of feet from the turbulent sleet
 So far may we glance below,

Calm soothing sheen, of the meadows so green,
 Clear rivers of silvery flow,
 Beam through the cold of the Ice-King's strong-
 hold,

Through his bleak, encrusted lair,
 Glimmer of Paradise, all beyond price,
 Visions of Eden mid-air!

O raving wind! we are leaving behind
 Thy wild, unearthly legion!
 A long farewell, 'mid each stormy swell,
 To the Queen of thy boundless region;
 The grand Snow-Queen, by clear stars seen
 Earth's towering hills controlling
 With the dazzling light of her garments white,
 And avalanche-salvos rolling!

A wan pink shimmer, a light rose glimmer,
 O'er loftiest peaks doth rest,
 Where each lone spire is fanned with fire
 From the pinions of angels blest:
 Those splinters rifted, are pale hands lifted
 In solemn desire above,
 And the wide vales share in that evening
 prayer

For a reign of peace and love!

Storm ravaged screen, of the dark ravine,
 These straggling braves appear,
 The outmost lines, of an army of pines,
 All ragged, blanched, and drear.
 O sweet, faint changes, borne o'er the ranges,
 Between the serried heights;
 Warm homes low lying, where birds are flying,
 Half-seen Valaisian lights!

From wilds unknown, swift broadening Rhone,
 By a thousand rude crags verging,
 As evening falls, we leave thy thralls,
 From the wonder-world emerging,
 And sink to sleep, 'neath glaciers steep,
 Of the charmed Alp-circle dreaming,
 Till the morrow's morn, with its azure dawn
 And glory of sunshine streaming!

Martigny's plain, with its infinite train
 Of blossoms and buds, is smiling,
 Her floral spells, her wandering bells,
 Our every sense beguiling:
 With gentle speeches, sublime snow-reaches,
 We watch thy skyward strife,
 'Midst balmy gales of the perfumed vales,
 In a world of welcoming life!

* An Alpine sketch at an altitude of ten thousand feet.

Elected for the Electic.

WORD-PAINTINGS IN RICH FRAMES.

"AND overcome us like a summer cloud."

Macbeth.

"The lightest thoughts have their roots in gravity, and the most fugitive colors of the world are set off by the mighty background of eternity. One of the greatest pleasures of so light and airy a thing as the vernal season arises from the consciousness that the world is young again; that the spring is come round, that we shall not all cease, and be no world. Nature has begun again, and not begun for nothing. One fancies some how that she could not have the heart to put a stop to us in April or May."

LEIGH HUNT: *The Seer.*

"A vision like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
Into his summer grave."

SHELLEY: *Epipsychidion.*

"Chiefly it is when sunshine floods the sky,
O'er waving corn-fields, that I think on death."

HOFFMANN.

"At this time the declining sun flamed goldenly in the west. It was a glorious hour. The air fell upon the heart like balm; the sky, gold and vermilion-checked, hung, a celestial tent, above mortal man. . . . 'Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather?' said the Hermit. . . . 'Evenings such as this,' continued the Hermit, after a pause, 'seem to me the very holiday time of death,' etc.

Chronicles of Clovebrook.

"What kinsman hath mid Summer with the grave?"

The Recluse.

"—Yet can not I by force be led
To think upon the wormy-bed
And her together."

CHARLES LAMB: *Hester.*

By common consent the image of death is connected with what is chill, winterly, desolate. How is it, then, that we so often associate it with glorious spring-tide, and the pomp of summer suns?

But *do* we so associate it? perhaps the reader will ask. Are you not taking for granted what it would be less convenient to prove?

Unquestionably it appears more natural, at first sight, and is infinitely more common, to think of death in connection with winter and its bleak wretchedness, than with mid-summer, and its garniture of green and gold. Frost at midnight, while the pitiless blast is raging, seems as nearly allied to stone-cold death, as July splendors do *not*. "In winter," says Charles Lamb, in an essay he never surpassed—"in winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then we are as strong again, as valiant again, as

wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death." Similar was the feeling expressed by *Delta*, (Moir,) when witnessing a child's burial in Spring:

"Under the shroud of the solemn cloud,
when the hills are capped with snow,
When the moaning breeze, through leafless
trees, bears tempest on its wing;
In the Winter's wrath we think of death, but
not when lilies blow,
And, Lazarus-like, from March's tomb walks
forth triumphant Spring."

Thus, too, when his betrothed is dying, on a bitter winter's night, Ernest Maltravers is described as throwing open his window, stepping into the balcony, and baring his breast to the keen air: "the icy heavens looked down upon the hoar-rime that gathered over the grass, and the ghostly boughs of the death-like trees. All things in the world without, brought the thought of the grave, and the pause of being, and the withering up of beauty, closer and closer to his soul. In the palpable and griping winter, death itself seemed to wind round him its skeleton and joyless arms."

Hence it is in accordance with the common feeling, that a story of death, or a thought of the grave, is, in Shelley's phrase,

"—more fit for the weird winter nights,
Than for those garish summer days, when
we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see."

Make of it, if you will, a Winter's Tale; but forbear weaving it into a Midsummer Night's Dream.

Nevertheless, if we look a little deeper into the matter, we do find a connection of subtle power between summer glories and that chill presence, the shadow of death. "Is it regret for buried time," asks the laureate, "that keenlier in sweet April wakes?" The question is suggestive in its bearing on that now before us. And here let us refer to another passage by the author of *Ernest Maltravers* in a later work, and every way a riper, better, healthier one. The young cousins in *The Caxtons* sit down together in the church-yard, one calm evening in spring, while the roseate streaks are fading gradually from the dark gray of long, narrow fantastic clouds. Blanche has gently objected, how cold and still it is among the graves; but "Sisty" answers, not colder than on the village green. His record of that sweet silent session then merges in meditation: "There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring, which is among those influences of Nature the most universally recognized, the most difficult to explain. . . . Examine not, O child of man! examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the Season of Change, from the dim Border Land." It was "one evening in the beginning of June," that Jane Eyre, an orphan school-girl at Lowood, lingered alone in the garden, and kept lingering a little longer still, for "it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow;" and then and there it was, that, "noting these things, and enjoying them as a child might," it entered her head "as it had never done before—How sad to

be lying now on a sick-bed, and to be in danger of dying!" The then and there have a psychological significance, as most things in *Jane Eyre* have.

But leaving spring-tide freshness and summer twilight, and advancing to the full blaze of sunshine, when the days of the year are at their longest and brightest, how stands the question of relationship with death and decay? Wordsworth describes the journey he one day took, in youth's delightful prime, "over the smooth sands of Leven's ample estuary," and "beneath a genial sun,"

"With distant prospect among gleams of sky
And clouds and intermingling mountain-tops,
In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem
Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I
gazed
Enrapt; but brightest things are wont to
draw
Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew from
mine."

Herein lies the solution of the seeming paradox—in this suggestion of opposites. "The brightest sunshine," says Hood, in *Tydney Hall*—an unequal but underrated work—"throws the darkest shadow, and the horrible specter of Death could never frown so sternly and blackly as when thus introduced into the full blaze of the golden glorious light of love." Or as he puts it in his *Ode to Melancholy*—

"The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid."

The essay-writer in *Friends in Council*, Milverton, in his account of a bright day's gay experiences in the Spanish capital, has this memento: "And I looked up at the splendid palace* of Madrid, and thought of regal pomps and vanities. And then, how it was I know not, I thought of death. Perhaps any thing very beautiful has that thought in the

* We walked awhile since through its gorgeous saloons, among the most magnificent in Europe, profusely adorned with the richest gem-paintings of art, and every door-frame and window-frame of the palace is of variegated marble, of which there are one hundred and eighty-two kinds in Spain.—Ed. ECLECTIC.

background." The "perhaps" is no reckless conjecture, beyond or beside the mark. Leigh Hunt points to the same philosophy when discussing the theme, why sweet music produces sadness—why in the midst of even the most light and joyous music, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this? The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things—of beauty, of youth, of life—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality. Writing (July, 1795) to his Jewish friend, Emanuel, after a visit to Baireuth, Jean Paul Richter says: "The day that I left Baireuth, the longest day of the year, was my shortest and happiest. . . . It is wonderful that men, in seasons of happiness, in youth, in beautiful places, in the fairest season of the year, incline more surely to the enthusiasm of longing; they think oftener of a future world, and more readily form pictures of death; while the opposite takes place in want, in age, in Greenland, and in winter." Rousseau felt something of this when he wrote, in his *Confessions*—what he (of course) thought "une chose bien singulière"—that his imagination was most cheerful amid adverse environments.

It is in the *Confessions* of another, and very different writer, that the question of association between summer splendors and the shadow of death, is more fully and impressively expounded than by any other philosopher. Before referring, however, to this forcible exposition, by one who combines the prose-poet with the philosopher, let us interpose an illustration of a thoroughly prosaic and matter-of-fact kind—a statistical conclusion—showing that bright summer days have no necessary opposition to, nor dreary winter any necessary concord with, man's tendency to brood on his mortality, or shape his thoughts, or fears, or wishes, thitherward. Alluding to the once accepted belief in France—not yet exploded, perhaps—that we English, the victims of natural melancholy, are constantly committing suicide, "particularly in November," when we hang and shoot ourselves by thousands, Mr. Buckle states—as the result of his researches in Quetelet, and Tissot, and Forbes Winslow, and Hawkins, and the

Journal of the Statistical Society—that unfortunately for such foreign assumptions, the fact is exactly opposite to what is generally supposed; for whereas the notion that there are more suicides in gloomy weather than in fine weather used always to be taken for granted, and was a favorite topic with the French wits, who were never weary of expatiating on our love of self-murder, and on the relation between it and our murky climate—we have, on the contrary, decisive evidence that there are more suicides in summer than in winter.

The remarkable paragraph in the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, to which we have referred, is the following: "I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*ceteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly, (which is the main reason,) the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season."

In that unrivaled chapter, *The Affliction of Childhood*, with which the same writer's *Autobiographic Sketches* open, he recurs to his explanation—thirty years before—in the *Opium Confessions*, of the reason why death, other conditions remaining the same, is more profoundly

affecting in summer than in other parts of the year—so far, at least, as it is liable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season; the reason lying, as we have seen, in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of life in summer, and the frozen sterilities of the grave. In a digression of surpassing pathos and solemn beauty, Mr. de Quincey then shows how inextricably, in early childhood, his own feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, as connected with Palestine and Jerusalem, about which he read with his three sisters in the nursery, from a pictured Bible, and learned to associate the cloudless sun-lights of Syria, and the pomps of Palm Sunday, with the passion and death of the Lord of life. And thence he returns to describe his visit to the room in which his dead sister lay. Let the reader read and assent: "Turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the expressed types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life."

"From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face. . . . I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality

for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

"Instantly, when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fullness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but that also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them: shadowy meanings even yet continue to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I can not say; slowly I recovered my self-possession: and when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed."

Why add a word of ours, to jar on the silence which may be felt, in which dies away that *Suspirium de Profundis*, that heavy-laden, deep-drawn sigh?

GREAT TOMB OF MAN.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise and good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,

Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the Great Tomb of Man! BRYANT.

From the National Review.

CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

THESE long-expected volumes are at length in many hands; and for a time the Horatian injunction will be observed with respect to them: *Nocturnū versate manu, versate diurnū*. We can not say that no one will lay them down till they are finished; their bulk precludes that. Thirteen hundred pages and more of demy octavo are not to be read at a sitting. The conditions of human existence—the weakness of the flesh hampering the willingness of the spirit—necessitate some interruptions. But there is danger, notwithstanding, of their being read *too* quickly. The interest of the narrative, its rapid movements and vivid style, will hurry on the most thoughtful. Its pages will be reopened and re-read for those “didactic meanings” which all Mr. Carlyle’s writings convey, and which come out with their true significance only on repeated meditation.

Of Mr. Carlyle’s qualification and characteristics as a historian this is not the place to speak at length. Our present subject is a more special one. It is mainly confined to the two volumes before us. We aim rather to give such an idea of their contents and main features as may stay, by something more than bare imagination of a feast, the appetite of those who can not as yet obtain them for themselves, or find time for their continuous perusal.

Mr. Carlyle’s strength as a historian lies in his insight into, and power of delineating, individual character. Even here he stops short too often with those qualities which can be represented to the eye or brought out prominently by some happy epithet, which he affixes like a label to the personage whom he is concerned with. He is fond of selecting some typical action; as if the whole of a character could be expressed and conveyed by that. This kind of writing gives vividness to our conceptions, but it is at some expense

of completeness. Those parts of a character which can not be thus represented in the concrete, which can be reached only by reflection and conveyed in general terms of description, Mr. Carlyle perhaps scarcely brings out so fully as might be wished.

There is one characteristic of Mr. Carlyle’s which raises him above the level of all other contemporary historians, and which must, though in a sentence only, be commemorated here. A solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and of the universe in which it is placed, is never absent from him. In his dealings with the “infinitely little,” that makes so large a part of history, he never loses sight of the “infinitely great,” that struggles ineffectually for expression through it. It is this sense that gives to his writings their turns of quaint pathos, their tone of stern or mournful irony, their startling and grotesque contrasts, and much else that is a perplexity to careless readers. He has always been faithful to the spirit of these noble words, written by him long ago: “The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding these higher wonders; but, as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian.”*

We turn to the *Life of Friedrich*.

The first pages present us with a sketch of him “in his habit as he lived,” which, long as it is, we can not forbear laying before our readers:

“About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci,

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. With Portraits and Maps. Volumes I. and II. Chapman & Hall.

* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. 173.

for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King Friedrich the Second, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no scepter but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick, (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors;) and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror.' Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray-color; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy; clear, melodi-

ous, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter, (rather prickly for most part,) up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the Doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of partee in greater perfection.'"—Vol. i. pp. 3-5.

This graphic and vivid sketch would of course be in its proper chronological place at the close, and not at the beginning, of Mr. Carlyle's narrative. But both as moralist and artist he has seen where it may most fitly stand. This is the man whose life we are to study—the formed character, which we are to see in the process of formation, tracing it through its successive stages, and amid the conflicting influences which shaped it to what it ultimately became. The contrast between the old man, worn and soiled by his "long journey through time," but not yet worn out, a king to the last, and the young frank prince whose first years are the main subject of these volumes, is remarkably impressive. It shows us the extremes of a gradual transformation, such as occurs in every prolonged human life, but which here is of special instruction. In the study of character, the foresight of the end from the beginning throws light on all that lies between.

These two volumes, however, are by no means exclusively devoted to Friedrich or to the influences that directly determined his career. A large part—at least half—of the first volume relates the history of Brandenburg under its successive rulers, Ascanian, Bavarian, Luxemburg, and Hohenzollern, from the time when "Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends," (928 A.D.,) to the birth of Friedrich in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The rise of the house of Hohenzollern till it became a power in Germany is also traced. Mr. Carlyle shows us how in the course of centuries they added to the Burgravate of Nürnberg first the Margravate of Culmbach, then the Electorate of Brandenburg, (1415,) afterwards the Duchy of Prussen, and still later the city and district of Magdeburg; and thus laid the founda-

tions, and built up no small part of the superstructure of the future Prussian monarchy. Scarcely any other writer could have given living human interest to the confused fightings, treaties, and alliances which make up the history of these dim centuries. In his condensed narrative they occupy, as we have said, at least half of his first volume; and it would be vain for us to try to condense them further. Their bearing upon Friedrich's life is upon a later part of it than that which our author has yet reached, and they may therefore be passed over here. We will only remark, that Mr. Carlyle is evidently paving the way for a justification of some of Friedrich's most censured acts as king—as of his seizure of Silesia, which he represents as the revival of an old and legitimate claim, never abandoned by his ancestors. On the evidence of the documents referred to, the validity of his title seems very doubtful. There were prior claimants under acts equally authentic. So far as we recollect, Mr. Carlyle brings forward no arguments not to be found in Ranke and other historians. Even if he were able to make out a complete case, it would hardly serve his purpose of justifying Friedrich, who has put his motives on record in the often-quoted words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The formation of a great and perfectly-disciplined army had been the main business of his father's life; the employment of it was to be his; and the first favorable opportunity was eagerly seized, without much regard to the question of right or wrong. What new considerations Mr. Carlyle is reserving for that part of his work which will treat of the Silesian transactions, we of course have no means of conjecturing. They must be important if they are to outweigh his client's own plea of "guilty."

Friedrich, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, on the 24th of January, 1712. His father was Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia; his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of our English King George I. There had been already two princes before the young Friedrich; but both had died of the pomps and vanities of this world, as we may say; for the one was "killed" (so at least it was rumored) "by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it," and the

other "crushed to death by the weighty dress. . . . put on it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow." There was fear that the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should become extinct, or at least fail of male representatives; and the welcome of the young Friedrich was enthusiastic.

The old king survived his grandson's birth only fourteen months. He was succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm, then in his twenty-fifth year. He is described as "a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises." His father had been a king addicted to pomps and pageants. "Regardless of expense" is the label fastened on by Mr. Carlyle. He had more genuinely royal qualities, however, to which shattered nerves did not allow fair play. Neither shattered nerves nor indifference to expense can be predicated of his son. In two months after his accession, Friedrich Wilhelm had reduced his household and administrative expenses to less than one fifth of what they had been before. He looked through every department of the state with his own eyes, and made provision at once for its more thrifty and more efficient working. But his army was his main business. It was an engrossing passion, almost a poetic enthusiasm with him; and he raised it at length to a degree of disciplined perfection which no other troops in Europe could boast.

"In a military, and also in a much deeper sense," says Mr. Carlyle, "he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fiber and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation every where. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

"For I have remarked that, of all things, a

Nation needs first to be drilled; and no nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world."—Vol. I. pp. 414, 415.

To every biographer to whom biography is a study of character, and not a mere chronicle of outward fortunes, the childhood of his hero, with the early influences that surrounded it, is the most important and interesting part of his subject. It is the seed-time, whether of tares or wheat; and the remaining life is the harvest. The only reliable source of information about Friedrich's childhood is the book of his elder sister Wilhelmina.

In the year 1710, when Friedrich was seven years old, his systematic schooling began, at the hands of tutors who had taken part with his father in the siege of Stralsund, three years before; under instructions of an eccentric kind, and drawn up in an eccentric way by his royal father himself. The "love and fear of God," and "a proper abhorrence of popery," were to be sedulously inculcated; as also "the true religion, which consists essentially in this: That Christ died for all men," and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent; "which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*) or one freed from human penalties, in the right way." French and German he is to learn so as to write and speak them, but no Latin; ancient history slightly; the history of the last one hundred and fifty years, especially of Prussia, and of the countries connected with it, and their geography; the law of nature and nations; and, as he grows older, with special emphasis, the military sciences; "that the prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. . . . As there is nothing which can bring a Prince renown and glory like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein." (Vol. i. pp. 465-467.)

Another document, of some three years later date, "Regulations for Schooling at Wusterhausen,* 3d September, 1721," ar-

ranges his hours of work and play, of rising and retiring, of washing, dressing, etc., with such drill-sergeant precision, that, if acted upon, life must have become a burden to the poor lad. We wish our space would allow us to give Mr. Carlyle's abridgment of the document; but we must content ourselves with the best part of it, the characteristic paragraph with which it concludes:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible. You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty."—Vol. i. p. 476.

The king's idea of what was humanly possible in this particular, seems to have been extravagant. He enjoins that on rising in the morning, "prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest," is "to be done, pointedly, within fifteen minutes."

We have hitherto seen nothing of Friedrich himself, but only of the system by which he was to be worked. But we are enabled here to catch a slight glimpse of him through the eyes of Herr von Loen, "a witty Prussian official and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now."

"The Crown-Prince," he writes, "manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay, we may say, something quite extraordinary. He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who has had charge of his learning hitherto, can not speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angelique*, (A little angel,) she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility."—Vol. i. p. 502.

Friedrich was a sedulous reader of Greek and Latin authors in translations. In affliction he used to console himself with the third book of Lucretius. What improving effect his "classical studies" had upon his literary tastes may be inferred from his admiration of Rollin the historian, whom he calls "the Thucydides of his country."(!) In mathematics we have seen it stated, that he never advanced beyond the proposition of Pythagoras. German he could write and speak sufficiently for his practical needs.

* A royal hunting-lodge "about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlessien (Silesia)."

"Of Spanish and English," says Macaulay, "he did not, so far as we are aware, understand a single word." But he must at least have *heard* some words of English; for Boeckh has preserved a *jeu d'esprit* of his at the expense of our language. "It must have been the speech," he thinks, "in which the serpent tempted Eve; because it is a hissing tongue." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Carlyle maintains:

"That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper. . . . He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay, many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of."—Vol. i. p. 520.

While Friedrich's secular teachers were thus usefully and successfully employed in filling his mind with various knowledge, the divines were not less active:

"Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' . . . Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him."—Vol. i. p. 507.

The popular estimate of Friedrich's later religion is, that it was at best a negative quantity. Dr. Henry, a Berlin clergyman, has preached and published a sermon of *Friedrich's Faith in God*, and quotes a good many incidental expressions to correct the notion of his infidelity; but they are not very decisive. They need be no more than the utterance of feelings which occur in the fluctuations of every skeptical mind. Mr. Carlyle maintains in general terms that Friedrich had a fund of silent piety, of practical devout heroism in him. The evidence of this is, we presume, Friedrich's life, *as interpreted by Mr. Carlyle*. We must wait for the interpretation before we can admit the inference from it. In the mean time, that such should be Mr. Carlyle's judgment is a fact of weight. From direct teaching Friedrich gained little. "Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his

mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute." These seem to have been his chief qualifications as an instructor in divine things.

The most important part of Friedrich's education lay in the rough paternal discipline which now awaited him. This, more than any thing else, made him, for good or evil, what he actually became. Dislike of Friedrich's favorite pursuit—of his flute-playing, and verse-making, and coxcombries of dress—annoyance at his indifference to the manly recreations of hunting and partridge-shooting—gradually formed themselves into something like a fixed hatred in the father's mind. There was a divided household. The mother sided with her son, and

"All along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, '*Ragotin*, (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Frederick Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant '*Stumpy*,' and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!"—Vol. i. pp. 514, 515.

The king's domestic grievances came to be increased by a matter which in itself had no sort of connection with them. Almost immediately after Friedrich's birth, a project had been formed—acceptable as a project to the parents on both sides of the water, and to the children themselves as they grew up—for uniting still more closely the royal families of Prussia and England by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was to be the wife of Frederick, eldest son of the (then) Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.;) while the Princess Amelia, his second sister, was to be given to the Prussian Crown-Prince. After some hitches a treaty was drawn up for signing, but not signed. George I., though assenting to the marriages, was loth just yet to trouble his parliament for the needful marriage-revenue for his grandson—money having of late been so often demanded from it "for . . . fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Kendals, and other royal occasions." This delay fretted the temper of Friedrich Wilhelm, "who was capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, disliked to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved-over upon to-

morrow." And in this way it bore ill-fruit for the unfortunate Crown-Prince, upon whom most of his father's vexations were visited.

The European embroilments springing from the Pragmatic Sanction, and the alliance of Spain and Austria by the Treaty of Vienna, disturbing to the balance of power—with the counter alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the Treaty of Hanover, to set right the said balance—occurred at this time, and greatly disturbed Friedrich Wilhelm's peace, as they do that of Mr. Carlyle, who has to record them. He enters on their history with louder lamentations than become so emphatic an advocate of silent endurance and steady uncomplaining work.

"To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory," he says, "never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature; and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called 'Politics of Europe' in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity."

But they affected Friedrich Wilhelm's temper and his treatment of his son, "our poor young Fritz getting tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and soul, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and looked to have quitted said light at one stage of the business." For this reason, they enjoy a temporary remission of the sentence of "suppression" which Mr. Carlyle would otherwise pass on them. It is sufficient for us to note them as facts occurring at this time, and irritating to the King of Prussia.

We must here stop to record that, while these storms were raging without and within the royal Prussian household, the Crown-Prince made a memorable step in life. He entered on active duty in the army on the twentieth of August, 1726—not yet quite fifteen—as major in the Potsdam Life-Guards, the celebrated regiment of giants which Friedrich Wilhelm recruited and kidnapped from all the countries of Europe. "Hereby to" his son's "Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes, and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamant Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable to such a superstructure."

Three months before this date, an event apparently accidental, but of scarcely less importance, had occurred. "On the eleventh of May, 1726, towards sun-set," as the King sits smoking in the *Tabagie* [Tobacco-Parliament, or Smoking Club] of the Berlin palace, "a square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman of military cut, past fifty, is" seen "strolling over the . . . Square in front of the palace. He turns out, on inquiry, to be the Austrian Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had 'known at the Siege of Stralsund' or elsewhere, passing through Berlin on pressing business in Denmark. However pressing his business, for the present, at any rate, he may be invited in. Friedrich Wilhelm, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand." He is invited to return when his business in Denmark is done. "Seckendorf sure enough will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes—oh! how he likes it!" Seckendorf's real business is with Friedrich Wilhelm, to whom, after a decent term of absence, he returns, not to leave him for the next seven years. He is there in the interest of Austria, to detach the King from his allies of the Treaty of Hanover—England and France—and bring him over to the Kaiser's side; which with the aid of Gramkow, a bribeable man, and the King's confidential adviser, he succeeds in doing, on conditions mutually advantageous, it is supposed, which are embodied in the Treaty of Wusterhausen, twelfth October, 1726. This secession from the English side in the politics of Europe is virtually the death of the double-marriage project; though it continued still to live in the hopes and wishes of the queen, Friedrich, and Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's business is to keep "Prussian majesty steady to the Kaiser, always well divided from the English;" to the widening of the estrangement, already wide enough, between the king and his wife, son, and daughter.

In the mean time the Crown-Prince was attending to his command over the Potsdam giants, and already attracting notice by his intelligence and vivacity. His flute, his French books, his indifference to hunting, and his inability to smoke any other than an empty pipe at the Tobacco College, increased the paternal dislike. What was worse, he had fallen into dis-

solute courses—"consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, who lead him into ways not pleasant to his father nor conformable to the laws of this universe," and from the defilement of which he never got quite clear. Kicks and blows, for her share of which Wilhelmina came in, plates sent flying at their heads, food offered them for which they had an aversion, and of that an insufficient quantity, were the forms in which the king's resentment expressed itself. The following is his answer to an humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness. It is curious in a grammatical as well as in a biographical point of view:

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head,) "which does not love thy Father, for when one does every thing, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow, who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, can not ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing. For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love; and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims." (own *Kopf*;)—"no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

—Vol. ii. pp. 47-8.

The increased complication of European politics, involving the possibility that he might have to go to war for his ally the Kaiser—suspicion of a secret intrigue in his own house for the renewal of the double-marriage project—the failure of an attempt to set that matter again on a right footing—the death of his cousin George I. of England, whom he really loved—annoyances from George II. on recruiting business—and his own sufferings from gout—all these and many other vexations are to be taken into account in reading of Friedrich Wilhelm's freaks of rage. For years he was, in large part through the machinations of Seckendorf and Grumkow aggravating all misunderstandings, kept in a state of chronic irritation scarcely distinguishable from mad-

ness. The Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina were forbidden his presence except at dinner-time, when they were as often as not saluted with showers of crockery and bad words. They held private interviews with the queen in her apartment, with spies out to warn them of the king's approach; who, however, surprising them on one occasion, they had to squat for hours, and almost got suffocated.

"His Prussian Majesty," writes Dubourgay, the British Ambassador (Dec. 10, 1729,) "can not bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' . . . To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped no worse."—Vol. ii. pp. 113, 114.

Friedrich himself, describing this incident to his mother, says, "it was only weariness that made" his father "give up." "He never saw my brother without threatening him with his cane," writes Wilhelmina. Unwillingness to leave his sister to bear the brunt of the paternal rage had alone prevented him from making his escape, long ago, from the court and from Prussia. Now not even that consideration could withhold him. He resolved, on occasion of a visit with his father to August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at his Saxon court of Dresden, to get across to England; but again yielded to Wilhelmina's representations and entreaties, and postponed his design. There was now, indeed, a short interval of calmer weather. The Queen felt ill. This softened Friedrich Wilhelm for a time. "He wept aloud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private 'he would not survive his Feekin;' and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz—till the symptoms mended." But the discovery of a secret correspondence, which Friedrich had been carrying on with the English court on the subject of the double-marriage, soon made matters worse, if possible, than they had been before. On a second visit of compliment to the Saxon camp at Radewitz, (June, 1730,) "where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him"—Mr. Carlyle quotes from Ranke—"the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and

one time even with strokes. . . . The enraged king, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said: 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes!' (Vol. ii. p. 189.) Friedrich now not merely thought of flight, but resolved on it, waiting only for opportunity. The sentiments of the English king on the project were sounded; but he, with diplomatic caution, advised delay. Friedrich Wilhelm suspected his son's design, and treated him almost worse than ever. He urged him, in a scoffing way, to renounce his heir-apparentship in favor of his younger brother. Friedrich, however, steadily refused. A chance of escape offered. The King, on the 15th of July, 1730, set out on a tour among the courts of Upper Germany, to gain them over to, or strengthen them in, the Kaiser's interest. His son accompanied him: he could not be left behind, nor trusted out of sight. For security's sake, "old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep strict watch over him, one of them to be always by him." The plan of escape, in which Lieutenant von Katte, a dissolute young man, of literary and musical tastes, was the Crown-Prince's confidant and co-adjutor, was, to give Ranke's condensed and clear statement, as follows:

"Katte was to get himself sent recruiting, and to go in the direction of Upper Germany; in an inn by the roadside, at Canstatt, he was to await the arrival of the royal carriages; a servant, distinguished by a red feather, was to give the signal that he was there; the Prince was then, under some pretext or other, to alight, and while he was believed to be in the inn, was to mount a horse standing ready for him, and gallop off with Katte and his escort. This was to be sufficiently numerous to enable them to defend themselves against any party which the King could at the moment dispatch in pursuit of them. They could thus reach the French frontier, which was at no great distance. . . . As his (Friedrich's) uniform would have betrayed him in a moment, he had a roquelaure of scarlet made in profound secret, as he thought; but every body knew of it."

Various circumstances led to suspicion. Katte could not get himself sent on his recruiting mission; and this difficulty might have led to the abandonment of the whole design. But at Feuchtwang,

where "lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach, . . . The Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady fall,' who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish rebellion—to the silent despair of the poor Prince," who "meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them to himself"—or can confide them only to Keith, a royal page attending the King on this journey, whose promise of help he gains. Here is the issue:

"On Friday morning, fourth August, 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seekendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas! Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

"Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster; 'Hat, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his top-coat, and is gone out of doors!' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the gray of the morning; finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, learning pensively on one of the traveling-carriages. 'Guten Morgen, Ihre Königliche Hoheit!'—Fancy such a salutation, to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too; 'Whither with the nags, Sirrah?' Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses,' (which I suppose, is true); 'ready at the usual hour!' Keith might add.—'His Majesty does not go till five this morning; back to the stables!' beckoned Rochow; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so."—Vol. ii. pp. 245, 246.

But in a few hours Keith had made a full confession. Alive or dead, the prince is to be brought to Wesel, the first town in the Prussian territory—Rochow to

answer for his safe custody with his own head. To Lieutenant Keith, at Wesel, the page's brother, and a confidant also of Friedrich's, Friedrich managed to write in Bonn, and smuggle to the post-office, three words in pencil: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert.* (All is found out; away!)" profiting by which hint, Keith made off in safety to Holland, and thence to England. Katte, who had warning and time for escape, loitered, and was arrested.

On the journey the King's rage was boundless. He thrust his cane into his son's face, till it bled: he drew his sword upon him, and would have slain him had not others interfered. At Wesel, Friedrich confessed all, and named his confidants, Keith and Katte, whom he imagined both to be out of reach of danger. He and Katte were tried by court-martial: Katte was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, which the King, not being able to get the court to reverse their decision, changed to death of his own authority. Friedrich, as a deserter, had sentence of death passed on him by the court. The end is well known.

"It was in the gray of the winter morning, sixth November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison," [where Friedrich himself, under sentence of death, was imprisoned.] "He [Katte] took kind leave of Major and men; Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes, (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance;) and Katte knows he shall see him. . . . President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. "*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*" cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; oh! that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte: '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*' and fared on—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by

royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common church-yard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred."—Vol. ii. pp. 289, 291.

The King's vengeance, or sense of what justice required—for the two feelings were not very distinct in his mind—was satisfied by this one execution; and, at the Kaiser's intercession, his son's blood was not shed. Henceforth Friedrich's misfortunes, having reached their culminating point, began gradually to mend. He was for fifteen months a prisoner in the fortress of Cüstrin; and for a twelvemonth he did not see his father's face. This, perhaps, he can hardly have much regretted. He professed penitence and submission. The rigor of his confinement was gradually lessened. His flute and his French books were allowed him. He discussed the doctrine of predestination, which he had adopted, and which was an odious heresy in the King's eyes, with clergymen deputed to convince him of his error. After an ingenious show of resistance, he gave way, not feeling inclined, according to his own statement, to become a martyr for his opinion. On the fifteenth of August, 1731, the King visited him at Cüstrin; and after a scene, not without its pathos, a reconciliation took place. Henceforth father and son were on the best terms, the latter implicitly obeying, to the extent of contracting a distasteful marriage, with the outward show of cheerfulness and contentment. He made some acquaintance with the art of war, serving in the Rhine campaign under Prince Eugene against France. First at Ruppin, and afterwards at Reinsberg, he was initiated into the mysteries of government. As a soldier and an administrator he no doubt owed an incalculable debt to his father; but that his moral nature was improved by the rough "apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm" which we have been reviewing, and which Mr. Carlyle thinks so salutary, seems to us more than doubtful. Mr. Carlyle's general judgment appears to be, that the nonsense was taken out of him by it—that he learned reticence, self-control, and the power of "enduring hardness" silently. And this, perhaps, must be admitted. But that he also learned something like hypocrisy, that he got rid of much generous enthusiasm, that a tone of harshness, and a willingness to treat others as he himself had been

treated, were developed, is scarcely less clear. He himself, it is true, was ready in later life to acknowledge his obligations to his father; but his gratitude is in some respects that of the embittered cynical man of the world to the stern teacher who has disabused him of his illusions. The worth of Friedrich's testimony in this matter will depend entirely on Mr. Carlyle's success in proving the common English judgment of his hero's character in later life to be unfounded. If that be correct, nothing worse can be said of the old king than that he made Friedrich what he afterwards became.

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, Macaulay has said: "His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends—a cross between Moloch and Puck." The rhetoric of this sentence naturally excites some doubt as to its truth. Metaphorical congruity demands that, Friedrich Wilhelm's palace being "hell," he himself should be a "fiend." He could not, in accordance with the laws of good writing, be any thing else. The infernal commencement necessitates a diabolic conclusion. But there were other than fiendish elements in him—noble human qualities with which neither Moloch nor Puck had any thing to do. To these Mr. Carlyle renders full justice. He seems too much disposed, indeed, to palliate those parts of the king's character which can least admit of apology, and to urge that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Silent, grave, peremptory—bent upon his own will, and inexorable towards neglect or disobedience, he conforms closely to a type of human nature which Mr. Carlyle has of late been unwearied in holding up to admiration and imitation. He was not without intense affections, which, however, to thwart was to convert into hate. Like a strong but impeded current, they beat and raged violently upon objects which they were intended quietly to embrace and lave, refreshing and fertilizing. He had a deep sense of duty, but it was of that kind which is oftener invoked to sanction the decisions of self-will than to correct or restrain them; and so he came to look at resistance to himself as if it were the violation of an intrinsic moral law. He saw his own way clearly before him—generally nothing but that. He could not perceive that others might have paths marked out for them by nature to pursue not always identical with his. We have

said that he saw his own way clearly before him; but it was only inch by inch, as he marched on in it. And so he was unaware of obstacles—impassable barriers in many cases, which others would have foreseen from a distance—until he came into smart contact with them, and had ineffectually struggled against them. He did not know how, by making a circuit, to avoid what he could not uproot; nor that in dealing with men the straight line is not always the shortest, nor the imperative mood the most persuasive form of speech. He had indisputable strength of character, but he was not strong enough to command himself. Hence, it became possible for others—the Seckendorfs and Grumkows, for example—by working upon his passions, to twist and turn him as they would. His frantic outbursts must be referred to the action of the moral and intellectual qualities we have indicated on an excitable temperament—which a neglected education and the habits fostered by the possession of a power so absolute as to be almost beyond the control of public opinion had still further inflamed. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a character as this was a good discipline for the young Friedrich. The drill-sergeant view comes into play here. Human education is in his eyes, apparently a process of *breaking in*, with whip and spur and curb, after our manner of dealing with horses. But even as regards horses, this notion seems, under Mr. Rarey's auspices, to be becoming obsolete; and gentler methods of *training* and *taming* to be taking the place of the *breaking* process.

In speaking of Friedrich Wilhelm's character as it influenced that of his son, we have been compelled to do it some injustice, to show it on what will be to most readers its darker and less prepossessing side. For it was this side of it which alone was for very many years turned towards the young Crown-Prince. The following extract, though sad enough in its way, will be felt as a relief to the painfulness of much that has gone before. Our readers will not complain of its length. We could not bring ourselves to shorten it further than we have done, nor yet to withhold it. It describes the last scene, though not quite the last moments, of Friedrich Wilhelm's life:

"For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Priester

Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kingdom, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage vow, in spite of horrible examples every where; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubbut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt he had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying: It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well—is there any thing more? Out with it then; better now than too late!" [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well, I will, I do; you Fee-kin, [his wife, Queen Sophie,] write to your Brother, (unforgiveablest of beings,) after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.' Better Her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff. 'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature—that will be safer! An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff: 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man.'—Vol. ii. pp. 681-683.

Presently the Crown-Prince is sent for from Reinsberg: "He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive."

"At sight of his son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling, sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father! My Son, my Son! For the next three days, when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich

Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: 'Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent: endeavored to talk a little, could at least smoke and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done, (finished, Monday night,) why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

"His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes: 'Pray for me; *Belet, belet!*' And more than once, in deep tone: 'Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified!' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn, (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it,) which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go'—'No,' said he always, with vivacity, at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on!' Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. . . . Tuesday, 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius [the Calvinistic Court-Chaplain] was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I can not pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.' 'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. 'Fare you well!' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world!' Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well. 'Poor little Ferdinand! adieu then, my little child!'

. . . . From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Fee-kin! O my Fee-kin! thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst! This day I am going to die! thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the official persons and

companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: 'It is over, (*Das ist vollbracht*,)' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his night-cap, and a blue mantle thrown round him. He was wheeled into his ante-room; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

"The royal stables are visible from this room; Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau, my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke, faithfullest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse—any horse, 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old-Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay! nay, my friend!' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 684-688.

The King formally pronounced his own abdication "in favor of his good son Friedrich." The ceremony might have been dispensed with. The very day which witnessed Friedrich Wilhelm's abdication, witnessed also his death. The kingly robes were laid aside, as if in preparation for that world in which there is no distinction of persons; and then the coil of mortality was shuffled off.

We must not conclude our notice of Friedrich's education without referring to an event in which the "French element" of it may be said to have culminated, the formation of his acquaintance with Voltaire. Their friendship is one of the most memorable features in the life of either; their misunderstandings and quarrels one of the most discreditable, though not perhaps in the same degree, both to prince and poet.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Carlyle, professing to quote from the ghostly Sauerbieg, "was the spiritual complement of Friedrich; what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. . . . So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief, and in a sense the sole products of their Century, . . . the rest . . . being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and

wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were."—Vol. ii. pp. 578, 579.

Strange if true of a whole century, we must again say; but happily impossible to be true.

Friedrich's intercourse with Voltaire began by letter, epistolary correspondence being for a time its sole vehicle, in August, 1736, when the Prince was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Carlyle quotes his opening letter, and Voltaire's reply. Friedrich's admiration is excited chiefly by an excellence which would be better appreciated in the days of Pope than our own. "Never did Poet before," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "put Metaphysics into rhythmical cadence; to you the honor was reserved of doing it first." On the strength of Voltaire's "taste for Philosophy," he sends him "a translated copy of the *Accusation and the Defense of M. Wolf*," the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who for having carried light

into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism;" and promises him a translation, which he is getting made, of the same author's *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*. Voltaire with many compliments and expressions of profound "respect" for "Metaphysical ideas," expresses a doubt whether "the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice," he adds, "that nestle in some little holes of an immense building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told the secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Of all mice, M. Wolf is the mouse most likely to solve the great problem, if it could be solved. The letters up to the time of Friedrich's accession in 1740 (as preserved some hundred-and-twenty in number,) consist of an interchange of verses, criticisms, and philosophical discussions, with reflections on the dignity of man, the whole enveloped in a cloud of mutual flattery; the ability being, of course, with Voltaire, the sincerity, Mr. Carlyle thinks, with Friedrich.* Till the time of

* Mr. Carlyle is sparing, as yet, in his use of the Letters, as, indeed, of reference to Friedrich's literary works generally, of which he gives no specimen.

Friedrich's accession, the correspondents never met. Their experience and impressions of each other, when they actually came together, belong to a later period of the Crown-Prince's history.

Friedrich, unable to secure the presence of the great high-priest of Letters, yet collected round him, at his residence at Reinsberg, what literary notabilities he could. They were chiefly of theological and philosophical bent; "uniformly men," says Mr. Carlyle, "whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner." We will not burden our readers with their names. He beguiled his time here with pouring out floods of verse, with speculative talk on deep topics, with music, and with architectural and horticultural improvements; generally the resources of men who have no real and necessary work upon their hands, but in his case relaxations of hard and useful administrative labor. This was probably the happiest period of his life, and that least open to question or censure. His poetic attempts, now and afterwards, have been the object of much ridicule. But he never claimed to be a poet; he "left no calling for that idle trade—no duty broke." His verses were but an exercise in which he took pleasure; and which he practiced for his pleasure only, and not from vanity or ambition.* If Lord Bacon's maxim be a true one, that "writing makes an exact man," his

versifying propensities may have been of some use to him. But verse-making was never more to him than an amusement, and severity of criticism is out of place.

The two volumes which we have been so inadequately noticing, bring down the history of Friedrich's life to the death of his father, and his own accession to the throne on the 31st of May, 1740. They might be called "Friedrich's apprenticeship." We have been obliged to confine ourselves to the events and persons directly influencing the Crown-Prince's education in the wider sense of the word, and to leave out much that has close connection even with that. Of the richness of Mr. Carlyle's book in firmly-drawn and vivid pictures of men and things, of the indescribable tone of life and reality that pervades it, of its fantastic humor and rugged manly pathos, no idea can be gathered except from its own pages. From his views of human life and social government, and from the types of character which he admires, we are obliged prevalingly to dissent. We should regard them as harmful, if we thought they were likely to be influential. But they carry their own antidote with them in the noble qualities of heart and soul to which Mr. Carlyle always appeals, and of which even what we think his errors are but the exaggerated or too partial application.

From the Leisure Hour.

COWPER'S POEM ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

It was towards the close of Cowper's life, at the time when that settled gloom by which his declining years were so bitterly oppressed, had taken hold upon him, that the poem referred to in the heading

of this story was written. The circumstances attending its composition present one of the most curious and interesting of psychological phenomena that we have ever heard of, or that can well be imagined, namely, that a mind—apparently unconscious of one set of impressions, whether by an effort of will or otherwise—may be roused to intense action by another set of impressions, totally distinct from them, as far as actual occurrence is concerned.

* He endeavored to prevent their publication. "Friedrich," says his latest editor, "continued, so far as he was able, to keep his poetic works concealed; nay, he even called in again, from friends who were leaving his neighborhood, the copies with which he had presented them, in order to guard against their being in any way divulged."

The dark season of Cowper's calamity was at its height. The morning of the day on which the incidents about to be related took place, was dreary, cold, and dull. A chilling mist, which filled the air, was succeeded by a drizzling rain, making all nature both cheerless and dismal. Deeply miserable, Cowper was hastily pacing his room backwards and forwards, in a state of extreme agitation and distress, the darkness and gloominess without augmenting that deeper darkness and gloom within him, by which his mind was so heavily weighed down. He was humming to himself the air of Handel's *March in Scipio*, his steps keeping time to the music, while his thoughts were no doubt busily occupied in brooding over his own utter wretchedness.

Suddenly his door flew open, and in rushed a lady, holding in her hand an open newspaper, in which she had just been reading the account of the loss of the Royal George. Greatly excited at the melancholy news, she exclaimed: "O Mr. Cowper! have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened? The Royal George has gone down into the sea with eight hundred men on board, and every soul has perished!" Cowper, wrapped up in his own reflections, paid no attention either to her or her story, but continued to walk on backwards and forwards, humming the air of the *March in Scipio*, and keeping time to the music with his feet.

Who this lady was, we are not able to state. It is not likely that she was one of those who were intimately acquainted with the state of Cowper's mind at that time, and who with such unvaried tenderness were particularly cautious never to suffer any news to reach him which they thought might excite him, or increase that melancholy they so anxiously endeavored to soothe and alleviate.

The catastrophe, as may well be imagined, appeared to her a very fearful one, and hence she wondered at his not being moved by it. Thinking that perhaps he had not heard what she had told him, she repeated the account in fuller detail, dwelling with greater emphasis on the fact that Kempenfelt and his whole crew of eight hundred men had entirely perished. Still Cowper took not the least notice, only he paced his room more rapidly, hummed his air more loudly, and kept time to the march with his feet more

vigorously. Hence she concluded that he was determined not to listen to her, and therefore left the room. Nevertheless, though Cowper had manifested no sign that the melancholy news had produced any impression on him, he was deeply affected. The story had, as the sequel will show, reached his mind, but it had not yet touched his heart. Though he abounded to overflowing with sympathy for the distress of others, so much was he absorbed in his own misery, that he was entirely carried away for the time by it. His mind was struggling for very existence; he himself was in agony, just on the verge of despair. At that instant the bell of the church close by began to toll for a funeral. The unexpected sound, and the solemnity of the associations connected with it, wrought a sudden change in him. Each stroke, as it boomed forth, was to him like the thrust of a sword. The chord that united him to his fellow-man was now reached, and vibrated to the touch. His heart was ready to burst; full to overflowing with his own misery; full of the air from Handel's *March*, which he had been humming to himself to relieve that misery; full of the story of the dreadful loss which he had heard—for now he knew every word of it, so thoroughly had it become fixed on his mind; and, lastly, full of grief for the eight hundred brave men, most of them warriors, who had thus suddenly perished without a moment's warning, not on the stormy ocean, not on a foreign shore, not by the horrors of war, but in harbor, at home, while their ship was at anchor, and they all busily employed at their ordinary work in time of peace. Roused to a state of intense excitement, he could restrain himself no longer, but seized a pen, rushed to the fireplace, grasped the bell-rope, and held it firmly, as if to stop the tolling without, which appeared to cause him such unutterable anguish; and in that state, with the rope in one hand and the pen in the other, he gave vent to his feelings in these deeply solemn and exquisite lines:

"Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Past by their native shore!

"Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

"A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George
With all her crew complete.

"Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

"His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

"Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

"Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

"But Kempenfelt is gone:
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more."

It may be here necessary to add that the measure of the verses corresponds exactly to the rhythm of the music of the March alluded to in the story.

From Fraser's Magazine.

OPTICAL DELUSION OF THE YELLOW GOWN.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

I AM not superstitious. I am not nervous. I am not romantic. I may have had the *commune malum*, just as I have had the measles and the hooping-cough, and got over it, too, just as easily. I am fifty-nine years of age. I weigh fourteen stone, and stand five feet eight in my stockings. I would as soon take hemlock as smoke a cigar; and I drink the best part of a bottle of old port every day after dinner. In very hot or very cold weather I generally finish it. These facts I mention simply to deduce the conclusion that I am not a man whose feelings are easily worked upon through the imagination. Imagination, indeed! I despise the quality, and disapprove of the expression. Although I can *stand* music, I never had any patience with poetry.

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—"

and so it is to me—"a flower, and nothing more." What more should it be? I

never saw but one poet to my knowledge, and his acquaintance I made professionally. His notion of business was below contempt. I am one of those people who believe nothing they hear, and only half they see, unless supported by credible testimony; and I sum up all the ridiculous nonsense talked about idealities and sympathies, and odylie affinities and magnetic attraction, in the one comprehensive word "Bosh." I think I have said enough to lead to this inference, that I am no believer in ghosts.

Some winters ago I went down into the west of England, to stay with my old friend and schoolfellow, H—. It is no breach of confidence to state that I was employed to draw up the marriage contract of his pretty daughter Alice, a young lady who has sat on my knees scores of times, and whom I would have married myself had I been thirty years younger, and an idle man. She and her lover were to make up two pence half-penny per an-

num between them; nevertheless, a settlement was to be made, a jointure provided, and younger children's portion devised in the regular manner. So I packed my portmanteau, delighted with the prospect of a holiday; not that I am overworked in Carey street, Lincoln's Inn, (more's the pity,) and started off by the train, as pleased as a boy out of school.

As a practical man, I am of course in favor of rail-roads whenever and wherever a line can be laid down. Time is money, knowledge is power, business is—business, not a doubt of it; and although I do not invest in shares, and prefer to follow a less speedy but more secure method of building up a competency, I am keenly alive to the advantages of steam traffic through the length and breadth of Britain.

Yet I can not help regretting the long coaches. It may be early associations, it may be a John-Bull sort of prejudice in favor of that most national feature, which continental authorities strove to imitate in vain; it may be the germ of a sporting tendency indigenous to the Briton, which makes the least venturesome amongst us theoretically partial to a horse; but I do own to a longing for the box-seat once more, the apron tucked in over one's knees, the rattle of hoofs and harness beneath one's feet, planted well forward on the foot-board, the coachman's knowing figure by one's side, with his driving-gloves and his well-tied neckcloth, and his peculiar expression of hat, the glasses of "hot with" at the different stages, the "pleasing to alight" for that indigestible dinner, of which underdone boiled beef invariably formed a component part; the close intimacy struck up with the "through" passenger behind one, whose sharp knees effected a permanent lodgment in the small of one's back; the interchange of broad wit with the guard, leaning forward over the roof expressly to poke fun at the raw country lad, taking his shilling ride to the next market-town; and drawing from its long wicker case the yard of tin, to woo from that instrument sounds such as are never heard now. The local news elicited from mysterious ostlers in a dialect varying with every twenty miles of Mac-Adam; and the close-shaved, well-dressed individual who was to be seen at every change with a straw in his mouth, addressed simply as "Squire" by the coachman, and on terms of respectful familiarity with that func-

tionary. You never see that man at the door of a rail-way station—you never see him at all in these days. What has become of him? What has become of all the varieties and humors and adventures of the road? Nowadays the journey is nothing *per se*. Your only object is to get it over. You shut the windows, buy a shilling's worth of fiction, cut it open with your rail-way ticket, and resign yourself to "the company" in a state of total abstraction. If you have an adventure, why the chances are you do not live to tell it!

The train was punctual, the fly was damp, the evening cold and dark, inclining to a black frost, with a north-east wind that gets through my great coat as it never used to do—they make such bad cloth nowadays. I was very glad to grope up the long dark avenue of my friend's well-wooded residence, and more glad still to pay the flyman his fare, and divest myself of my wraps, and so to be ushered into a warm, well-lighted, cheerful apartment, in which the family were already assembled at dinner. A meal they insisted on my partaking of without going through the ceremony of dressing.

It was a small family party. H—, ruddy, athletic, happy, and full of fun as usual. His wife, a superior woman with a masculine turn of mind, a little more *embonpoint* than the last time I saw her, and with hair that a few years ago was somewhat thin and gray, now black, thick, and glossy as the raven's wing once more. Daughter Alice, with sweet hazel eyes and rich brown hair, and the mantling blushes of nineteen, "silly nineteen!" with a lover of her own, and just going to be married. I dare say she thought there was nobody on earth the least to be compared with that young gentleman who sat opposite to her; that he would always be invested with those fabulous qualities which adorn the future bridegroom; that the time was never to come when he would go to sleep in his arm-chair, or snore in the night-watches, or drink beer, or smoke tobacco, or get fat or cross, or worse than all, bald! And then it had been such a long attachment, as she told me afterwards. Poor child! she had known him six months, during which period she had met him at an archery-meeting, a race-ball, and three country-houses. A long attachment, forsooth! And I recollect a case (professional) in which twen-

ty years had not eradicated the delusion in the two fools, my clients. But let that pass.

No wonder Miss Alice blushed when she met my eye, the little jilt! She had promised to be my wife from the time her eyebrows were on a level with the table-cloth; and now her papa was presenting me to my successful rival; and my only redress, as I took an opportunity of telling her, was to tie up her little fortune so that her profligate husband might not spend it all on his own extravagances, and ruin her and break her heart. I shall not soon forget that sweet, trusting smile when I put the case before her (professionally again, of course) in this light. "Can't you manage for *him* to have it all to do what he likes with?" says she, in her pretty coaxing way; "it seems so like mistrusting him." Him," and the brown eyes filled with tears, "that I'd work for on my bare knees." That's the way with them all; they must be in extremes: if they drudge, it must be on their "bare knees;" if they work, they must "work their fingers to the bone." What I complain of in women is, that they haven't the slightest notion of business.

The lover seemed to have a good appetite. I confess I thought the better of him. Likewise I remarked that H—'s butler always brought him the *old* sherry, a fine brown oily vintage, with which that functionary was good enough to fill my glass to the brim. This looked like common-sense, and a proper forethought in the minor matters of life, which argued well for its graver duties and responsibilities. I never knew a man come to much harm yet who took a sufficient interest in his dinner. When they talk of living on a crust, and being satisfied with a warm climate, a bunch of grapes, and a cigar, there is no end to the follies they will commit. All the best men of my acquaintance—bishops, legal dignitaries, highly respectable merchants, and country gentlemen—have been blessed with good appetites. Judging from their performances, I should also trust with digestions to correspond.

Notwithstanding his whiskers I began to take a liking to the young man; indeed after dinner, while we peeped into the second bottle of old port, I felt quite friendly towards him, till it came out in the course of conversation that he had written a book—'tis true it was a wretch-

edly bad one, and a dead loss to the publishers—nevertheless there was the intention, and it was no thanks to him that he was not a successful author. After that I changed my opinion altogether. I could scarce look at him now without disgust. When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and I marked the color come and go on Alice's pretty cheeks, and the nervous little manner with which she made his tea, I could have smothered him, I felt so angry to think that my pet should be thrown away on an *author*! He played his rubber though, like a man of sense, and although Miss sat behind his chair and watched his hand, he made no mistakes, and never forgot a card. Mamma was my partner, and played infamously; we lost two rubbers and ever so many points. I was thankful when wax candles and wine and water made their appearance, for after all, whist is whist, and if people *won't* pay attention, they had better let it alone.

"Where have you put Growles, my dear?" asked H— of his wife, as she finished her tumbler of negus, mixed by the future son-in-law. (Didn't he put in lots of sugar, and make it *brown*!)

"In the Yellow Room, my love," was the reply. "Good night, Mr. Growles; I trust you will find yourself comfortable," and she sailed off, driving Alice before her, who showed an unaccountable propensity to linger for more last words with her lover—as if she wouldn't see him again at breakfast to-morrow morning, and be very tired of him, in all human probability, ten years hence.

The youngster went to smoke—these boys are all alike. I would venture a wager *she* was lying broad awake thinking of him long after he was snoring as sound as a church; and H— ushered me to my apartment, and left me at the door, having looked in to ascertain that I had a good fire, a kettle of hot water, and my things unpacked.

It was a large room, furnished apparently for a married couple, of gigantic proportions. It contained a wardrobe, of which my modest stock of habiliments occupied a ridiculously small corner; vast chests of drawers lined with acres of whitey-brown paper; hip-baths and foot-baths, wide and deep, with oil-cloth landing-places and tall towel-stands of corresponding magnitude; an enormous swing mirror, in the depths of which I beheld

for the first time for years my whole person, and was surprised to find how stout I had grown; and a lofty bed, in the vast extent of which, with its breadth of counterpane and its pillows so wide apart, and its cold clean sheets, I felt that, stout as I was, I should be chilled, and lost, and lonely. It is a cruel and ingenious torture thus to mock us poor bachelors; nevertheless we are not entirely to be pitied.

There was small temptation to exchange the warmth of the hearth-rug on which I stood toasting myself, for a plunge into that comfortless bed, so I lingered as long as I could over the operation of undressing, studying meanwhile a picture over the chimney-piece, at which the more I looked the more I was struck by an inexplicable fascination. It was a full-length portrait of a lady dressed in the liberal costume of Charles the Second's reign, and had all the appearance of one of Sir Peter Lely's *chef-d'œuvres*. Her light-brown hair hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, making, so to speak, a cascade over a sort of roll above her forehead ere it escaped in graceful clusters; her bust was full, round, and white, corresponding with the fair proportions of her shapely arms; her figure, firm and majestic, gaining height and dignity from the folds of a long flowing satin gown, the bright yellow gloss of which the artist had depicted with admirable fidelity. All the details of a lady's dress—the fine cambric, the exquisite point-lace, the massive jewelry—were studiously worked out and dwelt upon evidently by the hand of a master; but the principal peculiarity in the painting, and that which chiefly riveted my attention, was the expression of the lady's countenance. With rounded cheeks and chin, with a fleshy and somewhat sensuous cast of beauty, the features betrayed a singular amount of resolution, almost of obstinacy; the light-blue eyes had a fixed stony glare of dogged suffering like that of some wild animal caught in a trap; and the whole countenance was imbued with an air of defiant endurance less the expression of a resigned martyr than of a savage at the stake.

One hand was closely pressed to her bosom, the other half-concealed in the folds of the satin dress, but on its soft white palm, turning outwards, there was a narrow stain as of blood.

"How carelessly all painters dab on

these patches of red," said I to myself, with a yawn, as I put the extinguisher on my candle, and jumped into bed, burying my head well under the clothes to condense as much as possible the calorific so indispensable to a good night's rest in the month of January.

As I reappeared on the surface the fire flickered up for an instant, and brought into full relief the yellow satin gown and the head and shoulders of the portrait. By some comical effect of light and shade the face seemed to turn away from the door, to which I remembered it to have been looking, and to gaze fixedly in the direction of my bed. It would have frightened a child, I thought, as I rolled over to the other side and composed myself to sleep.

Man is a creature of habit, and I am not ashamed to confess that I never can rest very comfortably in a strange bed. Whether buried cosily in what a Scotch friend used to term "the depths of Glen Feathers," or poised on a spring mattress like a bird on the wave, it is sufficient that my couch should be one to which I am not accustomed to make me restless and uneasy. In this particular instance I tossed and turned repeatedly without attaining the desired attitude of repose; and it was not till I had heard the clock over the stables strike more than once that I dozed off into a fitful and unrefreshing slumber.

It was provoking to be roused by some one poking the fire so vehemently, an irritating noise to the nerves at the best, and doubly so in the feverish watches of a long night, and I was irritated accordingly.

"That literary young reprobate in the next room," thought I, "who, not satisfied with poisoning the house with tobacco and the public with sentiment, must needs sit up half the livelong night and keep honest folks from their natural rest; a nice bridegroom, indeed, pretty Alice! and a precious beginning for a well-conducted establishment. Good luck! what fools girls are!"

But the light burned strongly up in my own chamber. I saw it flickering against the opposite curtains of the bed, for I lay with my back to the fire-place, and the noise of the poker told me pretty plainly that the disturbance was at my own hearth-rug and that some body was poking my own fire.

"It must be morning," thought I, "and the housemaid is delighted to find that she is spared the trouble of kindling a fresh blaze," so I turned lazily in bed to have a look at her.

All the blood in my body seemed to curdle at once round my heart. She was standing in the full glare of the fire-light; her long fair tresses curling over her shoulders, her bright yellow gown shining like a lamp, the white hand half-concealed in her skirt; nay, the narrow stain of blood distinctly visible, and above all, the blue stony eyes fixed intently upon mine with that agonizing stare; the fire flickered up with a bright expiring flash, and all was dark, but not till I had glanced wildly at the picture above the chimney-piece, and ascertained with a thrill of painful horror that the frame was empty.

If I had complained of cold before, I was drenched with perspiration now. I am not a nervous man nor an excitable one. I consider I have as much courage as my neighbors, which I likewise hold to be very little; but whatever I had, I am bound to confess evaporated freely in the first few dark minutes that succeeded this extraordinary apparition. I could not be dreaming, for the ticks of my watch struck with painful distinctness on my ear. It could scarcely be a trick, for who would be likely to take so much trouble for the purpose of mystifying an elderly gentleman of regular habits and respectable antecedents, whose profession, moreover, was essentially antagonistic to delusion? Pooh! they might as well make one an apple-pie bed! And then, even if some one skilled in masquerade could have dressed the character to such perfection, there was the *vacuum* over the chimney-piece. I had heard of speaking likenesses and striking likenesses, but I had never heard of a likeness walking bodily out of its frame.

I got to sleep, though, notwithstanding, and when morning arrived with a *real* housemaid, and I saw the picture looking exactly as it had done before, its tresses not disordered by a single curl, its satin gown unrumpled in a single fold, and its blue eyes turned with their stony glance towards the door, why of course I attributed the whole circumstance to a custard at last night's dinner, and speculated whilst I was shaving on the connection of the stomach with the brain, and the great preponderance of the former organ

in the majority of one's fellow-creatures.

"By the by, Growles, if you care about pictures, there's rather a good one in your room, above the chimney-piece," observed H—— at breakfast as he helped me liberally to "grill." "One of our female ancestors, a Lady Alice, whose character, however, from all I can make out, was not quite so fair as her face. It looks like a Sir Peter Lely, but I think she must have been a little before his time; but it's a good picture, Growles, and I recommend you to look at it."

Alice glanced nervously at her lover, and evidently made a private signal to that young gentleman, who was displaying an excellent appetite, that didn't look like sitting up very late to smoke or write sentiment either.

"What," said he, "is Mr. Growles in the Yellow Room? why, that's the lady that *walks*, isn't it? Egad, Mr. Growles, I wouldn't sleep in that room for a hundred pounds a night."

Mrs. H—— looked annoyed, but she had been a little cross all the morning, and her front, with an idiosyncrasy peculiar to the fronts of elderly ladies, beetled in consequence lower on her forehead than was its wont. Alice laughed an admiring laugh at her idol, and told him not to be "silly," and the master of the house sending up his cup at the same time to be replenished, observed—"There used to be queer stories in former days amongst the servants, and one of the maids, when first we married, was frightened into fits, but I think the ghost has not walked so much since we have given them more tea and less beer, and when they are on board wages I fancy she leaves off altogether. However, come along, Growles; let's get this little rogue's business settled," (with a fond glance at Alice,) "and then we'll all go and have a shy at the wood-cocks."

But we couldn't get Miss Alice's business completely settled, because one of the title-deeds was missing; and though we sought high and low for it—in tin boxes and fire-proof safes, and behind the sofa cushions and under the beds—find it we could not; and after anathematizing my friend H——'s well-known slovenly business habits, and reading his future son-in-law a lecture upon the levity with which he treated so important an omission, I gave up the search for that day,

and accompanied the gentlemen on their sporting excursion.

I presume looking for woodcocks is a pursuit in which there exists some hidden charm known only to the initiated. I confess that to carry a heavy gun with its cold barrel through thick copse, over hill and dale, on a dark winter's day, with an acre or two of mud hanging to one's ankles, a sanguine keeper warning one to "mark" imaginary game, and an occasional glimpse of the soft brown long-billed bird flushed so noiselessly, and turning so smoothly on the wing amongst the under-wood, just at the critical distance that tempts one to miss him, is to me a pastime of which the chief merit lies in the appetite it gives one for dinner. If I *must* go out shooting, I like to let my gun off pretty often; and my own opinion is, that less time is wasted in a Norfolk preserve than elsewhere. The author, however, to do him justice, proved an unerring marksman; then he walked, or rather sprang, over those West-country hills like an antelope. Confound the boy! they tell me too that he is a "thorough workman," as they call it, in the saddle: "*Equus ipso melior Bellerophonte*," and foolish Alice is as proud of him for all these mere corporeal advantages as if he were Lord Chancellor.

We had a capital dinner that day—a woodcock on *toast* is well worth the trouble of shooting him; and I passed altogether a delightful evening. Mrs. H— retired early with a headache; Alice played the piano-forte, much to her own delectation and that of her "future," who hovered near. H— read the paper, and I slept comfortably in an arm-chair.

When bedtime arrived I marched upstairs as valiant as Cæsar; a hard day's walking I thought had armed me effectually against the terrors of indigestion, and I felt as if I could defy all the ghosts of Acheron banded together—ay, even should they come clothed in the formidable shapes of fair women with luxuriant hair and yellow satin gowns.

I looked at the picture whilst I was undressing, and remarked particularly the graceful *pose* of the head and neck, turned *towards* the door; and I smiled to think of the strange optical delusion by which I had been led to fancy on the previous night that the figure was looking at me in bed. The fire was getting low, so I put it out altogether; but first, before

I extinguished my candle, something prompted me to steal one more glance at the portrait. Good heavens! the head had turned whilst I was taking off my clothes. I resolved to examine the canvas minutely by daylight; and convinced that I should make some discovery in optics which would delight Sir D. Brewster, I was soon sound asleep.

I used to be fond of gardening as a boy. Dear, dear! what a many years it is since I saw that sweet little garden, with its yews and laburnums, its lilacs and its solitary acacia, and the privet-hedge that divided it from the fragrant hay-fields, and the midsummer luxuriance of that land of beauty which lies beyond Harrow. I dreamed I was working in it now. With a barrister's wig on, and in my shirt-sleeves, I was sedulously raking the gravel-path, and Cousin Fan was tying up her roses on the lawn. Dreams are queer things. Cousin Fan's blue eyes smiled as they used to smile five-and-thirty years ago—perhaps as they are smiling in heaven now. The Lord Chancellor was coming to luncheon, and she bade me be quick and finish raking, and to come in and dress. Backwards and forwards I drew the rake, working for my very life; the harder I worked the rougher became the gravel, and the iron prongs of my instrument grated against the pebbles till they set my teeth on edge. The sensation was so unpleasant that I awoke, and lo! dark as it was, there was some one in the room poking at the embers of my smouldering fire. Without a moment's hesitation I jumped out of bed and made a rush for the hearth-rug. I heard the quick rustle of a gown at the other end of the room. I passed my hand over the chimney-piece and felt for the picture; there was the frame, sure enough! I had no means of striking a light, so I opened my window-shutters, and the dim starlight struggled faintly into the room. In a distant passage I heard a door shut, and I confess my heart beat quickly with vague apprehension. Groping about, I got into my dressing-gown; and by this time, being more accustomed to the light, I took an accurate survey of my chamber. The picture occupied its usual place, and I returned to bed thoroughly chilled, and more mystified than ever.

Next morning another hunt for the missing title-deed, with the same result. H— was astonished, his wife provok-

ed; the lover laughed, and Alice smiled. After luncheon I settled myself over the fire in the library with the newspaper, thinking, I am not ashamed to confess, of last night's adventures, and rather dreading the return of bed-time.

Enter Miss Alice; with a shy blush and a pretty air of mystery she puts a manuscript into my hand.

"Read that," says she, in her coaxing way; "it's a legend of our family. The lady's picture hangs in your room. It's beautifully written; *he* wrote it."

Seeing it was not poetry, I settled myself comfortably in my chair, and began:

THE YELLOW GOWN.

Lady Alice had a woman's beauty with a man's resolution and strength of purpose. Born of an old Royalist family, bred amongst the turmoils of civil war, and surrounded by friends and connections who had sacrificed the greater portion of their fortunes as they were willing to sacrifice their lives, for King Charles, she may be supposed to have imbibed the sentiments and prejudices of her party with all a woman's virulence and ardor.

When the Restoration was accomplished, and England blessed once more with the presence of that dissolute sovereign in whose cause she had spilt the blood of her noblest children, nobody seemed to rejoice, in her own dignified way, more fervently than Lady Alice. She was then five-and-twenty, in the full flower and prime of her glorious womanhood; one of those spoiled children of fortune for whom nature and art seem to have vied to do their utmost. She had never known a wish disappointed, a whim ungratified—so said the neighbors, so said the Court, so said every one save the best-informed person on the subject, namely, Lady Alice herself.

Perhaps in the whole wide "West Country" there were few more unhappy individuals than this, the subject of so much admiration and so much envy. When Nature in her freaks endows one of her children with gifts either of beauty, intellect, or fortune much superior to the rest of the family, that impartial mother takes care to equalize her favors by some corresponding infliction which counteracts the adventitious advantage. From the earliest ages, the beautiful of either sex have usually been unfortunate in their loves.

Narcissus, eaten up with vanity, met his fate in the contemplation of his own charms. Helen's very improper story needs no comment; and where is the sparkling *brunette* that would envy the fate of Egypt's dark-browed Queen? So it is with intellect. "Burning Sappho" burnt herself out in a self-consuming flame. Socrates, with all his philosophy, found it a hard matter to endure the railing of his shrewish Xantippe, and probably quaffed his hemlock with all the more equanimity that a "stalled ox and hatred therewith" was prepared for his dinner at home. And the mightiest genius of them all groped his way about his native rocks a blind old man, the while he sang his deathless song touching the destructive wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus. Neither can gold pave a royal road to happiness. It is better to be high and dry on a strip of barren sand, than engulfed in the river of Pactolus. Midas, who may be said to have come into the world with a *golden* spoon in his mouth, and whose ablutions in the said river are matter of history, was fain to drink bull's blood, an unsavory potion enough, to rid himself of bad dreams; and Plutus, the very god of wealth, was bleared-eyed and lame. No; the gingerbread is none the sweeter for being gilt; and it scarcely requires the testimony of Solomon, who combined in his own person all the foregoing advantages, to convince us that "*Vanitas vanitatum*" sums up the whole of worldly prosperity. And thus it was that Lady Alice, sleeping on a bed of down, and drinking from a goblet of chased silver, envied the very milk-maid that tripped past her windows, singing her blithe song in the early summer morn.

A masculine mind is a fatal addition to a feminine body. Woe to the woman who knows and feels herself superior to those lords of the creation whom it is her lot to obey; who champs at the bit to which she must yet submit, and winces from the spur which nevertheless she is powerless to escape. Her destiny is essentially one of subordination and self-denial; if she can not endure her cage she must beat herself to death against the bars. There is no remedy, and there is no escape. *Levius fit patientia*; and there is an end of it.

Lady Alice was dependent on her brother, and the "Red Earl" possessed one

of those natures of which the hand is very heavy on a subordinate and very deadly towards an enemy. A few years older than his sister, he was in the prime of his manhood and his beauty at the restoration of King Charles, and the young peer's services had not been forgotten even by that most forgetful of monarchs, whose memory, to do him justice, could never retain a debt, a benefit, or an injury. The loyal nobleman who at sixteen had charged alongside of Prince Rupert at Naseby, who had been wounded almost to the death at Worcester ere the beard had darkened on his lip, and who had survived to welcome his sovereign once more to Whitehall, and ruffle it as merrily and as sumptuously as the richest of the courtiers, was not likely to lack the favor of royalty, and the "Red Earl's" voice was all-powerful for a time at the Court. At his own paternal mansion in the west he brooked neither contradiction nor disapproval, and the Lady Alice was constantly forced to submit with a very bad grace to the dictates of her imperious brother. Intensely selfish, he scrupled not for a moment at any means by which to accomplish his own ends, and the sternest word of command of the strictest disciplinarian was never more uncompromising than the "Red Earl's" polite and courtly request. When he said, "Sister, have the goodness," Lady Alice might fret her heart out, but she had to do it, whatever it was, notwithstanding. She dreaded her brother, too. His fits of passion, when once aroused, were uncontrollable; and the sanguine temperament, denoted by his bright color and auburn hair, was capable of being lashed into paroxysms of rage little short of insanity.

Lady Alice pined to be her own mistress, to give up her station and her luxuries, her satins and her jewels, and be free. But what could she do? Between ample wealth and her own beggary stood the tyrant brother. She must remain his dependent or go into the wide world and starve. Conventional shackles are stronger than fetters of iron. Though the meshes of custom are thin and transparent as the spider's web, try to break through them, particularly if you are a woman, and see what you can do. Lady Alice sat in her room and nursed her rebellious spirit till her heart was fit to burst. The "Red Earl" drank and laughed, and ruffled it like a gay, godless, graceless

gallant as he was; and this was the pair that the world in its wisdom thought so attached and so happy. There was balm in Gilead, however. It is not good for man to be alone, and a woman's heart, however proud and however sore it may be, if not utterly broken, will find itself a tenant, or make one, rather than remain empty. Lady Alice attached herself to her neighbor, Frank Marston, and the "Red Earl" forbade him the house.

Now the Lady Alice's meetings with the said Frank Marston were few and far between; perhaps had she known him better she would have loved him less; perhaps we might say the same of all attachments; perhaps the fault, after all, lies not in the idol, but in the attributes with which the worshiper clothes it; perhaps we make fools of ourselves, and have none but ourselves to blame. However that may be, Lady Alice thought she recognized in Frank Marston those qualities which went to make up her ideal, and so she enthroned him accordingly. He was a weak, pale youth, of no physical beauty, but of a stern and decided temperament, and a strong leaven of that old Puritan spirit of independence that had overturned the throne. He had moreover been himself a staunch supporter of the Protector, and his father's hands were not innocent of the royal martyr's blood. "Verily," to use the language of his party, "he stank in the nostrils of the Malignants;" and the Cavaliers having, as they expressed it, now got "the sun on their side the hedge," were not slow to treat their old conquerors with all the insolence and contumely to which in darker days they had themselves been forced to submit.

Lady Alice admired her neighbor's force of character. There was something akin to her own proud spirit in his; there was something parallel in their situations. She chafed and fretted under domestic tyranny; he was scorned and looked down on by those with whom he associated. So she gave him her heart without much consideration, and having given it, found out that she had only exchanged one sort of slavery for another, or perhaps we should say, was now subject to both.

The "Red Earl" swore "his sister should never demean herself by speaking to a wretched low-born crop-ear;" and he begged her to "have the goodness" for the future to discontinue his

society, and pass him without notice when they met. He likewise hinted that a marriage with his friend, Sir Altamont, would suit his views for her, and that he should expect her to consider the subject at once, and make her arrangements to put his plans into effect.

"But Sir Altamont knows I do not care about him, Charles," pleaded the lady. "He is a high-minded, good-hearted gentleman, and he would not woo where he knew he was unwelcome; so *that* will never be."

The "Red Earl" swore a great oath. "I have said it," he replied, his color rising rapidly. "Leave Sir Altamont to me, and make your preparations."

She flashed a glance of exceeding scorn at him. Her temper was nearly as uncontrollable as his own.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "Never! I am my own mistress, brother, and I will not be forced."

"Your own mistress," he sneered. "You mean the mistress of that canting, sniveling Roundhead that ought to be in the lackeys' room cleaning our boots. But let Frank Marston beware. If I catch him here I will beat him to death with my riding wand, as I would any other poaching cur that I find on my domain. Let him look out, that's all."

She was furious now. You see she loved Frank Marston all the more perhaps that her attachment to him was greater than was his to her. She grew quite white, and her lip quivered as she spoke.

"At least," she said, "he would not force his own sister to associate with his light-o'-loves. Listen to me, my lord. You and I must understand each other once for all. If I tolerate your friends, you must be equally indulgent to mine."

He controlled himself with a strong effort. He was bent on mischief, and could keep his temper best when in that mood.

"You will receive my guests with proper courtesy," he said, speaking very slowly and through his clenched teeth; "you will conduct yourself in my house as I desire, and if Master Marston thinks proper to show his low-bred face within the park gates, I will have him cudgelled by my knaves till he sings psalms again. I have said it, Lady Alice."

With a bitter sneer, worse to bear than his most violent explosions of wrath, he

left the room to make preparations for the arrival of two fair dames whose characters were more than "suspect," and whom he expected his proud sister to receive with deferential courtesy; whilst she, her heart bursting with a sense of outraged delicacy and unbearable wrong, walked into the park to meet Frank Marston once more in sheer defiance.

The devil watches his opportunity to put evil thoughts into our hearts wondrous deftly. His five thousand and odd years of experience have familiarized him with the peculiarities of the race with which he has to deal, and he invariably chooses the right time and the right place at which to present a temptation or to offer an opportunity. Lady Alice walked to and fro, chafing and swelling like a roused lioness. "*Brother*," she thought, "*brother*, indeed; and this is the man that stands between me and wealth, between me and happiness; nay, between me and existence. What is this law of nature that woman should have all 'the chips' and man all 'the cheer' that we are to be dependent upon them, ay, for the very bread we eat, and must sacrifice the very life-blood of our hearts to please their lightest whim? And this *brother's* life, this kind, good, affectionate *brother*! were he to lose it in a brawl or waste it by his debaucheries, I should be free and happy, and Marston would be mine, and the world rid of an overbearing profligate, and a good man set in his place, a lofty mind, a far-seeing intellect, a patriot, and a man of genius, and he talked of violence and contumely to *him*—*him* whose groom he is not fit to be. Oh! that I were hand to hand with him, brother though he be, and that my life or his could be forfeited in the struggle!"

She blushed blood-red with very anger as the evil thought crossed her mind; and Frank Marston, walking up the park to meet her, saw the blush, and blessed her in his heart for a loving, modest, timid maiden, fearful of her own strong love.

She was a beautiful object, standing there in a yellow satin gown—she always wore a yellow gown—with a dark wide shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and the last gleams of the cold winter sun lighting up her haughty head and its soft clustering hair, and tinging the red lips and the blushing face with a deeper carmine. Her head was erect, and slightly

turned aside on the graceful neck, like that of a deer, or some such wild agile animal, startled but not frightened, and one hand was pressed closely to her bosom, whilst the other, half-concealed in the folds of her gown, turned slightly outwards, revealing the rosy tints of the soft pink palm. It was her favorite attitude, and she fell into it naturally.

He had come to bid her good-by. Frank was a conscientious and right-thinking man, with an unyielding spirit and a hard and somewhat pitiless turn of mind.

Ruined in worldly circumstances and compromised from his political opinions, he had resolved to seek in the New World that home which so many of his former associates had already found; he had determined, with what he thought was a praiseworthy amount of self-denial, to bid farewell to the high-born lady that had loved him so unadvisedly, and forgetful of the claim she too had for consideration, plumed himself on the step he was about to take for her welfare, as he thought, and for his own.

But his heart failed him when he saw that beautiful figure standing there, glowing in the sunset; and when the proud woman, her pride failing her in her love and her despair, implored him to forego his resolution, and remain *for her sake*, Frank Marston, for the first time in his life, wavered in his determination, and yielded to an influence which his better judgment told him he ought to have withstood.

"So be it," he said. "Lady Alice, for your sake I will remain here, to be near you: for your sake I will struggle on, and endure my hard lot as best I may. It will be years before I can call you mine, and those years, the best of both our lives, must be passed in weary longing, and daily heart-burning and disappointment. All my preparations are made; this night I should have sailed from England forever to those shores of the New World where men may worship the God of their fathers in freedom and in truth. I forego my resolve. I will remain, dear one! for your sake."

She loved him more than ever now. She knew his independent spirit, his unhappy lot, bitter and humiliating as her own. She could appreciate the sacrifice he made to her affection, and she felt she would indeed be proud to give him wealth, station, and happiness, in return

for the liberty he laid so ungrudgingly at her feet. She was a proud woman, the Lady Alice, and an unscrupulous: she thought of her brother and shuddered.

"You are cold, Alice," said her lover, "and indeed the moon is already up. Your absence will be remarked; you must go in now. We shall meet again ere long, my own."

He wrapped her shawl fondly and tenderly around her, and with a few more whispered words bade her adieu. The Lady Alice shivered and shook as she paced the narrow gravel walk that led towards the house.

It was a winding path, overgrown even in mid-winter with hollies and thick evergreens. The clear frosty air struck chill to her very marrow, and the bright moon shed a brilliant light on all around. It was a night to walk merrily along, enjoying the seasonable beauty of the weather, and anticipating the cheerful fireside, glowing with the promise of warmth and comfort, merry with the voices of laughing children and kindly friends.

The Lady Alice wrapped her shawl closer around her, and shivered more and more.

She had not advanced a hundred paces ere she started violently, stopped, and turned round. Loud angry tones smote upon her ear; she recognized the "Red Earl's" voice rising to the highest keynotes of passion. Like the scream of the eagle, it boded no good to those who should come beneath his talons.

A smart cutting sound, like the blow of a riding-whip, repeated twice or thrice, succeeded this outbreak, and was followed almost instantaneously by the clink of swords. Alice hurried along as fast as her legs could carry her.

She was just in time. Frank Marston, far inferior in strength and activity to his antagonist, was parrying with extreme difficulty the rapid and vicious thrusts of the "Red Earl," whose whole face and features seemed to blaze with concentrated fury. Blood, too, was flowing from Frank's side, and his breath came short and quick. There was no mercy to be looked for, and Alice panted like a hunted deer as she sprang frantically on.

Frank was beat down to his knee, and the Red Earl's point was at his throat.

She scarcely knew what she did. With lightning speed she had unwound the shawl from her shoulders, and ere her foot-

fall caught his ear, it was over her brother's head; blinded and confused, his arm flew aimlessly up.

The devil, too, was not sleeping in Frank Marston's heart. With the energy of despair he went in under the Earl's guard. Once, twice, he plunged the reeking sword through his enemy's body, and then stood still, pale and faint, and sick, to look upon the work that he had done.

The "Red Earl" lay supine. A corpse with the flush of rage still purple on its angry brow. Lady Alice stood over him, motionless, but that she trembled from head to foot, and her stony eyes were fixed upon a spot of blood that had splashed her small white hand.

She was the first to speak. "You must fly," she said, "as you had intended. Not a moment is to be lost. We shall never meet again. I must answer to Heaven for this night's work."

It was Alice who spoke, but was *that* her voice? He could not recognize the hoarse, gasping tones. Years afterward her image haunted him, as she stood there with her pale face and her yellow gown, her eyes slowly scanning the "Red Earl's" corpse from head to foot, one hand clasped tight against her bosom, and the other, spotted as it was with blood, hid in the folds of her dress. It was the same attitude he had so often admired, and yet how changed!

In the Far-West, where the Red man was gradually giving way before the advance of the Pale-faces, Frank Marston made his home. From that ghastly night he never saw Lady Alice again.

Men had grown accustomed to deeds of blood in the long civil war. The disappearance of one on whom he had frequently been heard to vow vengeance, sufficiently accounted for the Earl's death, and the Lady Alice became sole mistress of his wealth and his ancestral domain.

She married Sir Altamont in course of time, and bore him children, and kept his house, or rather her own, with praiseworthy skill and regularity. "Sir Altamont was a fortunate man," said the neighbors again, "to have won such beauty and wealth, such a fine old place, and, above all, such a charming bride!" The priest blessed their union, they lived together fairly and honorably before the eyes of God and man, and yet

—and yet—perhaps Sir Altamont never knew the comfort and happiness of a wife, after all!

They said she was haughty and reserved even with him. Stern and harsh always with her children and her dependents, but self-contained and self-controlling in a rare degree, and never known to give way to those fits of passion which had hitherto been constitutional in her family. If she never laughed, she never scolded; if she never smiled, at least she never deepened the furrows of her habitual frown.

She died in the prime of life, and Sir Altamont never married again. The neighbors said (at least some of them) that it was beautiful to see such conjugal devotion which could outlast the grave; others opined—and these were chiefly ladies, who ought indeed to be the best judges—that once was enough, and that the good-natured knight had no mind to a second venture.

Be this as it may, Lady Alice wore a yellow gown to the day of her death, and complained constantly of the cold. She would shiver on a bright June day as in the bleak storms of December, and when death laid his icy grasp upon her heart, she only muttered, "I am cold, colder than usual," and so she died.

Her picture in the north-room is supposed to be a striking likeness. It hangs over the old carved chimney-piece, and it has rarely been moved, on account of the valuable and brittle ornaments of its frame.

From its life-like appearance it has repeatedly startled more than one timid inmate; and persons of a nervous temperament have been known absolutely to decline sleeping in the apartment, which for many years went by the name of Lady Alice's Chamber.

They laughed at me that evening about the ghost till I was perfectly ashamed of myself. Suspecting some trick, and resolving to afford its perpetrator an object for his practice no longer, I determined to sit up and watch, once in a way, till the first glimpse of daylight; so I no sooner reached my room than, plunging into my warm flannel dressing-gown, and lighting all the candles at my disposal, I stirred up the fire into a comfortable blaze, ensconced myself in a roomy arm-chair, and with one eye on the picture

and the other on the columns of the county paper, I commenced a vigil which I was determined should be satisfactory, if not conclusive.

I don't think I was actually asleep any time for several minutes after the commencement of my *Garde Doloureuse*, but the characters on the *Western Gazette* danced and swam somewhat before my eyes, and I read an advertisement for a "child's caul" at least twenty times before I fairly gave in. I must have slept, however, long and soundly before I awoke, for the fire was nearly out, and the wax-candles on my dressing-table had burned down quite low ere I came to the use of my faculties, which I did in this wise; I was aroused by a sensation of extreme cold pervading my whole person, and an icy hand seemed to rest for an instant on my forehead. Instinctively I cast my first waking glance at the picture above the chimney-piece. I need not describe my horror at perceiving that the frame was empty! I am not ashamed to confess that for a minute or more I did not dare to turn my head round, but the rustle of a dress in the room restored me the power of locomotion, and I jumped out of my chair and confronted the apparition. There she was, in awful earnest! Her hand clasped on her bosom, her yellow gown shining in the light, her eyes fixed on me with the same meaningless stony glare that I knew too well. She even seemed to smile haughtily as she moved gracefully by me towards the fire with a sort of shivering shrinking gesture, as of one who is *very* cold. If she had spoken I think I must have gone mad!

For an instant my whole being was paralyzed with extreme fear. Then I seized the bell-rope, and pulled a lusty peal; after which, leaving the unwelcome visitor to warm herself to her heart's content, I made for the door, and rushing to my friend H——'s room, knocked him up, and on the plea of indisposition begged him to come to my assistance. In a few brief words I explained to him what I had seen, and he accompanied me back to my chamber. As we hurried

along the passages, we both distinctly heard the sound of a fire being stirred, but on arriving at my apartment, every thing was in the same order as usual, and the picture over the chimney-piece had returned to its frame, as if it had never been out of it.

No power on earth would have induced me to sleep in that room again, and I finished my night's rest on a sofa-bedstead in H——'s dressing-room, after we had both pledged ourselves solemnly to keep the whole matter a dead secret from the rest of the household.

At my earnest desire the picture was next day removed from its place in the wainscoting, and covered by the place it had occupied we discovered a dusty paneled cupboard, and in the secret recesses of this hiding-place, amongst papers of no importance and an accumulation of rubbish, the missing deed. I need not say we settled Miss Alice's business out of hand; and she is now the happy mother of a thriving family. The hazel eyes are, however, as soft, the hair as brown, and the color as fresh as ever. I think, although the author, now a practical Member of Parliament, is not jealous, our attachment is as strong on both sides as it used to be.

I have not been down to H——'s place in the west since; and from all I hear the Lady in the Yellow Gown has discontinued her vagaries since she has been turned with her face to the wall in a lumber-room. For the sake of all concerned I am heartily glad of it. She is the only ghost I have ever seen, and I have no wish to see another.

Mine is a real ghost-story. I can not explain the apparition. My nerves, I have already said, are not weaker than those of other men; my eyesight is unimpaired. I am not aware that there is any tendency to insanity hereditary in my family. I have got a photograph of the Lady Alice's picture at my chambers, Carey street, Lincoln's Inn. If I thought it would throw any light on the mystery, I would ask my reader to come and look at it. I shall charge him nothing. He will seldom visit Lincoln's Inn so cheap.

From Titan.

THE LITERATURE OF WEDDED LOVE.

As we believe that the elements of high poetry exist wherever human hearts beat with true vital heat; and as we furthermore believe that the emotional and truly human life of a man and woman, so far from being over when, from lovers, they become husband and wife, then only begins to attain its full growth and capacity of bearing fruit and flower of perennial beauty and fragrance, we are tempted to inquire into some of the causes of this one-sidedness which we have charged the poets with, and to indicate briefly some of the real poetical capabilities of wedded love, and the sort of treatment they require in being wrought into actual poems.

The first and most obvious temptation to limit the poetical representation of love to the period before marriage, lies in the fact that this period seems spontaneously to supply that *beginning, middle, and end*, which narrative or dramatic poems are truly enough supposed to require. Courtship, in ordinary cases, divides itself into two phases, the termination of each of which is a point of definite interest, towards which all the incidents, all the talk, all the surprises, suspensions, difficulties, and triumphs, which make up the plot of a love-story, are directly subordinated. A man falls in love with a woman, and has to win his way by degrees more or less rapid and eventful, to her affection; this is the first phase, rich, as experience proves, in elements of poetical pleasure, which all men and women are capable of enjoying without effort. Then follows the period, richer still in all the materials for varied incident, in which the social arrangements come in to interpose obstacles between the lover and his mistress, and to keep the interest of the reader or spectator always on the stretch. The advantage is beyond all computation which this natural framework, made ready to his hand, confers upon the poet who seeks mainly to amuse his audience by a series of connected occurrences, in each of which the least cultivated, the least thoughtful,

the least generous, can take an interest that demands no strain, scarcely any activity, of the imagination, the heart, or the reason. And the free, vigorous exercise of the imagination is so rare among mankind, that it is little wonder that poets have been content with making their appeals to sympathies that are sure to have been familiar to the hearts of their audience at some time or other in the actual experience of life, and need but the faintest outline of reality in the representation to awaken them again. But though it must be allowed that the love of husband and wife offers no such obvious and facile series of connected incidents, with well-marked divisions, and all tending, by due gradations of interest, to one event; and though in proportion as the interest of poetry is made to turn less on striking outward circumstances, a heavier demand is made upon the imagination of both writer and reader, and a mere passive reception of familiar thoughts and feelings becomes no longer sufficient for the enjoyment of the poem; yet this only amounts to saying that poetry has some higher function than to amuse idle people, some nobler office in cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life, than can be attributed to it so long as it merely strikes one chord of feeling, or at best plays over and over again, from the beginning of time to its close, the same old tune in different keys and on different instruments. It is indeed quite true that it would be impossible to mark the commencement of any poem, which should deal with ordinary wedded love as its main subject, by an event as definite as the first meeting of a man with his future mistress, or a feeling as definite, as distinct from his previous state of mind, as the first awakening of the passion that is to rule his life henceforward through the story. The same remark applies as forcibly to the want of any event equally definite with marriage to serve for a termination, un-

less all such poems were to have a mournful close, and end with a death-bed, or fall into the old tragic vein of seduction, adultery, and murder. We must candidly consent to give up that source of interest which lies in the changes produced upon the outward relation, upon the union or separation of outward existence between the two persons whose inner relations, whose mutual influence upon each other, and affection towards each other, are by supposition the subject of the poem. * * * There can be no want of incident so long as character influences fortune and fortune character; so long as the destinies of human beings in this world are carved out by their virtues and their vices; so long as wisdom and goodness sweeten the bitterest cup of adversity; so long as folly and wickedness infuse gall into the bowl of nectar which fortune hands her favorites in jeweled gold. It is the stupidity of poets which can see no incident in married life so long as the marriage vow is kept to the letter in the grossest interpretation of that letter; and which has for the most part induced them, when they have introduced married people at all, to use marriage to give a spicier piquancy to intrigue, or a darker glow to hatred and revenge.

But this notion of want of incident unfitting married love to be a subject for poetry is closely connected with another notion still more false, vulgar, and immoral. The romance of life is over it is said with marriage; nothing like marriage, is the congenial reply, for destroying illusions and nonsense. In which notable specimens of "the wisdom of many men expressed in the wit of one," there are two remarkable assertions involved. The first is that love is an illusion; the second, that marriage destroys it. We may concede to the wisdom of the market-place thus much of truth, that the love which marriage destroys is unquestionably an illusion. We may also concede to it this further truth, that the love of husband and wife is no more the love of the man and woman in the days of their courtship, than the blossom of the peach is the peach, or the green shoots of corn that peep above the snows of February are the harvest that waves its broad billows of red and gold in the autumn sun. If indeed there are persons so silly as to dream, in their days of courtship, that life can be an Ar-

cadian paradise, where caution, self-restraint, and self-denial are needless; where inexhaustible blisses fall like dew on human lilies that have only to be lovely; a world from the conception of which pain and imperfection, sin, discipline, and moral growth are excluded, marriage undoubtedly does destroy this illusion, as life would destroy it were marriage out of the question. If, too, attracted originally to each other by some slight and indefinable charm, by some chord of sympathy vibrating in harmony at a moment's accidental touch, often by the mere force of the tendency at a particular age to what the great Florentine calls—

"Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,"

two young persons fancy that this subtle charm, this mysterious attraction, is endowed with eternal strength to stand the shocks of time, the temptations of fresh attractions, the more fatal because more continual sap of unresting egotism, ever active to throw down the outworks and undermine the citadel of love; and trusting to it alone, think that wedded happiness can be maintained without self-discipline, mutual esteem, and forbearance; without the charity which covers the defects it silently studies to remove; without the wisdom and the mutual understanding of character to which profound and patient love can alone attain—this is another illusion which marriage will destroy. What is, however, generally meant by the sayings we have quoted, is, that there is nothing like marriage for taking the passion out of people, for taking out of them all disinterested aspirations, all noble hopes and fears, all delicacy of sentiment, all purity of mind, all warmth of heart—nothing like marriage for making them see, in respectable money-making, in respectable dinners, respectable furniture, carriages, and so forth, the be-all and the end-all of human existence. So far as marriage in our actual world realizes these noble predications; and, so far as it does, the result is mainly owing to the miserable views of life and its purposes which society instills into its youth of both sexes; being still, as in Plato's time, the *sophist par excellence*, of which all individual talking and writing sophists are but feeble copies—just so far is married love, if the phrase is to be so outrageously perverted, utterly unfit for any high poetry, except

a great master of tragedy should take in hand to render into language the too common tragi-comedy of a human soul metamorphosing itself into a muck-worm. But surely every one can look round among his acquaintance, and find marriages that are not after this type, marriages which

"have wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind,
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress can not affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties! Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was the man who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sick-

ness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness, into his hands.

It may, however, be said that married life, when it is not utterly corrupted into crime and wretchedness; when, that is, it in any degree answers to its ideal—is necessarily monotonous; and that, though to the husband and wife it may be a perpetual source of discipline and delight, it offers no scope to the poet, whose story must march, his characters develop, and their passions and affections exhibit change, gradation, and culmination. We have already admitted so much of this objection, as to concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are being narrated. We have said that those outward relations once fixed by marriage, the action of the poem which is to depict married love must lie within narrow limits, and that its interest must depend on more subtle delineation of shades of character and feeling, on a perception, in a word, of those effects which spring from the conduct of the affections in married life, and those influences which circumstance and character combine to work in the affections, and which, slight and common-place as some persons may choose to think them, are important enough to make human beings happy or miserable, and varied enough to account for all the differences that an observant eye can find in modern family life. And the fact, which few persons will dispute, that in our actual family life there is found, quite irrespective of distinctions of class and differences of wealth, every possible gradation of happiness and misery, of vulgarity and refinement, of folly and wisdom, of genial sense and fantastic absurdity, is a sufficient answer to those who talk of the monotony of married life as an objection to its fitness for yielding materials for poetry. In real truth, there is much more monotony in courtship than in marriage. A sort of spasmodic, and, to spectators well acquainted with the parties, a somewhat comical amiability is the general mask under which the genuine features of the character are hidden. Moreover, the ordinary interests of life become throughout that period comparatively insipid; and lovers are proverbially stupid and tiresome to every one but themselves. No doubt

this has its compensating advantage for the poet, who transforms his readers into the lovers for the time being; but it certainly gives monotony to all manifestations of the passion in this its spring-time, which is not found in the same passion when the character has recovered from the first shock, and life, with all its interests, again enters into the heart, but invested with new charms and higher responsibilities, and with the deeper, fuller affections, swelling in a steady current through the pulses.

So much for those more obvious objections that may in great measure account for the almost universal rejection of married love as a theme for poetry. We do not care to argue against any one who says, much less any one who thinks, that it is only young men and women who are interesting. Even with respect to mere sensuous beauty, it is a great absurdity to suppose that its splendor and charm are confined to two or three years of early womanhood. "*Beaucoup de femmes de trente ans,*" says a shrewd French writer, after enumerating the supposed attractions of youth in women, "*ont conservé ces avantages; beaucoup de femmes de dix-huit ans ne les ont plus ou ne les ont jamais eu.*" Certainly no Englishman who uses his eyes needs this assurance; and no one who delights in the society of women can doubt that they continue to grow in all that charms the heart and intellect, in all the materials of poetry, after they become wives and mothers.

There is, however, one solid objection to the tenor of our remarks to which we are inclined to give great weight. We can fancy many persons, for whose opinions we have the highest respect, protesting against the intrusion of the poet into the recesses of married life, against the analysis of feelings that were not given us to amuse ourselves with, against

"Those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day."

Literature was made for man and not man for literature. There are, unquestionably, scenes which the imagination had better leave alone, thoughts which should find no utterance in printed speech, feelings upon which the light and air can not dwell without tainting them. But without in the slightest degree trenching upon ground that should be sacred to silence,

we conceive married life as one of the most powerful influences at work upon the character and happiness of individuals and of nations, to present capabilities of noble and beautiful poetry, that, so far from weakening the strength or vulgarizing the delicacy of domestic affection, would exalt and refine it. We see no reason for supposing that the conjugal relation would suffer in purity of spontaneous power by being passed through the alembic of a great poet's imagination. If it became the subject of morbid poetry or of weak maudlin poetry—supposing such a combination of terms allowable—the same result would follow as from the morbid or weak treatment of any other powerful human emotion—the poet would influence only weak and morbid people. Nor do we see that the danger is really so great of getting morbid, trashy, unhealthy poetry on this subject as on the more familiar subject of love before marriage. It would demand qualities of genius which in themselves are a strong guarantee—the power and the taste of delineating subtle shades of character and feeling, a perception of the action of character upon fortune, an insight into the working of practical life upon the affections, and their reaction upon it. Such topics are not to the taste, or within the capacity, of melodramatic or sensualized minds; and whatever good poetry was produced on the subject would, as all good poetry does, abide and work upon the highest class of minds, and go on ever spreading its wholesome influence, and giving the tares less and less room to grow. Our domestic life is not so uniformly beautiful as that it may not be profited by having its faults, its shortcomings, its miseries, brought into the full light of consciousness, as only poets can bring them; and bright pictures of what that life might be, what it sometimes is in actual experience, may surely do good as well as give pleasure. But we are not so much concerned to vindicate a large field of strictly ethical teaching for poetry as to open to her almost untried and certainly unhackneyed regions of beauty, pathos, and varied human interest; to bid her cease to stop at the threshold, and boldly, fearlessly, and reverently, penetrate into the inner shrine of love—cease to sing forever of the spring-green and the promise, and remember that love has its flush of summer and its glow of

autumn, and its winter's lonely desolation.

One word before we close upon two special advantages to be anticipated from the habitual extension of poetical representation to married love. The subject, in the first place, interests mature men and women, who must feel, at the perpetual iteration of the first stage of passion in literature, much as if their bodily diet were confined to syllabub and sweatmeats. Poetry is comparatively little read by grown people who do not pretend to cultivate literature as a special study—mainly, we apprehend, because it confines itself to repeating, with a variety of circumstance, experiences which they have passed through, and of the partial and one-sided truth of which they have long ago been convinced by their more mature experience. A poetry which interpreted to them their own lives, which made them see in those lives elements of beauty and greatness, of pathos and peril, would win their attention, stimulate their interest, and refine their feelings, just as much as the same effects are produced by ordinary love-poetry on the young. We shall not argue the question whether the latter effect has been upon the whole for good or not; such an assumption lies at the root of all discussions upon particular extensions of the poetic range. To us it appears indisputable that, along with some perils, the representation of any phase of human life by a man of genuine poetic power is a step towards improving that phase practically, as well as an enlargement of the range of that life which forms so important a part of a modern man's cultivation, the life he partakes by imaginative sympathy.

A second advantage which we should anticipate from the proposed extension would be the creation of a literature which would, in some important respects, rival and outweigh any real attraction which the properly styled "literature of prostitution" may have for any but *mauvais sujets*. It may shock some good and innocent people to be told that such literature is attractive to any but aban-

doned men and women. A statistical account of the perusal of the worst class of French novels by the educated classes of this Christian and highly moral country would probably be a startling revelation. One can only say off-hand, that a familiar acquaintance with this class of works is commonly displayed in society; and the reasons are not very recondite. These novels depict a certain kind of real life without reserve; there is flesh and blood in them; and though some of the attraction is due to the mere fact that they trench on forbidden ground, some to the fact that they stimulate tendencies strong enough in most men, and some to their revelations of scenes invested with the charm of a license happily not familiar to the actual experiences of the majority of their readers, there can be little question that one strong attraction they possess is due to their being neither simply sentimental nor simply ascetic. In accordance with an established maxim, which tells us that *corruptio optimi pessima est*, these books are almost inconceivably worthless, even from an artistic point of view, but the passions of these novels are those of grown people, and not of babies or cherubim. We can conceive a pure poetry which should deal with the men and women of society in as fearless and unabashed a spirit, and which should beat this demon of the stews at his own magic—should snatch the wand from the hand of Comus, and reverse his mightiest spells; though, doubtless, this task belongs more to prose fiction, as the objectionable works are themselves prose fictions. In the poems we have already mentioned this has been done. There is no reason why literature, or poetry in particular, should be dedicated *virginibus puerisque*; men and women want men's and women's poetry; the affections and the passions make up the poetical element of life, and no poetry will commend itself to men and women so strongly as that which deals with their own passions and affections. Again we say, we are not careful to guard our language against willful misconception.

From the British Quarterly.

THE TAMING OF HORSES.*

So the secret of Mr. Rarey's system, about which people have been going so wild, is before the world at last. In spite of all the ten-guinea pupils' bonds it has oozed out. It seems that some few years ago, when Mr. Rarey was as yet unknown to fame, he wrote a little book on his art, and now that enterprising Mr. Routledge has got hold of it, and sells it for sixpence; (Tattersall was charging his customers half a guinea for the same thing;) and a very good sixpennyworth it is. But now people cry out as if they had been swindled, and say: "There is nothing in it after all; we knew all this before; it is nothing but common-sense." We say there is every thing in the world in it. If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, O ingenuous public! wouldst thou not have done it? And now because there is no *hoccus pocus*, no galvanism, nor magnetism, nor any other *ism*, forsooth you have been greatly deceived. "Out upon the false prophet!"

One of Mr. Rarey's pupils, in a letter to the *Times*, certifies that the little book contains more than can be taught in the lesson for which he paid his money; and another writes to contradict him. With the former we must agree, for though the book gives the clue to the system, and a sketch of it, it would be a great satisfaction to a man, before he went into the stable where his own particular Cruiser was loose and rampant, to see how this master of his art managed his approach; how he held the horse with his eye; how cautiously, firmly, and quietly he advanced towards him. Mr. Briggs is before the public as a warning in the pages of *Punch*. Ourselves know two young gentlemen, one laid up with a bad kick in the leg, and another who had his shoulder put out, all owing to this little book. Not one in a hundred of Mr. Rarey's pupils who have paid their ten guineas, and watched Cruiser and him with all their eyes, would prove man enough to undertake the sub-

jugation of a high-spirited, vicious horse; much more one who has only studied the system in this condensed and imperfect form.

After all, there is nothing but common-sense in the book, but then that common-sense happens to be no common thing. Patience, gentleness, and firmness are the watchwords which we hope will spread all over the land as the heralds of peace and good will to horses. But the art isn't to be learnt in an hour. A man must serve his apprenticeship to it. It requires a rare combination of good qualities to make a perfect horseman. One must have a perfect command of himself to begin with, judgment, presence of mind, courage, and a certain quickness of eye and hand, and rapidity of decision, which can only be acquired by long practice.

There is a flourish of trumpets at the beginning of this otherwise unpretentious little book, about the way in which the Greek and Roman young gentlemen used to ride; but that one can see any day by going to the British Museum where Mr. Finch holds his court, the sculpture court. There you will see those noble youths with their hair nicely cut, sitting on the bare backs of their chargers, and guiding them with their hands; you will observe also that they do not sit badly considering they have not the advantages we possess of pig's skin and stirrups to keep them square and trig. A friend of ours doubts though, if they could go across country with the Blankshire hounds in that trim. Mr. Rarey's three fundamental principles may be all resolved into one; namely, that a horse must *learn* a thing before he can know it. He doesn't know what man wants him to do till he is taught. He does not know his strength till some one pulls him. He doesn't know that a thing will hurt him before it has done so. He is, in fact, a perfect example of Locke's blank sheet of paper—you may write what you like upon him. A pretty scrawl most folks make of it!

What is the first thing a breaker does

* *The Taming of Horses*, by J. T. RAREY.

with a raw colt? He drives and bullies him into a house, (dark very likely, and dreadful looking in the eyes of the timid animal,) which takes a long time generally—men shouting, and running, and scaring him with their arms, and the colt bolting and starting this way and that, till at last he bolts into the house to escape the worse dangers outside. Of course sensible men proceed more sensibly. Then you must get a halter that slips; a rope-halter that will tumble him if he gives trouble, and when you have got him into this, (which I promise you shall by a lesson in patience,) you can smack a whip about him two or three times, which will nearly make him fly out of his skin, to punish him for having caused you so much fatigue. He doesn't know what you are whipping him for, but you do, and you are hot and angry, so it's all right. Then drag him out. You must have an army of men now to hang on to the rope, (just to teach him his strength,) which must be a pretty tough one, while you with your whip drive the poor frightened brute round and round. When he gets giddy, or tired, or sulky, as he is almost sure to do, after you have been at him some time, just rattle a stick in your hat, and that will set him off again at a tangent, very likely pulling your men all down in a heap like a game of French and English. Defend us from such games! Well, so the thing goes on in England every day, sometimes better, and oftentimes worse. What wonder then at the vicious horses, or the accidents they occasion, when this is their entrance into public life?

We do not quite assent to the blank paper theory though. A colt knows a thing or two before you begin with it. That wicked old mare, with all her knowledge of the world, and ignorance of it, has not had the young one galloping and gallivanting about in the pasture so many months for nothing. Depend upon it, she has taught it all her wicked old tricks and fancies, and told it all her old stories of frights and accidents and ill-treatment, and we dare say she knows a good many; but it is now for you, O horse-breaker! (horse-tamer is the new and gentler word,) to teach it a lesson. Mr. Rarey would set one man horse-taming, not a dozen. The quieter you are with a colt, and the fewer people you have about, and almost the longer time you are about it, the bet-

ter. "Haste makes waste," Mr. Rarey says. You are not to shout and drive, and lift your arms, but walk quietly round your herd in the pasture, stopping when they are scared, and then slowly moving on again, walking them gently into the pound. Then you should lead a gentle horse into the stable and "hitch him," (says this American,) again gradually walking the colt in, letting patience have perfect mastery over you. As soon as he is in, remove the quiet horse and shut the door. You should now give him a few ears of corn to put him in good humor, and leave him to take note of his apartment. Now is your time for a little cool reflection, and to look after your tools. Mr. Rarey makes a great point (and he is right) of having a good leather halter instead of a rope one with a slipping noose; and you should have it the right size, neither too tight nor too loose. After about a quarter of an hour you are ready to "walk into him," which you must do gently as before. The horse will most likely run from you and turn away his head, when you must walk about slowly and softly, so that he can see you whenever he turns his head, which he will do in a short time. The moment he turns towards you, hold out your left hand, and stand perfectly still, keeping your eyes on the horse, and watching his motions, if he makes any, (we can imagine Cruiser's motions under these circumstances!) then if he do not stir for ten or fifteen minutes (patience guide you, gentle horse-tamer! Fifteen minutes holding out your left hand!) then we say, if he does not stir for ten or fifteen minutes, advance as slowly and quietly as possible, always holding out your hand. And so on (oh! how gradually and patiently!) till you get near enough to touch his forehead, then raise "slowly and by degrees" your hand, and—but it would not profit the general reader to follow this marvel of patience and courage through all his operations—the system is one throughout. The motto is, "Fear, love, and obey." You must handle your horse a good deal, and talk to him and pat him when he is good, "for the horse soon learns to read the expression of the face and voice, and will know as well when fear, love, or anger prevails as you do; two of which, *fear* and *anger*, a good horseman should never feel." Whenever you have to correct a horse, "do it with a good deal of

vigor, but always without anger. Never go into a pitched battle with your horse, and after the correction caress him a good deal more than you have whipped him—then you will excite the two controlling passions of his nature, love and fear, and he will love and fear you, and obey quietly, *as soon as he learns what to do.* “One harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute.” These are some of Mr. Rarey’s key-notes. There is a good deal of valuable teaching in this little book, if it be only to confirm a good horseman in his previous opinions and ways, (he that is brutish will be brutish still, in spite of all the teaching,) and to teach the credulous world that there is no quackery even in horsemanship, and no royal road to that art. For ourselves, we greatly respect Mr. Rarey for the perfection he has attained in this art, as much as, or rather more than, if he had employed some extraordinary means for effecting his gentle

purpose, instead of those which God has given him of superior sagacity, will, and mind. We think the publication of the secret by which Mr. Rarey accomplishes so much (for however people laugh at the system they can not deny the facts) may prove no mean step to civilization; for surely whatever tends to humanize in any marked degree may be so described. Far from grudging him his ten-guinea pupils, we wish him many of them, both for his sake and their own; and when they drop off we hope he will let in the public; our coachmen and grooms, horse-breakers, omnibus-drivers, draymen, cabmen, and watermen, and for a small sum give them a lesson of gentleness and humanity. We could almost wish that other Mr. Rarey, the married clergyman, (of the advertisement,) who is so successful with unruly children, would step forth and give lessons at ten guineas, and write little green books that all the world might learn his system too.

From Tait's Magazine.

PANDORA'S BOX.

When Pandora's fatal box
Burst asunder from its locks,
Then forthwith there bristling flew
A little armed wingéd crew:
Discord, rushing wildly down,
Deadly malice in his frown;
Anger flew with ruffled mien,
All around was Discord seen,
Where his hot and fiery brow
Gleamed as hateful then as now;
Envy next, with demons rife,
Strove to fill the word with strife;
Discontent soon darkly spread
And his somber mantle shed
O'er the bright and shining world;
Happiness fore'er they hurled
From her golden dazzling seat,
Never more the earth to greet;
Now her place is filled with Care—
Cold and chilly, dark Despair,
From her bright and glad some throne
Comes the suffering mortals' groan,

When forever she has fled.
Quickly all the evils spread—
Deadly Malice, with his power,
Chased the sunshine from the hour,
And the bright and pleasant day
Changed to night beneath his sway;
Evil passions rose to view,
Wildly spread and stronger grew.
But within the box alone
Stood a little helpless one,
Vainly tried to lift the lid
That again had downward slid
When the evils winged their way
Through it to bright cloudless day,
Spreading wretchedness all o'er
Where happiness had reigned before;
Still she strove and strove with care—
Never yielding to despair—
Strove to break the iron bands,
Strove with wildly trembling hands;
Wildly struggling once again—
Till Hope escaped to dwell with men.

From the British Quarterly.

GREAT REVISION CONVENTION.*

Nor a few will attach much importance to the judgment of Dr. Trench on the question which has led to this publication. In brief, the Dean of Westminster thinks that a revision of our authorized version must come. The demand for it is becoming wider, more general; and the attempts being made, both in this country and America, to meet this demand, show that if the work be not done in the best manner and by the most trustworthy, it will be virtually done by parties who had better not be the parties to do it, and in a manner that will not be so generally satisfactory as it might have been. Dr. Trench dwells with becoming sentiment on the fact, that as the division between Puritans and High Churchmen in the seventeenth century did not prevent their being one in the reception of the authorized version of 1611, so the great subsequent division between Conformists and Nonconformists has left them in possession, with scarcely an exception, of the common treasure then supplied to them, and that not only England, but her colonies, and America, are all wont to read the lessons from the mouth of God in the same English words. The fact that the religious life of so large a portion of the human family has been so long nourished by this influence, is a strong reason against attempting any thing like a new version. On many grounds that should not be contemplated for a moment. The excellences of the existing translation are too many, and its real faults are too few to allow of such a course. But a revised translation *must* come, *ought* to come, and the great question is, How it may be made to come best? One great preliminary difficulty concerns the Greek text that should be taken as the basis of such proposed revision. This circumstance, and others,

seem to say that the time is not yet ripe for actually entering upon such a work. But even when that time comes, Dr. Trench thinks there should not, for a considerable interval, be any interference with the English text. Then, he goes on to say:

"Let come together, and if possible not of self-will, but with some authorization, royal or ecclesiastical, or both, such a body of scholars and divines as would deserve and would obtain the confidence of the whole Church. Fortunately, no points at issue among ourselves threaten to come into discussion or debate; so that the unhappy divisions of our time would not have added any additional embarrassment to a matter embarrassed enough already. Nay, of such immense importance would it be to carry with us, in whatever might be done, the whole Christian people of England, that it would be desirable to invite all scholars, all who represented any important portion of the Biblical scholarship of the land, to assist with their suggestions here, even though they might not belong to the Church. Of course they would be asked as scholars, not as Dissenters. But it were a matter so deeply to be regretted, that these should revise, and that we should revise, thus parting company in the one thing which now holds us so strongly together, while it would be so hopeless, indeed so unreasonable, to expect that they should accept our revision, having themselves had no voice in it, that we ought not to stand on any punctilios here, but should be prepared rather to sacrifice every thing non-essential for the averting of such a catastrophe.

"Let then such a body as this, inspiring confidence at once by their piety, their learning, and their prudence, draw out such a list of emendations as were lifted beyond all doubt in the eye of every one whose voice had any right to be heard on the matter; avoiding all luxury of emendation, abstaining from all which was not of primary necessity, from much in which they might have fitly allowed themselves, if they had not been building on foundations already laid, and which could not, without great inconvenience, be disturbed—using the same moderation here which Jerome used in his revision of the Latin. Let them very briefly, but with just as much learned explanation as should be needful, justify these emendations where they

* On the Authorized Version of the New Testament: in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D. J. W. Parker and Son.

were not self-evident. Let them, if this should be their conviction, express their sense of the desirableness that these should, at some future day, be introduced into the received text, as bringing it into more perfect accord and harmony with the original Scripture. Having done this, let them leave these emendations to ripen in the public mind, gradually to commend themselves to all students of God's holy Word. Supposing the emendations such as ought to, and would do this, there would probably ere long be a general desire for their admission into the text; and in due time this admission might follow. All abrupt change would thus be avoided—all forcing of alterations on those not prepared to receive them. That which at length came in would excite no surprise, no perplexity, or at least very little, having already, in the minds of many, displaced that of which it now at length took openly the room."—Pp. 137-139.

Dr. Trench supposes that good would

come from such a movement, though these emendations should never be transferred to the text; and his own volume may certainly be taken as a fair sample of the valuable criticism which such a project could hardly fail to call forth. Its material is classed as follows: 1. Introductory Remarks. 2. On the English of the Authorized Version. 3. On some Questions of Translation. 4. On some Unnecessary Distinctions Introduced. 5. On some Real Distinctions Effaced. 6. On some Better Renderings Forsaken, or put in the Margin. 7. On some Errors of Greek Grammar in our Version. 8. On some Questionable Renderings of Words. 9. On some Words wholly or partially mistranslated. 10. On some Charges justly brought against our Version. 11. On the best means of carrying out a Revision.

From Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

WOMAN IN EXTREMES AND VARIETIES OF CHARACTER.

"SHE is a woman." Such was the explanation of a creature met with among the desolate mountains of the northern part of the Isle of Man. It seemed hardly possible for the assertion to be truth. The matted hair was unwomanly; the thick legs incased in still thicker boots were unwomanly; the rough voice and the rough gait, did not seem to belong to woman—but this hybrid of the human race carried in her arms a babe, and the smile she threw on it in the midst of her conversation claimed her to be a true woman at heart, whatever resemblance her external form might bear.

A young girl sat at the window of a country mansion; the moon shone on her fair and lovely face. Golden tresses fell on her neck and shoulders of spotless white, and her blue eyes were raised to heaven, whither her thoughts had flown. She was as beautiful as any thing of earth

could be; delicate and fragile—a breath of humanity; more like a spirit than aught else, seen in that place, and by that pure pale light. Yet was that being a woman, of the same sex as the wild tenant of the mountain cottage.

Mid the burning plains of a West-Indian Island; under a scorching sun, a mother rocked her child. Her sable skin was as complete a contrast as could be to that of the fair creature above described; her lips were thick and protruding, her nose flat and expanded, her hair wool, or something like it in texture. Yet the negroess was a woman possessing a warm and generous woman's nature.

In the northern clime of Lapland a stunted being sat in her wretched hovel; fur-clad, or cased rather, she crept occasionally from her muddy elevation, and then crept back again. Spending her time, and sleeping and eating, and per-

forming the most common offices of life; thus that life glided away. Yet was she also woman in another aspect of woman's life.

In this Indian warfare which occupies men's hearts, and tongues, and pens, a tale has arisen of one who performed deeds of startling cruelty. Helpless children were stricken beneath the murdering knife; women implored mercy in the shape of death, from a fate which was worse than death; old men learnt that age was no protection, and young ones felt the impotence of strong and lusty limbs before the power of that human fiend, the Raneé of Jansi.

Yet she was a woman; she should have had a woman's heart, but the devil must have set his seal upon it at her birth, and quenched its humanity, in making it his own. Not one trace of woman have we of her in the accounts given of her brief career. Foremost in the battle-field, foremost in the scene of torture—so she seemed to live, and so she died—ruthless—cruel—unwomanly—a disgrace to her sex, a stigma on the female nature.

When men were dying in the Crimea, and the Russian guns were less formidable if possible than the disease and privation of the English camp, with pestilence walking hand in hand with famine, and Death coming over this fearful scene in the guise of the last best friend, a lady left her home, where comfort and luxury were her daily habit, and kindness the atmosphere of her life, and sought that fearful scene where such supreme misery dwelt.

Through and through those hospitals she walked, resting beside the bed of the wounded and the dying, carrying comfort to their comfortless abodes, shedding peace around by the blessing of her own peaceful presence, blessings followed her wherever she went; and weary sorrow-laden eyes clung to her departing shadow. Under her superintendence, by her gentle rule those lazar-houses of the sick and dying assumed an air of dimly-reflected comfort. Nothing daunted her in her noble work: sickening sights of wounds, and mutilation drew from her only feelings of compassion for the sufferers; others of stronger frame, yet weaker will, would not have dared the scenes she visited. Truly was she an angel of mercy—a minister of Him whose will she sought to do.

And this good Samaritan—this fine

practical Christian, was a woman; and, in the universal character of woman, as one member of the entire female sex, Florence Nightingale stands forth in bold and startling relief to that inhuman tigress the Raneé. Each the heroine of two great wars of recent years; each gaining celebrity in her own way—yet how differently—the one is to be remembered to all ages, and the other blotted out with utmost haste from the page of history and the memory of mankind.

Varied as the flowers of earth is the character of woman; to a large garden may the whole sex be compared: rank weeds are found there—the sharp stinging nettle and the poisonous nightshade; but likewise are seen blooms of rich beauty—plants of graceful growth—the scented rose, and climbing jasmine—the painted tulip, and the modest lily, all are met in the great parterre of the world blooming side by side, mingling either fragrance or poison with the air around. And the influence of a woman is as diversified as her character, whether in a domestic or public point of view. Two women may be placed in precisely the same circumstances socially, the one will diffuse happiness, the other destroy it; the one will give a perfect charm to life, the other make it almost a curse; and simply by diversity of temperament producing different results.

An ill-tempered, quarrelsome woman is a nuisance on the earth. An ill-tempered man is bad enough; but the perpetual "niggle" of a sour-tempered woman is insufferable, there is a meanness about her irritability which men generally do not possess. A man may swear and behave like a brute—such conduct is as common as daisies in summer, but unless he be something below even the level of a bully—and that is low enough—he won't keep up an incessant small-shot charge of hint and innuendo, and pettish rejoinder—for that is the style of these nettles of the human race, these vegetable blistering plasters of humanity—cross-grained women. Such women, without having any thing of positive vice in their composition, do an immensity of harm; there is sorrow and trial enough in the world, without ill-temper adding to the burthen; a cheerful heart, and a cheering word of comfort it is woman's prerogative to bestow, and if she fail to exert her prerogative, she loses, and deserves to lose, that supremacy over man she is born and destined to hold.

"A help meet for man," so did her Creator decree. A "help" for him in the time of trial, when misfortune's sharp tooth may be gnawing at his tortured mind: A "help meet for him!" with her gentle hand and soothing voice, when sickness lays him prostrate on his bed, and reduces his strength below the meter of her weakness. "A help meet for him," with her words of counsel, and her woman's judgment between right and wrong, when temptation casts her bonds around him, bidding him tread the tempting paths of sin, luring him to dishonest gain by dishonest means—then must woman be a "help meet for man," one to "help him" from the danger of the tortuous path—"meet for the office"—"meet" to be the guide, in the day of her moral strength and his moral weakness—when the disease of the soul threatens prostration to that soul even as the mortal sickness casts down the poor body.

"A help meet for him" in his hour of joy, one to participate in that joy, and listen to each iota of narration which belongs to it—a sympathizing friend, a second self—such is woman's vocation; such the character she should struggle for, and its attainment will produce her greater honor, than if our legislators would bestir themselves to acknowledge "her rights," (according to some,) and give her an opportunity of displaying her rhetoric in the house of legislature.

In a country, somewhere in the world—no matter where—at the North pole probably—or may be at the South—or perchance between the two—there rose a large and flourishing city—its manufactories were noted for their extent, and the merchant-princes of that place reveled in the wealth these manufactories produced. On the outskirts of the town were built two houses—alike in form, in extent, in value. "Two peas," or "two nuts," or "two pins," had frequently described their similarity. Now in these two houses lived two brothers—twins, the only sons of the builder of those two houses. It had been a fancy of the old man to have the boys, as he called them, lodged alike, and his means being ample, he had the power of indulging his fancy. "The boys" married, and on the wedding day the first stone of either home was laid.

"Time enough to get them finished," said the old gentleman, as he rubbed his

hands in glee, "won't want a nursery for a twelvemonth at any rate—small house do till then."

The young brides were present when that remark was made. One blushed—and smiled; the other blushed—and frowned. It was the nettle and the rose again standing side by side.

Six months passed and the houses were half up—the old gentleman himself directing all the arrangements of the building.

"It is good indeed of your father, now an old man, to take an interest in our comfort," said one of the young wives to her husband—"Ralph," that was the husband's name, "you can never repay him for his kind feeling, and his generosity to us." "It is an absurdity for your father to play the architect and almost bricklayer," remarked the other wife to her spouse, "Boydell," (his name,) "you should tell him that it is inconsistent with his calling and his station." "It is consistent with his pleasure," remarked the husband, "and therefore I am content."

Twelve months passed, and the houses were finished.

"Nursery ready in time," said the good old man—"ready in time—ready in time."

The houses were occupied, and in course of twelve months the nurseries were occupied also.

"There are unceasing anxieties in a mother's lot," said the good wife of Ralph, "but unceasing pleasures too," and she smiled at the innocent face of her sleeping babe.

"How women can like the bore of children I can not imagine," remarked her sister-in-law as her child was hastily given to its nurse.

Years passed on—as they always do—and the young wives became middle-aged women, sons and daughters clustered round them, and the grandfather, old and feeble, now leant on these young things for support.

Time had worked a wondrous change in the two brothers. Ralph's face told of a home-stock of happiness, from which he drew largely—while Boydell looked as if content and happiness were not in the world at all.

At this time, when the families of each were springing up, and needed money to be spent on them, in education, maintenance, and the different adjuncts of their

station, one of these panics of the commercial world which ruin thousands, took place. Unfortunately, Ralph and his brother had entered into large speculations, which failing, they were involved in the prevailing ruin, and found themselves verging on bankruptcy.

"Be of good heart, Ralph!" said his wife "there is bread in this great world for all. Our fine large house, our servants and our carriages are not absolutely necessary to our happiness, we can do as others do—live without them, and the children, Ralph! this lesson of adversity, may be for their welfare; take comfort Ralph! there is plenty of that left for us in the world, if our wealth has flown away."

"Yes," answered her husband, as he clasped her hand, and drew her to him, "Yes! there is never-failing comfort here, Lucy; God be praised for having given me one so 'meet to help' me, both in joy and sorrow, wealth or poverty."

"You should have foreseen this crisis," remarked the wife of Boydell, "and not allowed your children to be brought to beggary at their age, when just entering on life; expenses are unavoidable, unless indeed they be educated as the laboring classes; which idea may be worth your wise consideration now."

She ceased with a sneer on her face.

"Other men would not have been so venturesome with their money," she remarked; "the Brownings, for instance—and the Smiths withdrew in time, and Lionel Blagdon told me that you had no one to blame but yourself, and that your children might thank you, and you only, if starvation were their fate."

"In mercy cease," replied the husband, "or you will drive me mad."

"I must put your conduct fairly before your eyes—it is my duty," she replied.

"Then reserve it until I am likely to appreciate your effort at the performance of the duty," he answered bitterly.

Poor "Duty." How dreadfully is she mishandled by these ascetic dames. "It is a duty!"—and under that plea many a harsh truth is uttered. "It is a duty!"—so says the over-strict disciplinarian, and cold stern words are driven forth to tremble on an over-worked and wearied brain. "It is a duty!" covers the cruel rebuke and the severe rejoinder. It may be a "duty" to speak plainly and boldly sometimes—but it is also a duty to choose the opportunity when the speech may be ac-

ceptable, and not fret and chafe the wounded heart by a repetition of the very truths which, silently recognized, are galling it already.

Boydell knew quite well that he might have foreseen and partially have provided for the melancholy event which had taken place. His conscience reproached him bitterly for carelessness and rashness, and his wife's words were not needed to add to the self-reproach, which, left to itself, might have worked some good, by producing a quiet determination to abide by the more sober counsels of Ralph in future, for Ralph's voice had been lifted against the very speculation which had caused the joint failure of the brothers.

Fretted—and galled—and wearied of life and life's struggle, Boydell knew not whither to turn for comfort and consolation. His father had been gathered to the dead; his brother? Boydell was too proud to betray his lack of domestic peace to him; his children, imitating the bad example of the mother, turned against him, and instead of clustering round him in the hour of woe, openly blamed him for the course he had adopted.

At last his mind, torn by a thousand conflicting sorrows, gave way: a lunatic asylum became his home, while his wife and children dragged on a life of misery, supported by the mere charity of relations.

Far differently fared Ralph. In the humble cottage on the outskirts of the town where he now dwelt—a smile always welcomed him when he came from the city's toil and din, tired with the business of the day, heart-sick with its disappointments; rest and peace and happiness awaited him in that little home. His children—drawing their tone from that good wife and mother—thought only how they could soothe the tired wanderer who had returned to them, and make him forget in the placid joy of the present, the misery of the past.

"Ralph," said his wife one day, "I would scarcely exchange our present lot for the one we held when first I became your wife. There is an earnestness in this quiet life of strict utility which is lost in the gilded days of wealthy splendor. I am as happy here, Ralph, as if you placed me in a palace—happier indeed —"

He stopped her as he looked lovingly into her gentle face.

"Not happier, Lucy" he added, "not

happier, dear wife—your nature would carry bliss as perfect as this world can bestow into any phase of life—not ‘happier,’ Lucy, but as happy either here, or there, or any where on earth—as happy as such a kindly heart as yours can, and should, and will be any where.”

Ralph lived to old age: his hair was white, and his step tottering—but the heart and mind were firm still. His children were married, or otherwise settled in the world; wealth had fallen to the share of some, competency only to the lot of others.

But sorrow—keen sorrow, now fell on Ralph. Lucy died; and as he saw the mould fall on the lowered coffin until it was hidden from his view, he whispered, as if to her who lay here: “I know what ‘loss’ is, now, dear wife. I never felt its meaning before.”

Boydell also lived to an old age. A partial recovery enabled him to return to his home—but he was no welcome guest there. Unkindness and want of care had the result which might have been expected, he returned to the asylum, hopelessly mad, and died there some years afterwards, to the very evident relief of his wife and children.

Now in all human probability these two women worked the sequel to the fate of their respective husbands. The one by her gentleness soothed the wounded spirit, and, in seeking to bless him, sowed a full harvest of blessings for herself.

And the other! truly did she “cast her seed upon the waters,” and “truly did she find it after many days.” It was like the poisoned Upas-berry, taking root and springing till the deadly tree casts its destructive influence on those poor wretches who sat beneath its branches.

And numberless cases similar to such as these exist, where women, without any positively vicious conduct, but merely by the vice of an ill-conditioned nature—by a want of judgment, resulting from a want of the delicate perception arising from a delicate and kindly nature, destroy happiness and produce woes as completely as if their acts were reprobated by the world.

The wife of Boydell, for instance, was well spoken of; society could not see the inner working of her externally blameless conduct. Society raised its voice against her husband—blaming his temerity for his first loss, the loss of money, his want of

self-control; and natural weakness for the second, loss of reason. The world in its blind judgment compassionated the wife and sympathized with her, in her unmerited poverty.

Before the reverse of fortune fell on her, she had committed the too common error of purposely keeping herself in ignorance of her husband’s commercial affairs.

“I care nothing for these things,” she said, when anxious and distressed he sought to confide to her his doubts about the speculation he had entered on, “these corn and stock exchange discussions are quite out of my way; a woman must keep in her own province, and leave business matters to her husband. And pray do not annoy me and trouble yourself with Parliament’s sayings or doings—they are supremely uninteresting, I assure you.”

Alienation, and a want of confidence were begotten by her—and the offspring turned on her and stung her to her heart; for although women need not sit in Parliament, or address the people from the hustings, or go to the stock or corn exchange and make their purchases, instead of to the butcher’s and baker’s, yet it does enter into their sphere of duty—and is quite compatible with their sex and calling, that they should partially understand the business of the corn and stock exchanges, and even have some knowledge of the legislature of the land, if their husbands have an interest in either the one or the other. A wife is a very safe and wholesome sedative for a man—and a wife’s opinion, formed in the seclusion of her own home, may be of value to him; yet, if she is a mere domestic drudge—knowing nothing more than how to make a pudding or a petticoat, (very useful knowledge in its way, but not comprehensive enough to be satisfactory,) how can she be competent to advise, or even offer an opinion on any subject, even if (unlike Boydell’s wife) she be inclined to give it? Besides, such knowledge will make her a more creditable and agreeable companion for her husband, and enable her to take a higher intellectual position both with him and his friends.

The following instance exemplifies this: Mr. Josiah Brown of Blank Street in London, was an intelligent and energetic man. Now, intelligence and energy combined, do very well, and generally enable the possessor to get on very well. They did in that instance: Mr. Josiah Brown

became a thriving man. Quick and clever in all things, he readily comprehended the bearing of any transaction. His mercantile speculations succeeded, and he grew to be a rich man. As a matter of course he enlarged his house and his acquaintance, and took from those enlargements and his wealth an enlarged position in society.

But his wife remained the nonentity she had ever been. "Read the papers," he said to her, "for goodness' sake do try to understand what your guests are talking about. You never say one word when political or intellectual subjects are discussed, and only become eloquent on the subjects of servants and butcher's meat."

"And very good subjects too," answered the wife. "I should like to know where you would have been if I had not thought about the servants and the butcher's meat, as you call it. A nice household you would have, sir, if I spent my time like Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her, reading the debates in the morning and writing for some stupid thing or other in the afternoon! a pretty sort of a wife she is—doesn't know a rump from a beefsteak, I'll be bound. She bought a piece of roast beef for her mother's dinner with a big blade-bone sticking through it—believing all the time that it was sirloin. It wasn't any more sirloin than I'm sirloin, only the butcher saw he'd a fool to deal with, and sold it for such. There, sir—there's your clever wife—who reads the debates and talks about them to her guests—and a pretty mess she makes of housekeeping. Defend me from such, say I, but she'd suit your book perhaps."

"I think she might," whispered Josiah, as he moved out of the way of the irate lady. "I think she might. A man can buy a house-keeper for twenty pounds a year, a wife costs something more than that—he should have value received for his money."

There was immense truth in his remark. A man wants a companion—companionship is a natural requirement of human nature, and if a husband can't get it at home, he will in all probability go elsewhere to seek it, and therefore such being the case, it becomes the duty and wise policy of each married woman at least to squeeze out a little remnant of time, wherein she can cull some knowledge of the passing transactions of the world which will fit her for such companionship.

What does Josiah Brown talk of to his fellow-men? He does not discuss the momentous fact of Stubbs the butcher giving better weight than his neighbor Jones, or Merkins the baker charging one penny per loaf less than the opposition bread purveyor, who has opened the new shop round the corner.

"I'd like to see you keeping house for yourself, Mr. Brown," continued the flying squadron of a wife following up the retreating party. "I'd like to see you keeping house for yourself—nicely you'd be cheated, sir—oh! yes—I know the phrase—behave like a gentleman, I suppose—and not look up the tea or sugar, or count the coppers in change. I don't believe Mrs. Thing-um-bob ever knows what her meat-bill is. Why, Betsy who came to us, lived with her as under-house-maid, you know, but you don't know," said Mrs. Brown, breaking off in her invective, to turn the artillery of her anger on her husband, "but you never know any thing or care, it seems to me; however, Betsy declared positively that she did not go into her kitchen more than once a week, and always let her maid count out the clean linen from the laundry! There's your clever wife, Mr. Brown; I'd just like you to try her, sir, for two or three days."

"Might be very agreeable, ma'am, but wouldn't be a moral arrangement," replied Josiah.

"You'd come back fast enough to me," added his wife, carried on by the volubility of her tongue and anger. "You'd come back to me quick enough."

"Don't think so," said Josiah aside.

"And," continued his excited wife, "find out the difference between a 'clever wife'—and a woman who knows how to manage, and does manage; and can put a good dinner on the table, and leave the talking part of the business to her husband, you'd find out the difference between the two, I can tell you."

"I don't doubt it," again muttered Josiah in an under-tone.

"A wife indeed!" she mumbled as she walked off, "what's a wife to do with politics and literature, as you call it, Mr. Josiah, what is she made for? Why, to mind her house, and to make the best of every thing, and what's the good of her, if she can talk to her guests, but can't buy a piece of meat to feed them?"

Mrs. Josiah had reason in her argu-

ment as well as her husband—a mere clever woman, although agreeable enough as a casual companion, is not of the most valuable material for a wife. Mrs. Josiah was quite right in asking: "What's the use of a wife who can talk to her guests, and yet can't buy a piece of meat to feed them?"

But Mrs. Brown forgot one thing in her essentially domestic reasoning, and that one thing is, simply—that it is quite possible for a lady to do both.

Some years since there stood a female name before society as a marvel of intellectual research. Her mathematical knowledge at first attracted the attention of great men, and then when they had the privilege of admission to her presence, and an interchange of thought with her, they discovered that her knowledge on all other subjects was as complete as in the single branch of mathematics; "she can converse on any subject," said one of the leading men of the day, "on any topic I advance, I gain information from her."

Now this lady was perfectly well known in certain circles, and her intellect universally recognized both by those who had, or had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; and although she was without any doubt one of the most intellectual women who ever lived, she did not neglect the less exalting occupation of domestic utility—she was an excellent housekeeper; she could both "talk to the guests, and buy the beef to feed them." This example, and there are many others as convincing, establishes the fact that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and ornamental, and while all may not attain to her excellence, all may imitate the example of Mrs. Somerville.

But "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and if the fullness of the heart consists of beef and bread, and butchers and bakers, with every thing of the kind, then there is no room for any higher theme for thought; and, therefore the tongue can not give utterance to any other expression of thought than relates to the common belongings of daily life and daily cookings.

The restricted conditions of a woman's life, tend to produce a restricted scope of thought. Her mind is confined to narrow circles wandering in them round each particular of her home; each circle having a nucleus or center of its own, and each and all revolving round a common center.

To dissect the mental system of a modern housekeeper, it stands thus, one common center—the general expenditure of the household—sundry little spheres held together by, and revolving round, that one. The butcher is one of these minor spheres—the baker another—and the grocer a third. Now the thorough housewife's mind, the mere housewife's, we would say, turns in and with all these. This is her planetary system, she lives in it, progresses with it each year journeying on to the coming time; when she and it, and all things connected with either, shall cease to be.

Now a woman who has her mind thus circumscribed, can not be an acceptable companion to the man, who leaving his home behind him, with its economy of butcher, baker, and grocer, goes to the world and culls from its experiences, and communion with his fellow-men fresh thoughts and enlarged notions and ideas.

Woman has not this advantage; she must stay at home and do her duty there, she can not go abroad and hear the topics of the day discussed; but although that privilege be denied her, others are within her grasp. She has the papers for her perusal, they give full information of the topics of the day, and she can partly from them and other sources gather information enough to converse on the subjects which are uppermost in the minds of the gentlemen of her family, and their friends.

And woman should not despise this kind of reading, or this kind of knowledge. It tends to make home happy, by establishing an interest between those who constitute that home. If ladies took a little more trouble to inform themselves of the leading public questions of the day, husbands would not be compelled to go abroad to discuss them. And perhaps that sort of information might in the end be productive of more content than the same amount of thought expanded on the choice between two butchers, the subject of halting between the two being probably a question of one half-penny or one penny per pound, and an imperceptible difference in the quality of the meat.

The truth is, that as a rule women are often in extremes. He was wrong who made the sweeping assertion, "Women are always in extremes"—that is not quite the case, but they are generally in extremes. They are either mere stocking-

darners, and domestic nonentities, or they are strong-minded "rights of women folks," (a very objectionable class,) lamentably ignorant of and indifferent to the duties of their household, giving their thoughts to more interesting, but not more necessary, social questions and intellectual pursuits.

How to divide the minutes of life profitably seems the thing to be found out, and what degree of attention to bestow on one object, and what on another, the question to be decided.

"Women are all in extremes." There was more truth in the saying than at first sight appears. Extreme in goodness, woman is—no one need deny that, because should he do so, he would only gain disbelief by his denial. A good woman is an extremely admirable creature, and there are many good, extremely good women, walking quietly through the length and depth of this wicked earth, scattering good—and good only about them.

"Women are all in extremes"—unfortunately the "extreme" holds still in another manner, and the extremity be one of ill instead of good. A bad woman!—an ill-conditioned and unprincipled person, will, it has been remarked, exceed man in ill. That may be true or not; probably the fact has never been tested, but whether true or not, one thing is established by experience, and that is, that when a woman casts the better feelings of her nature to the winds, those of a viler kind gain almost superhuman strength, and hurry her along in an irresistible current of sin and guilt and woe.

Society places a certain check on woman's conduct, but once let her cast aside principle and prejudice, and burst through the bonds which society places between her and an outwardly vicious course, and there will be no bounds to her open dereliction of religion, of right feeling, and right principle.

A female drunkard has been pronounced incapable of reform. Once let a woman take to that horrid vice, and she knows no medium. On she goes, madly—recklessly, until Death says, "No more!" then and then only is the poisonous draught relinquished and the sin forsaken—if that can be called forsaken which we no longer have the power of clinging to.

And in cruelty. When woman outrages her nature, and in savage purpose be-

come cruel, it were a stigma on the tigress to call woman by its name. In olden times, a woman lending herself to fanaticism, under the plea of religion, sanctioned the murder of a band of unsuspecting Huguenots, with fiend-like exultation; thinking of their cries and glorying in their massacre. History records no more terrible crime perpetrated beneath woman's rule, than the massacre of Saint Bartholomew under Catherine de Medicis.

And in later days, when a pestilence raged in France, and the poor stricken victims writhed in mortal agony in the overcrowded wards of the public hospitals, a woman walked amongst them, and, under the plea of mercy, holding out the hope of alleviation, administered the potion which was eagerly sought for by the fevered lips of the sufferers. Cold, and calm, and impassive, stood that heartless woman beside each dying wretch; looking, with the philosophy of devils, on the working of her deadly drug—for poison, in various forms, was the cordial she gave; and the wards of those pestilence-stricken houses were the fields of her diabolical experiments on human life. Never, in any times, modern or ancient, has cruelty exceeded hers, for as a monster in human mould, the memory of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers is execrated by the world.

Such women stand out like finger-posts on a sunny shore, indicating where the treacherous quicksands lie, and proving the female character to be capable of great enormities.

Few happily have the opportunity for the magnitude of crime practiced by those named here; yet, as the gushing river grows from the single drop, so do the passions and the vices which, in the end produce such crimes, spring from a fountain of unhallowed feeling as small, compared to the full crime, as the tiny drop to the wide flowing river.

And if woman's nature be capable of this enormity of ill, so is it also capable of good. Crime is the consequence of an ill-trained heart and mind, and the most favored natures—those which are imbued with the strongest feelings and the strongest purposes—are exactly those which, capable of the greatest good, run to the extreme of ill. It is a thought of deep responsibility! Shall the talent given be so foully abused, and returned to the Mas-

ter's hand soiled, defaced, and blemished? And on the retrospect, can woman's position, in a social point of view, be deemed inferior to man's? She has the early training of the whole human race intrusted to her; the days of childhood begin and grow beneath her influence; the first impressions of life are formed by her, and, as life progresses, she has the power of still directing those impressions. Whatever be her lot, whether married or single—as the wife, the mother, the child—her influence exists. In savage or civil-

ed life, in bondage or in freedom, amid the enlightened inhabitants of our own land, or the unlettered denizens of barbarian regions, is woman's influence, either acknowledged or unacknowledged, still felt. Where she is highly esteemed, the general tone of society is good; but where she is held in a degraded light, society shares in the degradation. Thus then must we regard her position, and acknowledge the immense importance, in the social scale, of—Woman and Woman-kind.

From the Westminster Review.

THE TERRIBLE CALAS TRAGEDY.*

It happens, from time to time, that the world is called upon to alter or reverse one of its settled judgments on some character or event of the past time. Some new evidence turns up, or the old facts are more carefully and critically inquired into, and the result is, that the traditional view of the case has to be modified or corrected. This is the legitimate advance of knowledge. This is the way in which history can take its place among the progressive studies; and to make such a discovery is one of the most prized rewards of its critical study.

A very different complexion belongs to those fluctuations of the popular taste which dispose it at one to admire, and soon again to hate, the same objects. This mutability of opinion—the “turba Remi” burning the gods which once it worshiped—does not operate upon the living hero or statesman only, it is extended far back into history. This shifting of opinion is a process, like the other, incessantly at work, and inevitable in its ope-

rations as the law of elevation and depression in terrestrial physics. But it is not a legitimate process. It is not one worked out by the science of criticism. It is no part of the solid victory of the human understanding. It is rather the play of human passion, and the confession of human infirmity.

A very remarkable instance of this instability of historical belief is brought before us by a *brochure* of a young writer, who bears the honored name of Athanasie Coquerel. It offers a complete narrative, far the most complete that has ever been published, of the case of Jean Calas, a Protestant, who was executed at Toulouse, in 1762, on the charge of having murdered his eldest son, but who was afterwards discovered to have been innocent. The publication has been called forth by perceiving a fashion growing up, first in Catholic circles and religious periodicals, and extending gradually from them to society at large, of believing Calas guilty. This “view,” which is thus spreading itself to the sun, has no foundation on any new documents or facts that have only now been brought to light. It is a mere sign of the great general reaction of opinion in France—one of the straws which show which way the wind is set-

* *Jean Calas, et sa Famille, Etude Historique d'après les Documents Originaux, suivie des Dépêches du Comte Saint Florentin, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat, etc.* Par ATHANASIE COQUEREL Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Reformée de Paris. Paris. Joul Cœrbuliez. 1858.

ting. More than two years ago Emile Montégut said (*Revue de Deux Mondes*):

"What do you think of the Calas business—what of that of the Chevalier Labarre? Are you for or against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Such is the conversation, full of present meaning, which one hears in the salons of Paris—Paris of the nineteenth century."

This disposition is not mere levity and fickleness, the caprice of the mob which turns upon its own idol—*odit damnatos*—it is a part of that general Catholic revival which has been working for some years, and which, like a fog, is spreading over the face of opinion, and giving its own views and altered proportions to all objects, past, present, and future. This change of opinion about an event which happened nearly one hundred years back, proceeds not from the growth of knowledge on the topic on which the opinion is formed, but from the accretion of ignorance. The facts and proof once known are convincing. But the innocence of the unhappy victim is, for reasons which will be seen in the following pages, a truth extremely unpleasant to the Catholics. If they can only get inquiry stifled and criticism gagged, then they may safely maintain their thesis. This application of force, however, to drown the truth of history, is one for which opinion in France is not yet ripe, though it is rapidly advancing in that direction. M. Coquerel has taken advantage of that remnant of freedom which is still left to the French writer to publish a clear and succinct narrative of the transaction. We have thought it worth while to give our readers a very succinct *résumé* of this narrative. Not only is this *cause célèbre* of the highest interest in itself, but its connection with existing passions and prejudices curiously illustrates the temper and tendencies of French thought at the present moment.

Toulouse, the theater of the tragedy, obtained its popular appellation of *La Sainte* from possessing in the crypt of one of its churches the skeletons of seven out of the twelve apostles. This extraordinary accumulation of riches justified the inscription over the vault in which they were contained:

"Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus."

The sanctity of the locality was not without its influence upon the character of the population. From the year 1203, when

the "genius loci" inspired Saint Dominic with the idea of the order to which mankind owes the Inquisition, down even to the murder of General Ramel by the Catholic Royalists in 1815, the history of the Holy City offers a series of fanatical outbursts and ferocious cruelties, which can only be paralleled in ancient Egypt or in modern Turkey. To ascribe these deeds of blood and frenzy to the influence of the Catholic superstition would be an error. But it is too true that the priests and ministers of the religion, instead of checking, have fomented the savage passions of the multitude; instead of disavowing, have adopted their feats of murder, have publicly justified them, and endeavored to make the Church responsible for them.

One of these achievements of the religious mob of Toulouse was enacted in the sixteenth century. In 1562, a Huguenot procession was accompanying a corpse to burial, when it was set upon, under some pretext or other, by the rabble. The street-row grew into a general fight. The Reformed population of Toulouse, though a considerable body, was vastly outnumbered by the Orthodox, and was obliged to entrench itself in the Hotel de Ville, and stand a siege. The besiegers sent the Governor of Narbonne to offer terms. The Protestants accepted them. They were to march out of their defenses, leaving their arms and munitions, and to retire unmolested whither they thought fit. On Whitsunday, May 17th, the Protestants began their retreat. Though they had chosen the hour of vespers designedly to avoid all risk of commotion in the streets, the Catholics obtained intelligence of the movement, rushed out of the churches, seized arms, and massacred upwards of three thousand unarmed men, women, and children.

But this was the work of an ignorant and fanatical populace, brutalized by feudal oppression, kindled into momentary rage by the armed resistance of their enemies. It was a time of civil war, in fact, a war in which both parties were equally in the wrong, Huguenots as well as Catholics; and the excesses of the victorious faction were lamented by all good men, even of their own party.

Nothing of the sort. The Church adopted the double crime of perjury and murder. The Parlement of Toulouse instituted an annual *fête* to commemorate the massacre of the 17th of May. The Pope

(Pius IV.) hastened to issue a bull, in which he authorized the religious ceremony, and attached indulgences and benedictions to it. Two centuries afterwards, 1762, the *fête* of "The Deliverance" had its centenary. It was celebrated with extraordinary fervor and magnificence. Clement XIII. renewed the bull of Pius IV. with ampler privileges. Such is the aspect of the Church toward crime, when it is committed in its own interest.

The event of which we are about to narrate the chief incidents, fell in the year 1761. There lived at Toulouse a certain Jean Calas. He kept a respectable draper's shop in one of the principal streets of the city—Grande Rue des Filetters, No. 10. He had been forty years established in business; his age was sixty-three, his character simple, his dealings honest, his habits industrious, and his unassuming virtues those which were hereditary in the families of the Protestant *bourgeois*. The piety of the Protestants of that age had lost its harshness, without abating its grave sincerity. Calas was known among his neighbors as uniting steadiness to his inherited religious principles with entire tolerance towards his Catholic fellow-citizens; a tolerance which was very far from being reciprocal, and which was rare in provincial towns in those days, and, indeed, is far from being universal in these. He was, in consequence, generally respected, and among his co-religionists enjoyed, like Isaac Walton, a consideration far above his worldly rank. Limited as were his means, we find him admitted to the society and friendship of the *petite noblesse* of Languedoc, and even connected with some of them by marriage.

His family consisted of his wife, who was eighteen years younger than himself, and who appears, by her conduct during her examination, to have been a woman of strong sense and superior character, six children, and one maid-servant. Of the children four were sons, Marc-Antoine, Jean-Pierre, Louis, Jean-Louis-Donat, and two daughters, Anne-Rose and Anne.

The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, with whom we are principally concerned, was, in the year 1761, twenty-eight years old. He had been a law-student at the University, and taken his Bachelor's degree. He had what is described as a taste for letters, which seems rather to have been a taste for a sauntering, easy life, and a decided distaste for the shop. But no

one could, in France, be admitted to the bar without a certificate of Catholicity, signed by the curé of the parish. These tyrannical regulations, by which the professions and many of the trades were closed to the Protestants, were somewhat alleviated in practice by the good-nature of many curés, who used to sign these certificates without inquiry, as matters of course. In the present case, however, the curé had refused to give the voucher without an attestation signed by a priest, to certify that Marc-Antoine had confessed to him. This disappointment had soured the temper and broken the spirits of the youth. He became moody, silent, irritated against the present, and without prospects for the future. He took no part in the amusements which the household shared together, and sate by, not joining in any conversation which might be going on, but appearing occupied with some thoughts of his own. He read a good deal, and was often heard to comment on the excuses for suicide urged by Plutarch and Montaigne.

The maid, Jeanne Viguier, was a zealous Catholic, but had lived twenty-three years in the family, and brought up the children, to whom she was much attached. Her zeal for their spiritual interests had induced her to attempt their conversion. She had succeeded with one member of the family only, the only one without character or good sense—the third son, Louis. These endeavors, however, were but additional evidence of her zealous devotion to the family, to whom she adhered through their terrible trials with a steady fidelity which was rare, even in those days, and in the southern provinces, which retained more of the old-fashioned manners than the north.

Such was the *personnel* of the family at the time when the quiet course of their existence was broken by a catastrophe so sudden and undeserved, at the same time so blighting and irretrievable, as to excite the compassion and sympathy of all succeeding ages in the highest degree of which our nature is capable.

The following account of the facts is contained in a letter written by Madame Calas herself, for the information of a friend of the family. Its natural and simple language, and the suppressed anguish of spirit which it reveals, make it more touching than the most highly-colored narrative could be.

"I herewith send you an exact and true statement of our unhappy business, as it happened.

"On the thirteenth of October, an evil day for us, M. G. La Vaisse arrived at Toulouse, from Bordeaux, on a visit to his parents. He found they had left town for their country box, and he endeavored in vain to hire a horse to take him out. Between four and five in the afternoon he came to our house. My husband said to him, that as he was not leaving the city, it would give us great pleasure if he would sup with us. He readily consented, and came upstairs to see me. After the first compliments were passed between us, he said: 'I am coming to supper with you; your husband has asked me.' I expressed my satisfaction, and left him for a few minutes, to give some orders in consequence. When I went down-stairs, I found my eldest son alone in the shop, seated, in a very absent mood apparently. I requested him to purchase some Roquefort cheese for supper. This was his ordinary province, as he knew more about cheese than any of the others. I then ascended again to the room where I had left M. La Vaisse, who soon took his leave.

"He returned at supper-time, (seven o'clock,) and we all took our places. The conversation during the meal turned on indifferent matters—the antiquities at the Hotel de Ville, etc. After supper, which did not last very long, my unhappy boy (Marc-Antoine, the eldest son) rose from table, as usual, and went towards the kitchen. The servant asked him, 'Are you cold, Monsieur Lainé?' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'I am burning hot.' We remained seated at table a very short time longer, and then passed into an adjoining room, and continued the conversation. My younger son fell asleep, and about three quarters after nine, or towards ten o'clock, M. La Vaisse took his leave. We wakened up Pierre, who went down stairs with a light in his hand, to show M. La Vaisse out.

"A moment after we heard their cries of alarm, and my husband ran down to see what was the matter, I remaining, all trembling, in the passage at the head of the stairs, not daring to go down, and not knowing what it could mean.

"At last, as no one returned, I ventured down, and at the foot of the stairs encountered M. La Vaisse, and asked him hurriedly what it was. He only replied by urging me to go up stairs again; and he went up with me, but left me immediately. I did not know what to do, so I called to Jeannette, and sent her down to see what had happened. As she did not return, I went down again myself; and what was my horror when I saw, great God! my dear son stretched upon the ground! I did not suppose he was dead, so I ran for a bottle of *Reine de Hongrie*, supposing that he was taken suddenly faint, and did every thing I could think of to revive him, not being able to persuade myself that it was his dead body which I had before me.

"Meanwhile the surgeon had come in, with-

out my seeing that he was there, till I found him telling me that my pains were of no use, for that he was dead. I persisted in asserting that it could not be so, and implored him to use all his efforts to save him. He did so, to appease me, but in vain. All this time my husband was leaning against a desk, in a state of desperation. My heart was torn in two between the sad sight of my son stretched dead before me, and the fear of losing my husband, who abandoned himself to sorrow, and would listen to no consolation. They made us go up-stairs; and in that state we were when the officers of justice came and arrested us.

"This is, word for word, what happened. May the Almighty, who knows our innocence, punish me eternally if I have exaggerated or diminished one iota, or have not told the pure truth. I am ready to seal this truth with my blood.

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,
ANNE ROSE CABIÉL CALAS."

The mother confines her statement to what she herself saw. From the depositions of other witnesses taken at the time, we can fill up what is wanting to complete the story of the events in the Rue des Filetiers.

When La Vaisse returned to supper at seven o'clock, Pierre Calas who had been out along with him, shut and barred the outer door of the house towards the street. This circumstance, which was afterwards construed as premeditation of crime, explains itself by the ordinary practice of the shops, where the front-door was invariably fastened while the family were at meals.

After retiring from the supper-table the party spent about two hours in chatting in the adjoining parlor, Madame Calas working at her embroidery the while. When they came to wake Pierre, on La Vaisse's departure, the young man tried to deny that he had been asleep. They rallied him playfully on it, and the adieux were mirthful and gay; the last time that gayety visited that household. Death was already within the walls.

When La Vaisse, accompanied by Pierre, reached the bottom of the stairs, he noticed that the door leading from the passage into the shop was open, which, it seems, was unusual, and raised a momentary suspicion that some person had got into the shop who had no business there. Pierre went in to look. The first object that met his eye was the body of his brother suspended by the neck against the inner door by which the outer shop (*boutique*) communicated with an inner store-

room, (*magasin*.) Across the two leaves of this folding-door, as it stood open, the unhappy suicide had placed a long billet of wood, and suspended himself by a cord and running knot. Pierre took hold of his brother's hand, on which the body began to swing, and the two then called out for help. Jean, the father, came down instantly, and seeing what had happened, seized the corpse in his arms. The round billet of wood, thus relieved of its burden, rolled off the top of the doors, and fell to the ground. He deposited the body on the floor, and slipped the knot, crying out to Pierre: "Run for Camoire." Camoire was a surgeon who lived in the neighborhood. Pierre and La Vaisse both rushed out, and returned with a young man, a pupil or apprentice of the surgeon.

As soon as Jean Calas came to understand what had happened, his first thought was for the honor of his dead son and the family. "Let no one know," he cried, "that he has died by his own hand." La Vaisse was easily enjoined to secrecy on this point. This deception may have given an unfavorable color to the case, but it was extremely natural, if not excusable, when we recollect the hideous barbarity of the French law of suicide.

Such were the occurrences within the house. Misery enough for the afflicted family. But this was but the beginning of sorrow. Outside the house, in the street, a considerable assemblage of the curious had gathered. Misfortune must never expect sympathy or commiseration from a crowd: They began, as usual, to indulge in liberal commentary on the enigmatical proceedings within the house. The usual uncharitableness of such remarks was, in this instance, inflamed by the ardent hatred of French Catholics against a Protestant. The ingenuity and malice of an individual could not have deliberately invented a fiction more plausible or more destructive to its object than that which grew up spontaneously from the passions and imagination of this street-mob. It only needed to be suggested, and these Catholics were sure, that the Protestant parents had murdered their son. But with what motive? why, of course it was to prevent him from turning Catholic. It is the business of justice to crush such scandal, and to sift facts without regard to what may be the popular cry. "*Vane voces populi non sunt audiendæ*," is a maxim of the Roman law. In

this instance the magistrate caught eagerly at the suggestion, and thenceforth all the efforts of law were bent towards getting up a plausible proof of a suggestion which had this chance origin.

The public of Toulouse, as well as the administration of justice, both civil and criminal, "*haute et basse*," was in the hands of a municipal council, locally elected. These eight councillors, or aldermen, formed a court, styled "the Consistory," each member of which was called a "*Capitoul*," (that is, member of the chapter, *capitulum*.) Out of the total number of eight Capitouls, the majority were changed, or reelected annually. But two or three of the body were usually persons who had purchased their place, according to the custom which prevailed in France before the Revolution. These held their post for life. This of course gave these "titular Capitouls," so they were styled, a very great ascendancy over their annual colleagues. One of these titulars at the present juncture was David de Beaudrigue. This man was not a villain, though he has been made to play that part in some of the tragedies founded on this history. He was one of those self-important officials, to whose well-meaning zeal so much of the evil which takes effect in the world is owing. As a police officer he was in his place. The impetuous restlessness of his temperament, even in this capacity, made him perpetually overstep the line of usefulness. Such a man is always dangerous except when kept under the strict control of a superior. But as a magistrate, with supreme control over the persons and property of others, there exists no form of character more pregnant of mischief to society. He is ready to become the instrument, and always a most energetic instrument, of the reigning prejudice or passion. In the present case, the Catholic fanaticism of Toulouse was the storm that swept him away. He came into it with all the violence of his character, and displayed, in hunting the Calas to the death, as much blind passion and ferocious determination as if, instead of judge, he had been a party having a private injury to revenge.

David had been roused from his first sleep by the commotion which began to spread through the city. He hurried to the spot with the watch, ordering at the same time a physician and two surgeons to be fetched. His first measure was to

arrest Pierre Calas, who had remained down-stairs with the body while the parents had withdrawn above. He then, without any of the formalities which the law required, or any examination of the premises, ordered off the body of Marc-Antoine to the Hotel de Ville, and proceeded to arrest Monsieur and Madame Calas, the maid Jeanne, La Vaisse, and a friend of the family named Cazeing who had come to the house on hearing the terrible news. The parents of the defunct, absorbed in grief, supposed that they were being conducted to the Hotel de Ville to depose to the circumstances of the suicide. Pierre was about leaving a candle burning in the passage, that they might find a light on their return. David, with a sarcastic leer at his simplicity, bade him put it out: "They would not get home again so soon."

It is obvious how this precipitate arrest, and the neglect of an examination of the spot, was calculated to prejudice the case of the Calas family. It is possible that a proper scrutiny at the time would have established at once the fact of self-murder. Some essentials of the evidence were irretrievably lost. Such was the hurry of the proceedings, that David did not even stay to ascertain the name of Cazeing, but described him in the *procès-verbal*, as "*un espèce d'abbé*." This "sort of clergyman" was a manufacturer of stuffs, and, as an employer of several hundred hands, perfectly well known in Toulouse. One of David's colleagues arrived while he was making out this *procès*, and seeing the trembling eagerness of the zealot, ventured to suggest a little more patience and caution. "*Je prend tout sur moi*," was the reply; "*c'est ici la cause de la religion*."

We shall not follow step by step the subsequent hearings of the five accused, for such they now were, before the Consistory. The procedure of a French court of justice before the Revolution seems to have been arranged, not with a view of eliciting truth, but with that of securing condemnation. In the *procès-Calas*, even this iniquitous system would have failed of its purpose. It required all the address and management of David to get up a case sufficiently plausible to obtain a sentence against his victims. The prisoners were kept in close confinement, not allowed to communicate with their friends outside, and consequently unable to in-

struct counsel for their defense. The daughters Calas, and Louis, employed an advocate. But not only had he no access to his clients, he could not approach the tribunal. For there was no public trial. The accused were interrogated separately and secretly by the judges. They could produce no witnesses for the defense, nor state any thing except in answer to a question of the court. The advocate's part was reduced to that of presenting "*memoirs*," which it was at the judge's option to treat with neglect. But in this case David had taken care that not even a "*requête*" should reach the bench. At the beginning of the process, the attorney employed by the *Demoiselles Calas* had filed a bill in the court which was calculated, but apparently not judiciously calculated, to stay the proceedings. So irritated was David at this attempt to arrest his course, that he employed all his credit to get the attorney, Duroux, cashiered. He did actually succeed in getting him sentenced to a public apology, and three months' suspension. After this it became impossible for the friends of Calas to find an attorney to act for them. Even the bailiffs declined the hazardous office of serving the memorials which their advocate drew up.

Notwithstanding all these arrangements, the affair did not progress rapidly. More than thirty witnesses had been examined, yet no evidence had been obtained which permitted the Calas to be sentenced. It was found necessary to have recourse to the "*monitory*." This was a resource of the civil tribunals in cases where witnesses were backward. The Attorney-General drew up a list of "*presumed facts*" of which the Court was in need of evidence, which list was addressed to the ecclesiastical authority, and by it dispersed to the various parishes, to be read from the pulpits by the curés. The monitory so published informed all those who *knew by hearsay or otherwise* any of the circumstances stated in the requisition, that if they did not appear to disclose what they knew before either the magistrate, or the *curé of their parish*, they rendered themselves liable to excommunication. One of the rules for drawing up this terrible document in point of form required that it should always summon witnesses on both sides — for the defense as well as the prosecution. This provision was necessary, because the tribunals in

those days adhered rigorously to the maxim of the Roman law, that no witness can be heard who offers himself. (*Testis se offerens repellitur a testimonio.*) As the accused themselves were not allowed to call witnesses, none could appear for the defense at all, were the monitory so worded as to cite them for the prosecution only. In the present case the Attorney-General, with flagrant illegality, drew up his requisition in this partial form.

Meanwhile the passions of the populace were further appealed to by the aid of religion. It was determined to give Marc-Antoine a public funeral. The Attorney-General, by collusion with the Capitouls, demanded, in the King's name, an order for interment on the ground that "une foule de motifs le rendent necessaire." As proper means had been taken to guard against decomposition, there were no other motives that could reasonably be alleged. David, and one of his colleagues, took an opportunity when the rest of the consistory were absent, and they found themselves alone with two of their assessors of whom they were sure, to make an order to that effect. They then engaged the curé of the parish of St. Etienne to undertake the ceremonies. Accordingly the body of a Protestant and a suicide was buried with all the honors of the Catholic Church, attended by all the clergy in Toulouse. It shows the temper of the people, that one of the lay confraternities, called the "White Penitents," attended the procession in their colors, on the pretext that the "martyred" Marc-Antoine had entertained the idea of joining their society. After this, one reads with satisfaction, in the *Moniteur* of eighth Avril, 1792, in the decree suppressing the confraternities throughout France, that the part played by the "Penitents Blancs" in the affair of Calas is recited as one of the motives of the suppression.

By these means a mass of evidence was slowly gathered which enabled the Capitouls to proceed to judgment. Not that any new facts, either direct or circumstantial, belonging to the tragedy of October thirteenth had been collected. The depositions are a mass of suspicions and hearsays, proving only the general animosity with which the Protestants were habitually regarded by their neighbors, and pointing constructively to the conclusion that the heretics thought any crime, even assassination, permissible to prevent

the conversion of one of their body to the Catholic faith. From this premiss the inference was, that on the thirteenth October, 1762, Jean Calas, aided and abetted by his wife, his son Pierre, his servant Jeanne Viguier, and the young La Vaisse, had murdered his eldest son, Marc-Antoine. There was no evidence whatever for the murder, but the particular fact was thought to be sufficiently proved, because the general doctrine of the Protestants had been presumptively established. The accused were not proved guilty, but they had been rigorously excluded from offering any evidence of their innocence. It was not to be endured that heretics should be allowed to say that one who had received from the Church the honors of a martyr had been a suicide. Nor, indeed, in the excited state of popular feeling could any witness have dared, even if the citation had been so framed as to have admitted it, to depose in favor of the accused. There were, indeed, two persons who could and would have come forward to affirm on oath the innocence of Calas and his wife. These two persons were La Vaisse, and the maid Jeanne Viguier. The prosecutors were, indeed, much embarrassed by having arrested these two persons, and by having included them in the charge. Jeanne Viguier was a devout Catholic, who had been the means of converting one of her young masters, Louis Calas, and was supposed to have been urgent with Marc-Antoine to follow his brother's example. The absurdity of the supposition that she had aided in murdering Marc-Antoine, to prevent his conversion, was glaring, and the obvious mode of removing it would have been to have silently released her. But had she been released, she would have immediately appeared in quality of witness to prove that she had never quitted the Calas, father and mother, for an instant, from supper-time to the discovery of the body, and it would have been impossible to bring them in guilty.

As to the state of opinion in Toulouse, it was now the fixed belief of the whole city that one of the articles of the Protestant creed required all Protestants to put to death any member of their body who became a convert to the Church Catholic; that their own parents were bound to denounce them, nay, to aid, if required, in their execution. It was further affirmed by those who pretended to know, that on

the morning of the thirteenth, an Assembly of Protestants had been held in a house which they named, at which the assassination of Mare-Antoine had been resolved in solemn conclave. One of the depositions bearing on this charge may be selected as illustrative, not only of the evidence in this case, but of the sort of evidence admissible under the system of secret interrogatory practiced in the French Courts before the Revolution:

"Pierre Lagréye, master-tailor, sixty-first witness, declares, that he had it from one Bonnemaison, that he, the said Bonnemaison had heard say, that a laborer of Carman, on hearing of the affair of Calas, had said, that there was nothing strange in it, for that five or six persons had been made away with at Carman in the same fashion."

Evidence enough of this sort had been got, and public opinion in Toulouse was not only ready, but impatient, for a severe sentence. Accordingly, on November eighteenth, the Capitouls met, and proceeded to what was called a preliminary sentence, which condemned Jean and Madame Calas, with their son Pierre to the rack, (*question ordinaire et extraordinaire*;) and La Vaisse and Viguiier to be "presented." This presentation consisted in attaching the persons to the instrument of torture, and making every preparation for proceeding, and in that position interrogating them.

The sentence was immediately read to the victims. They appealed from the sentence of the Consistory to the higher court, the Parlement. Their appeal was met by a counter appeal on the part of the Attorney-General, an appeal *a minima*; that is, on the ground that the sentence on the two last criminals was too slight.

The Parlement of Toulouse ranked as the second supreme court of justice in the kingdom. The Chambre de Tournele, so called because the counselors sat in it in rotation, was a board, or judicial committee of magistrates for the hearing of criminal appeals. It consisted apparently of fifteen members, though only thirteen sat and voted on this appeal. None of these magistrates bear names of historic note, though many of them were men of high consideration in Languedoc. Under such a system, however, where offices were purchased, and

the magistracy vied with each other in truckling for ministerial favors, the highest names give no security for justice or even for common integrity. Those who know any thing of the history of the provincial Parlements will be prepared to find that the magistracy of Toulouse did but swim with the stream, and fall in with all the prepossessions and passions of the *bourgeoisie*.

It will be unnecessary to go over again the pleadings before the Chamber, as the depositions which had already been taken in the court below were put in the higher court, and nothing material was added. The accused had here, however, the advantage of counsel. They could not have had an abler advocate than M. Sudre. Combining a thorough knowledge of the civil law with a classical taste, the pleadings which he drew up for the defense are in the best style of the French bar, and far superior in their chastened reserve to the exaggerated and tumid protocols which were put forth at a later period of the affair, when it had begun to attract the attention of Europe. They do not appear to have produced any effect upon the magistrates. One member of the Chamber only, M. de La Salle, was, at an early period of the trial, convinced of the innocence of the unhappy Calas, and was courageous enough to brave public opinion in the endeavor to save them. He was easily put aside by his colleagues, not by argument, but by the simple sarcasm: "Ah! Monsieur, vous êtes tout Calas!" What courage it required to bear even this useless testimony to truth may be conceived from the fact that M. Sudre, for his generosity in undertaking the defense of the helpless, lost all his practice at the bar, no one daring to employ a barrister who had so seriously compromised himself.

After ten "grandes séances" the court proceeded to deliver judgment. M. de La Salle, from highly conscientious motives, abstained from voting, as having already taken a part out of court. Of the thirteen judges who voted, only seven voted for the extreme sentence of the law. This would have saved the prisoner, as the law required an absolute majority of the chamber. Upon this the senior magistrate present, out of complaisance to the court, transferred his vote, and the required majority was obtained.

The sentence condemned Jean Calas—

"1. To the rack (*la question ordinaire et extraordinaire*) to draw from him a confession of his crime, and a betrayal of his accomplices.

"2. That in his shirt, head and feet bare, he should be drawn from prison to the cathedral, and there on his knees, at the principal entrance, with a candle of wax two pounds weight in his hands, he should demand pardon for his crime of God, the king, and the laws.

"3. That he should then be replaced in the cart, and taken to the Place Saint-Georges, where he should be stretched on a wheel, and have his arms, legs, thighs, and ribs broken by the executioner.

"4. That he should then be laid upon his back, with his face toward heaven, to live as long as it should please God to give him life in pain and repentance for his crime and misdeeds, and to serve as an example of terror to other malefactors."

This sentence was pronounced March 9, 1762, and executed the following day.

The horrible details of the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, by rack and by water, are given at length in the official *procès-verbal*. Human nature shrinks before the repetition of them. Suffice it to say that the spirit of the heroic victim triumphed over his mortal agonies, and that the butchers, assisted by the exhortations of two Jacobin friars, only extorted a consistent and unwavering declaration of innocence. In the hideous interrogatory between the patient and his judges we have no difficulty in recognizing an error on the one side endeavoring in vain to find any grounds on which to establish itself: on the other, the integrity of innocence reproducing itself in every form, and under the most terrible test to which human nature can be subjected. When brought out on the scaffold for the final scene of brutality, a single cry escaped his lips at the first blow out of the eleven, each one of which broke a bone. He endured the rest without a murmur. When stretched out in the manner prescribed by the sentence, notwithstanding the double torture and the breaking of his limbs, life was still so tenacious in the man of sixty-four, that he lingered in his agony for two hours. At the expiration of this time the executioner had orders to put a period to his sufferings. At this moment David, who had presided at the torture, and had been watching the subsequent proceedings, unable any longer to control his rage and disappointment at not having

extracted a confession, rushed towards him on the scaffold: "Wretch, you have but a moment more to live! Confess the truth!" Calas, unable to speak, but retaining his faculties perfectly, made a sign in the negative with his head, and the executioner put the cord round his neck.

It is some consolation to outraged humanity to record the end of David. As light was gradually thrown upon this horrible perversion of justice, David found himself become the object of universal detestation. In 1765 he was turned out of the Capitolate. The horrors of his situation deranged his mind. He thought he saw gibbets and executioners on every side of him. He was taken home to his native place for the benefit of the air. He threw himself out of window once, but without fatal consequences. Though carefully watched, he managed to evade his keepers a second time, and killed himself by throwing himself from a window, crying out the name of Calas!

In relating the fate of the wretched Capitoul, we have anticipated. We return to the year 1762.

It had been thought advisable to take the case of Jean Calas first, separate from the others, as it was expected the torture would wring from him such a confession as would furnish a better ground of proceeding to their condemnation than as yet existed. The heroism of the father saved his family. The day after the execution, the *Procureur-Général*,* "*ce Procureur de Beelzebuth*," Voltaire called him in the Sirven affair in 1770, moved the court to proceed to sentence the rest of the prisoners. He demanded that Madame Calas, her son, and La Vaisse should be hung, and Jeanne Viguier confined for life in the prison of the asylum, after having been present at the execution of her accomplices. On the 18th March the court pronounced its decision. This was—against Pierre Calas, banishment: against the other three, a verdict of acquittal. It is evident from this sentence that the judges had already begun to feel a suspicion of their error. For if Pierre had been guilty as an accessory to the murder of his brother, he should not have been let off with banishment. And if he was

* The *Procureur-Général* was the head of the bar attached to a supreme court. The *Procureur-du-Roi* held the same position at the bar attached to any inferior court.

not accessory, for what crime was the penalty of banishment inflicted? And as he and the other three were not accessory to the murder, we are to suppose that a man of sixty-four had, unassisted, strangled a vigorous young man of twenty-eight, without his even being able to make sufficient resistance to alarm the rest of the household. This second sentence is the severest censure on the first.

Such was the tragedy enacted in Toulouse. Let us turn to the effect produced as it came to be known beyond the walls.

On the Protestants of France it produced the utmost degree of consternation. The odious horrors of the torture and execution of an innocent man, and the blind violence with which his destruction at all hazards had been pushed on, struck the imagination with awe. But more than even this were they alarmed by finding the whole of the Reformed churches publicly charged in an official document, authenticated by the Church, with holding the doctrine that it was the duty of parents to assassinate their children if they showed a disposition to become Catholics. They thought themselves obliged to obtain a solemn disavowal of the tenet, signed by the "Venerable Company of the Pastors, etc., of the Church at Geneva." And they further engaged the most accredited name among the French Reformed, the illustrious Paul Rabaut, Pastor of the Desert, to put forth a "Memorial" in their defense. This defense, entitled *La Calomnie Confondue*, is, in the opinion of M. Coquerel, not the production of Paul Rabaut himself. He was led to this conclusion by the style of the pamphlet, which is spirited, defiant, and tinged with the declamatory rhetoric of the man of letters of that age. Such was not the attitude of the Reformed religion in France in the eighteenth century. The French Protestants were terrified at the pluck of their own apologist, and hastened to let him know that they found his pamphlet "too severe." Too severe on the murderers of Calas! To what can a few generations of unresisted and hopeless oppression bring a feeble and persecuted class or sect of men? We may not taunt these unhappy "sheep in the desert" with pusillanimity. But it is too true that the vigor and life of the Huguenot body had quitted their country at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Those

who staid behind had to drain to the dregs the bitter cup of insult and humiliation. They voluntarily accepted their lot, and their submission produced its natural effects on their character. We are reminded of the description given of them in the indignant appeals of Saurin to these Nicodemites, as he calls them, who, by remaining at home, had sacrificed their conscience to their interests. Saurin reproaches them with betraying their God and their brethren. It would be more true to say that they were unfaithful to themselves. They had, like all defeated parties, lost the consciousness of being in the right, and seemed to cling to their creed rather from a stupid tenacity than from conviction. They justified their oppressors, and really thought it "treason" to complain. We must ascribe to this entire subjugation to the opinion of the majority the fact, that many Protestants in France at first expressed their full belief in the guilt of Calas.

All that the voice from the Desert dared to call in question was the ascription to the Protestant body of the doctrine of assassination. Even for this moderate resistance the memorial of Paul Rabaut was ordered by the Parliament of Toulouse to be burnt in the public square, and informations were directed to be taken against all "concerned in composing, writing, printing, or distributing the said libel." The sentence on Jean Calas, a sentence passed with every solemnity by the second court of justice in the kingdom, no Protestant would have ventured to dispute the legality of, whatever suspicion he might have nursed in private. But even had the Protestants possessed the will, they had not the power to obtain a hearing. It required a mind unsubjugated by the reigning fanaticism, and a voice which could make itself heard, in order to bring the murderers of Calas to the bar of public opinion.

About the end of March, 1762, a merchant of Marseilles, on his way home from Toulouse, stopped at Geneva, paid a visit to Voltaire, and gave him an account of the dreadful scene which he had just witnessed. He affirmed most emphatically that Calas was innocent. Over and above the indignation inspired by the perversion of justice, there was that in the character of the business which in an especial manner addressed itself to Voltaire's interests.

The most sincere and disinterested of his feelings was his burning indignation against crimes committed in the name of religion. In the Toulouse tragedy he had brought home to him one of the most atrocious of such crimes on record. And this, on either alternative. Was Calas guilty? Then would be betrayed a dark and murderous fanaticism lurking among the crushed relics of French Calvinism. Was he innocent? Then Catholic bigotry had committed in the sight of day an atrocious wickedness, which it concerned the honor of the French nation to atone for as publicly and fully as lay in its power. With his accustomed energy he set about obtaining all the information he could gather; he spared neither time nor labor, nor any of his accustomed artifice, to elicit, to surprise—the truth; writing in every direction, checking one correspondent by another. If he found one of his informants zealous in the cause of the Calas, Voltaire assumed the tone of one who believed their guilt, and challenges proof of the contrary. It was not long, however, before he saw his own way. The task of putting the evidence in a shape to convince others was much more serious. For one species of proof which had most influenced himself could not be represented on paper. This was his experiments, for so we may call them, on the two sons. Donat Calas, the youngest, was then fifteen; he had been apprenticed to a tradesman at Nîmes. After the arrest and imprisonment of his family, he was recommended to fly the country, as the only way of escaping being involved in the catastrophe; he took refuge at Geneva; here Voltaire found him, carried him home to "Les Délices," and kept him with him. By this means he gained a knowledge not only of the young man's own disposition, but of the character of the family, and the interior economy of their household. Had Voltaire found in Donat the traces of savage fanaticism and sectarian hatred, it would at least have given possibility to the crime. He recognized, on the contrary, in the family with whose habits he thus made acquaintance, a gentleness of manners, a respectful tolerance towards the Catholic religion, which is most remote from such sacrifices to Moloch as were alleged. In July, Pierre Calas, having escaped from a Dominican convent at Toulouse into which he had been entrapped, made his appear-

ance at Geneva. Voltaire, not content with examining him, placed persons in secret espionage near him for four months. His whole conduct and language, writes Voltaire, at the conclusion of this long trial, "sont de l'innocence la plus pure, et de la douleur la plus vraie." The innocence of Calas is not doubtful. Had it been otherwise, the result of Voltaire's experiment upon the sons would have been of the greatest weight in favor of the father. It may be true that it suited Voltaire's purposes to attack the Parlement rather than the Protestants. But it was essential to him, if he did engage in a struggle with the Parlement, to be sure that he had right on his side before beginning. Had he had a bad case, he must have been ignominiously defeated. As it was, with right and justice on his side, success was doubtful.

As soon as he was decided to act, it was necessary to engage the coöperation of the Widow Calas. Broken-hearted by a calamity which was irreparable by any human aid, she had retired with Jeanne Viguier into the country, in the neighborhood of Montauban. Her only desire now was to drag out in privacy the sorrowful remainder of a life whose sunshine had been so cruelly extinguished. When she found herself expected to reappear in the world, to undertake the journey to Paris, and the harass and shame of a personal canvass, she at first shrunk from the effort demanded. Indeed it was a hazardous as well as a difficult enterprise. She had but just escaped, herself and one of her sons, from participating in her husband's tortures and death. They might be thought fortunate in having got off so easily. Was she now to confront authority, to levy war against the Parlement of Toulouse, or even against the Capitouls? The same credit and influence which had been used to procure the unjust verdict would be exerted with tenfold force to sustain it.

Voltaire better understood the risk run in the attempt than Madame Calas herself. He knew that now the whole strength of the Church would be engaged to uphold the unjust judgment, and with the more pertinacity because they knew it to have been unjust, and its exposure would therefore involve signal disgrace. But with his far-sighted and clear understanding, he had calculated his resources, and saw that it could be done. The closest cau-

tion, however, was necessary. Had it been known that Madame Calas was in motion, the Attorney-General would have had little difficulty in obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, and shutting her up in some prison or convent. She went to Paris alone. Her means were now too narrow—for their fortune had been wrecked by the imprisonment, and even their shop pillaged by the mob—for her to afford an attendant, and the faithful Jeanne was left at home. M. La Vaisse, who acted in concert with her, also appeared in Paris under an assumed name. Voltaire from a distance watched over her proceedings, smoothed her path, and acted as her protector with that thoughtful delicacy in which he was unsurpassed. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, the lonely woman soon found herself surrounded by friends, and offers of assistance. But this brought with it new troubles. Her inexperience of the capital was so great, that every friend thought himself bound to become adviser also. The multitude of counselors became itself an embarrassment. Voltaire's time is now occupied in setting aside the impracticable proposals of mistaken well-wishers, and repairing the blunders of officious but ignorant zeal. His activity was incessant, and equalled by his steadiness. The fertility of his invention, his inexhaustible fund of expedients to meet every difficulty, were never more conspicuous than in this cause, into which he threw himself with all his soul.

The difficulties were appalling. First, there was the pervading official difficulty of getting any thing *done*, which is multiplied tenfold when it is a question of getting *undone* that which has been done. Not public offices only, and professions, but society, swarms with persons who are always convinced that an official sentence is always a just sentence. Such a one was the Duc de Villars, whom Voltaire had endeavored to enlist in the cause. He had so far complied as to make an application to the Secretary of State, that the grounds of the sentence (*motifs de l'arrêt*) might be produced:

"This is as much as I considered myself justified in saying to M. de Saint-Florentin. I could not venture to assert that the sentence was an unjust sentence, as I have no reason for thinking it so. The papers which you have forwarded to me, and which I hereby acknowledge, have not altered my opinion. I wish I may be

wrong in believing that fanaticism can prompt to any crime. But I can not suppose that thirteen judges would unanimously condemn a man to the most terrible of punishments without a certain assurance of his guilt."

These sentiments, which breathe the refinement and cold good sense of the "highest circles," were by no means confined to those circles. They were above all things adapted to damp Voltaire, who, however he might outrage decency at times, was always alive to the proprieties. An anecdote is told by M. Gaberel (*Voltaire les Gênois*) of a German Baron who happened in passing by Geneva to call at Ferney, in the very height of the business. Having just emerged from his patriarchal Schloss, the baron was in har- onial ignorance of the news of the day. Voltaire, who could think of nothing else, immediately inquired: "Monsieur, que pensez-vous du pauvre Calas, qui à été roué?"

"Il à été roué! Ah! il faut que ce soit un grant coquin!"

Voltaire's indignation may be guessed, and the visitor was summarily ejected from Ferney, much to his astonishment. His blunder was explained to him at Geneva. He, on his part, had supposed Calas to be some brigand to whom the Lord of Ferney had been administering seigniorial justice.

The coldness of official person was not the only obstacle to be grappled with. The Calas had a secret opponent in the most powerful personage in the realm, the Secretary of State, the Comte de Saint-Florentin. His opposition was all the more formidable that it was veiled under the cautious and stately reserve of diplomatic forms. What may have been the minister's policy it is impossible to guess. But we now know, from the secret dispatches, what was not penetrated by Voltaire himself, that throughout the affair the Secretary of State was the active and interested patron of the enemies of Calas.

Another danger to be guarded against was the susceptibility of the Catholics. Had the appeal of the Calas for justice been put in its true light, it might easily have been represented on the other side as a conspiracy of the Calvinists, and so not only the Church, but the whole Catholic party, have been roused to resist it. In drawing up the memorials for the appellants, Voltaire had the difficult task of pleading for a Protestant, and before

Catholic France, such as Louis XIV. had left it. His own account of the nicety of touch this required is found in one of the letters, published for the first time in 1856.

"My dear Trochin—I send you the memorial as I have worded it for our Catholics at home; you see that, like the apostle, I make myself all things to all men. A Protestant, speaking as here in his own name, could not, I thought, conceal his creed, but must speak of it with modesty, to disarm, if possible, the French prejudice against Calvinism. Consider that there are plenty of folks quite ready to say: 'What signifies it if they have beaten a Calvinist to death! The State has one enemy the less!' Depend upon it, many a good simple ecclesiastic thinks this. We must stop their mouths by a modest exposition of the reasonable side of Protestantism, so stated that the Catholic convert-mongers shall continue to cherish hopes of success."

Many other obstacles of a technical nature, such as the difficulty of obtaining a copy of the original proceedings at Toulouse, arose; the expense, which was enormous, Voltaire paid out of his own pocket, or by a subscription among his friends; but finally they were all surmounted by his address and ardor. On the seventh of March, three days short of a year since the death of Jean Calas, Voltaire had the gratification of seeing the first step towards reparation made. The Conseil d'Etat, on the motion of M. Mariette, made an order for the review of the case of Jean Calas. It had now attracted general attention, not only at the bar, and in legal and official circles, but in the court. The Conseil du Roi was held at Versailles; and we have the following account from an eye-witness, in a letter dated the following day, March eighth:

"Madam Calas's affair was decided yesterday in the Council. I accompanied her to Versailles, as did several other gentlemen—her friends. She met with a most favorable reception from the ministers. She was not obliged to wait any where. As soon as ever she presented herself, the doors flew wide open. Every one seemed bent on offering her all the sympathy in their power. The Chancellor said to her: 'Your business, Madam, engages all our thoughts. We desire that you should receive here all the consolation for your troubles, which we can give.' She proceeded to the gallery, with her daughters, to see the King pass to council. Several of the great lords addressed her—the Duc d'A., the Comte de Noailles, etc.

They undertook that the King should notice her, and placed her on purpose. But owing to a strange accident, their design was frustrated. For just as the King came to the place, one of his suite stumbled and fell, and drew all eyes upon him."

This first *arrêt* of the Council, ordering a review, was only the first stage. It took twelve months more to carry the case through all the necessary steps. The 4th of June, the Council having reviewed the case, quashed the judgment of the Parlement of Toulouse, (*arrêt de cassation*,) and ordered a new trial.

The indignation at Toulouse, when the news reached that city, was extreme. It was indeed an extreme and rare stretch of royal power to reverse the judgment of a supreme court of justice. The lawyers at Toulouse maintained that it could not be done. However, they were obliged to content themselves with muttering this constitutional doctrine, and with making an extortionate charge for certified copies of the proceedings. One religious consolation the Archbishop (Arthur Richard Dillon) indulgently added. To reward their Catholic zeal, and console them under their cruel humiliation, he permitted each of the counselors of the Parliament to have mass said at home on Sundays. In the enjoyment of these Christian comforts they had nothing to regret, as they said, in the business, but not having had the whole five broken on the wheel instead of one only.

The Council du Roi, or Privy Council, having annulled the sentence as a court of appeal, sent the case for a new trial before a court composed of the "Maitress des Requêtes de l'Hotel au Souverain." This appears to have been a sort of Palace Court, for the trial of causes arising within the precincts of the palace or royal residence. Its cognizance seems to have been extended, on this and rare occasions, to such cases as the King in council pleased to reserve for his own hearing. This second trial was of the greatest consequence for clearing the memory and establishing the innocence of Jean Calas. Had the proceedings ended in annulling the Toulouse judgment, it would have been certainly pretended that the reversal was unfounded. Now the whole evidence was gone into afresh, and the Calas were enabled to produce evidence for the defense, which the iniquitous procedure of the provincial tribunal had not admitted.

The examination of the evidence occupied six sittings of about four hours each, the last excepted, which was more than eight. The final sentence, in which the forty judges unanimously concurred, was given on the 9th of March, 1765—the very day three years on which the original sentence had been passed on Jean Calas. This piece of French puerility might better have been spared. "This theatrical trick," says Grimm, (*Corresp. Lit.*, 25 Mars,) "in so solemn a business, makes one shudder, as if one was among children playing with knives and axes." Some of the advisers of Madam Calas, elated with success, urged her to proceed to sue the Parlement of Toulouse for damages. This was judiciously prevented. She received a sum in compensation out of the public purse. It sounds considerable, but it was all exhausted in the costly legal proceedings which had now spread over three years, beside the sums which had been laid out by Voltaire. To the subscription which Voltaire opened foreign countries contributed. The Empress of Russia was said to have given three thousand livres. The English subscription-list contained nearly one hundred and fifty names, headed by those of the Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Long before all the creditors were paid off, these succors were exhausted; and it remained for the National Convention in '92—thirty years after the event—to make this final reparation. On the 23d Pluviose, the citizen Bézard made a set harangue before the Convention, reciting the whole story, and bringing forward some facts which had not been produced on the trial, with which he had been furnished by the surviving members of the family. This is the last public notice of the Calas tragedy.

One reflection is forced upon us by reviewing the share which law had in this drama. The arm by which Voltaire fought out his success was public opinion. The power by which the Catholic magistrates of Toulouse had worked was also a public opinion, namely, that of the Catholic population of Languedoc. Voltaire was able to upset their judgment by bringing to bear on the tribunals a wider and more comprehensive publicity. The opinion of Europe corrected the narrow bigotry of a remote province. The tribunals play a subordinate part throughout. Law appears as the creature and instrument of the public voice, which controls and di-

rects its findings. Instead of waiting to let the case be sifted in court, confident that justice will be done, the public out of doors dictate what view the bench shall take. The public must assume the office of Dicast, and labor through the evidence, or there is no security that justice will be done. Let us suppose that instead of a skeptical and tolerant age, with a Voltaire to direct opinion, these events had occurred in a reactionary and servile period, when orthodoxy and the infallibility of government were the reigning doctrines, what possible chance would there have been of the reversal of Jean Calas' sentence? The same bigotry which had perverted justice at Toulouse would have sanctioned the perversion at Paris. The rational and instructed minority would have raised their voice, but it would have been heard only in an unavailing and despised protest. There has probably been no age of the history of France in which such a sentence as this passed by the Parlement of Toulouse was impossible. There is hardly any period of that history, besides the one in question, when such a conspicuous act of justice to a Protestant, as the reversal of Calas' sentence, was possible.

Thus it happened that a matter of fact, no more doubtful than any of the most certain facts in history, became a party question. The memory of Calas had been vindicated by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. That was quite enough for the Catholics. A good Catholic must know no more in order to form his opinion. It is the characteristic of Catholicism that it supersedes reason, and prejudges all matters by the application of fixed principles. And this habit of mind a Catholic carries with him from religion and philosophy into history and matters of fact. His question is not, "Is there evidence that this man did this thing?" but, "Which view does the Church take?" The mental habit thus engendered is fatal to truth and integrity. M. Coquerel flatters himself, in his closing words, that he has set the matter at rest forever. The writers on both sides, he says, had followed the same method. They had repeated, out of the histories, the same arguments, the partisans dwelling on those which seemed to tell for the accused—the adversaries on those which made against them. But no one before himself had undertaken to go through in detail the written depositions

and the pleadings of the advocates. M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well-informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics

are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ELEANOR VAUGHAN; OR, TWICE AVENGED.

"You've distinguished yourself to-day," said Charley Noel to his companion, as they rode their tired hunters into Leamington late one winter's afternoon. "'Pon my word, then, you have! You're just as sound as I am, my boy, or you couldn't have ridden as you have to-day."

"I suppose I am getting all right again," our old acquaintance, Paul Fletcher, answered, "and it's only now and then that I still feel the effects of the wound. But as to hunting, you know that's no criterion, for I believe I should ride till I dropped without feeling tired."

Two years had elapsed since we left Paul in Caffraria, but he had only lately returned to England. Having partially recovered from his wound, he resumed duty again and got through the remainder of the campaign. "*Chi va piano va sano*;" but Paul, pursuing a precisely opposite course, suffered accordingly, and though much recruited by his loitering overland journey home, he was not yet fit for much, and to this Mr. Noel attributed his taciturnity at times, offering such a contrast to his own native expansiveness. It was, however, rather a recommendation to him in Paul, for he had command of language enough for two, and Fletcher often let him have it entirely his own way, throwing a monosyllable in now and then. Paul had also changed somewhat in appearance since we first intro-

duced him to you. His tall slight figure had, without filling out much, gained in dignity; his features, then so animated and buoyant in expression, had acquired a severer beauty; the half-parted lips were now somewhat compressed, and round them lurked at times a faint smile of sarcasm, just enough to make you feel uncomfortable. This was relieved, however, by the deep earnestness of his brown eyes and the still open brow, from which it seemed no shadow could quite chase kindness away. His coloring had once been bright and rich as an Italian boy's—now, but for the sun-burning, it would have been pale. But if Paul Fletcher's face had lost the beauty of youth, it had gained in that of intellect and thought, and we think that altogether this second beauty came off victorious.

"I don't think I can go with you to-night, though, Noel," Fletcher resumed. "I am not yet sufficiently civilized to encounter the *belles* of Leamington."

"But you'll see my widow," said Mr. Noel, as an additional inducement.

"Mrs. Heathcote?" Paul exclaimed. "Heathcote's widow?"

"The same; do you know her?"

"I—I met her long ago, before her marriage," Paul answered. "Poor Heathcote was devoted to her, and died with her name on his lips. I was close beside him."

"What did you expect?" Paul asked

satirically. "You would not have her more than woman! She has only the courage to show what others feel *without* showing it. At any rate, there is no deception about her."

It was a large dinner-party to which Paul and Mr. Noel were asked at this Mrs. Langton's, to be followed by an evening party; and they accordingly went, and Mr. Noel reintroduced Paul to "his widow." She was a very pretty sparkling brunette, with rippling brown hair from which the widow's cap had long been discarded, though she still wore half-mourning.

When they returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, a number of fresh guests had arrived, and the rooms were filling fast. Music commenced, and with it a general buzz of conversation. Mr. Noel had already resumed his place by Mrs. Heathcote, and Paul being a stranger, felt for a moment a little solitary, and began to regret having yielded to his friend's persuasions. Then he remembered that he had often derived amusement from observing the groups of humanity round him, and, retiring to the corner of a chimney, prepared to indulge in this rather uncharitable entertainment. What a bee-hive it was! what nonsense some of them were importantly talking! how funny it was to see a young lady every now and then cast glances at herself in the mirror opposite, and then, when Paul caught her eye, pretend she was looking at her neighbor, and do it again determinedly! Were those people really amusing themselves? Did it make them happy to sit in hot rooms, listening to indifferent music, and talking so very much about nothing? Was this happiness? What *was* happiness? After all, what did *any thing* mean? Paul was becoming perplexed, and wished he were quietly in his own rooms with his Shakespeare and his faithful old dog, Captain. He thought he would go now. When looking round to see if Noel were still there, his eye lit on a face he had seen before, but could not remember where. While Paul was watching her, a lady, who had hitherto been concealed by the group that surrounded her, rose from her chair and moved to the ottoman. For a moment she stood speaking to her, and for that moment Paul Fletcher's heart stood still, and he leaned against the chimney-piece for support. It was natural

that he should feel this emotion; he had just recognized one whom he least expected to see there—one whom he could not see again for the first time without such emotion—he had recognized Lady Torwood. He had heard nothing of her since his return—very little since he learnt that, after a few months' marriage, she had lost her husband. Lord Torwood, after a short illness, during which she had nursed him dutifully, had meekly died as he had meekly lived, blessing his wife for the brief happiness he owed her. Lady Torwood had put on the deepest weeds, and passed the first year of her widowhood in complete seclusion at her beautiful jointure house, her old and faithful friend Mrs. Campbell being again her companion as she had been in her girlhood.

Eleanor's position was a very brilliant one. Her husband had left her one of the richest widows in England, her beauty was at its height, her *ton* established, and her reputation for talent just sufficient to avoid making enemies, and quite within a high-bred compass. She was on the best of terms, too, with Lord Torwood's relations, and had always been so. Eleanor, they thought, had always so well maintained her dignity, and her conduct since poor Torwood's death had really been irreproachable. Her grief, though so deep, had been so dignified, and she had shown so much delicacy of feeling and such consideration for his memory.

Lady Torwood's beauty was indeed at its height, and the rich plainness of her dress suited its style. Her black velvet gown showed off the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and, forming almost a train rolled to the ground in graceful folds. A fall of old point lace, fastened at the back of her head, alone hid the glorious masses of her sunny-braided hair, while the plain string of diamonds round her statuesquely-turned throat and white arms, formed her only ornament, leaving the beautiful face itself, with its deep gray eyes, to be the riveting point of the picture. Paul stood not very far from the ottoman. Probably from the intent gaze he had fastened on her, (and of which people generally have a consciousness,) Lady Torwood involuntarily turned towards him, and their eyes met. A slight start proved that she too had recognized him, and then she bowed in a manner that made it impossible for Fletcher not

to go up to where she sat and speak to her, as she evidently wished he should do. As he approached she extended her hand, and though he felt himself turn pale, it was with perfect composure that he took it and heard Lady Torwood's voice speaking to him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Captain Fletcher!" she exclaimed; "I did not know that you had returned to England."

"Still less did I know you were in Leamington," Paul answered, in a very steady voice, "and it was by a mere chance I came here to-night. A most fortunate chance," Captain Fletcher added, with a somewhat Grandisonian bow.

"And are you quite well—quite restored from the effects of— We have heard about you, though not *from* you, since we last met," Lady Torwood said, a little reproachfully; "Mrs. Campbell and I thought you had treated such old friends rather ill."

Paul did not answer—what could he answer?—but he raised his eyes slowly to Lady Torwood's face, as she also looked up at him. Apparently there was something unpleasant in the expression of Captain Fletcher's eyes at that moment, for Lady Torwood began talking again, and speedily moved off their first ground of conversation. Paul sat down beside her, and with great tact she gradually drew him into an account of the campaign he had made, of the occasion of his wound, etc., subjects which he was afterwards surprised to find he had entered upon; for when Paul *was* drawn into battle-talk, he always ignored his personal share in the subject. Lady Torwood, however, had acquired great art in conversation, and had that in perfection of making the person with whom she conversed become thoroughly self-satisfied for the time being.

In anticipation, Paul had dreaded the ordeal which he had this evening gone through with such composure—had feared that the feelings he once entertained for Eleanor Vaughan, and which, when he left England, he had striven with all his might and main to destroy, would revive again at sight of Lady Torwood; for though his love had received one grand death-blow when he lost faith in her, it was too much a part of himself to be easily eradicated. The fibers had wonderful tenacity, and at times he despised himself when he found

how weak his iron will was to tear them quite away. Had he still believed in her it would have gone hard with him, though his sense of duty was so strong that he would have struggled to the death to conquer himself. But this straightforward truthful spirit had despised Eleanor's faithlessness, and despised its motive; contempt and love could not live together. Had he been a woman they might—for women, when they love, "bear all things, endure all things;" but the one feeling in Paul Fletcher had, like a noxious weed, killed the other; and though to-night he had felt emotion he had not felt love. Still, he wondered at himself, wondered that this dreaded meeting was so easily over.

How very beautiful Eleanor was! Even now that he could pass a calm dispassioned opinion, it could be no other than that. Lady Torwood was even more beautiful than Eleanor Vaughan had been. Well! she had attained the object of her ambition—he wondered if she was happy?—he wondered if she had had any sort of affection for her husband? Bah! it was better not to inquire too deeply into the amount of attachment in any marriage. At least you must generally measure it by the *policy* of the arrangement. "Foreign alliances," after all, were the best; in them women were disposed of by their fathers, and saved having to transact the mercenary business themselves. Turkish women, he thought, were the most entirely free from any blame of millionaire-trapping; but if it were not managed for them, he had no doubt they would do it as well as any well-trained British maiden.

Paul felt that he was becoming bitter, but was it to be wondered at?

"Was he not right to be bitter at heart?" And yet he had forgiven Eleanor long, long ago; indeed, he had never felt anger against her. The anger that she alone had caused, instead of falling on her, had been dispersed over her whole sex. She was only a woman; he excused her at the expense of all the daughters of Eve.

And now he asked himself, would it be wise for him to come once more into daily contact with Lady Torwood? was he quite strong enough to stand the test, or had he better leave Leamington directly? She had asked him to call, and if he remained he must undoubtedly do so; and besides,

in a place of the kind, he was sure to meet her constantly. Paul felt his pulse mentally as he argued this question with himself, and finding it beat quite calmly, decided that he saw no reason for altering his winter plans because accident had brought Lady Torwood to Leamington, and smiling to himself a little boastfully, said that he had never yet fled before a foe, and did not see the necessity of now flying before so fair a one. He would pay his devoirs to Lady Torwood the very next day.

When Paul and Charley Noel, who accompanied him, made their way into Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent the following day, they found her seated at work with her cousin, Miss Ellis. Mrs. Campbell was also with them, and was so sincerely rejoiced at seeing Paul again, that the tears rose to the kind old dame's eyes as she greeted him. Lady Torwood's reception of him was cordial; she evidently wished all that had passed between them to be forgotten. It was as if she held the book of their past lives in her hand, and tearing out the blotted pages, said graciously to Paul: "Thus much shall you retain, and no more. I am willing to forget all that has ever been disagreeable in our interviews; willing to forget that you have occasionally caused me unpleasant twinges of conscience; therefore, do you also forget." But Paul's memory was not under his control.

However, this did not of course appear outwardly, and if you had heard their conversation to-day you never could have guessed that any thing more than an ordinary pleasant acquaintance had existed between them, so sparkling was it, so easy, and to all appearance untutored, though in reality they were now proving to what perfection in the art of talk they had both arrived.

Mrs. Heathcote had come in, and was looking very pretty in her morning dress and lilac bonnet, and the conversation now became general. She was going to a large ball that night, and wanted Lady Torwood to go too, but the latter gravely declined, intimating by her manner that neither her health nor her spirits were sufficiently restored to admit of her entering into an amusement of the kind.

"Are you to be there, Captain Fletcher?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

Paul smiled, and told her that he still

considered himself sufficiently invalided to escape from balls, which he hated.

"It's a pity you hadn't escaped *one* ball just before you made an excuse for the others, Paul, my boy," muttered Mr. Noel, in a stage aside. "Me boyh" Mr. Noel always pronounced the two last words which he so frequently applied to Paul.

"Oh! to be sure, said Mrs. Heathcote; "I forgot you were badly wounded in that horrid Caffraria. You were quite a lion last night; Mrs. Langton told every body you had been left for dead, and that when you came to life again one of your legs, which was cut off, had to be sewed on again; and I'm sure two or three people looked to see if you'd got back the proper leg. But do tell us all about it; it's such fun hearing about battles."

Pressed on all sides for an account of the occasion on which he was wounded, Paul Fletcher gave a graphic sketch of the day in his simple, straightforward manner—losing sight of himself in the narration, you may be sure as much as possible. Lady Torwood listened attentively, and once when it was evident—tell it as he might—that Paul's share of the honor and danger of the day had been no small one, a light kindled in her eyes, and she fixed them earnestly on his face, listening eagerly. She had always known he was a true, brave man; till now, she had never considered the heroic in his composition.

"How long is it since you returned to England, Captain Fletcher?" asked Miss Ellis.

"How long" reminds me that we have really trespassed on your time, Lady Torwood," said Paul, taking up his hat to go.

And with this finale terminated Paul's first visit to Lady Torwood.

Certainly the meeting with Lady Torwood and Mrs. Heathcote tended materially to make Captain Fletcher's and Mr. Noel's stay at Leamington more agreeable. The two fair widows made a great sensation there that winter, each after her fashion. Lady Torwood, though she went out very little, holding a species of court and surrounded by humble vassals; Mrs. Heathcote followed by less awe-stricken admirers, especially in the hunting-field, where she shone conspicuous. Mammals who feared any loss of time on their daughters' parts, and had taken

them to Leamington for the campaign there, said that Lady Torwood was intolerably proud and stiff; and that as to beauty, you derived far more satisfaction from looking at a statue, for that she entirely lacked expression. As to Mrs. Heathcote, they wished any body had influence enough with her to prevent her going on in the way she did. They really did not like *their* daughters to make a companion of her. And this, perhaps, was not to be wondered at.

After his first visit to her, Paul had been quite easy on the score of his feelings towards Eleanor; he never hitherto believed it possible that he could feel so calmly towards her. He viewed her character in quite a different light now; the divinity had sunk into a mere woman, with a soul of about the usual altitude—not lower; he must not be too hard upon her. Yet he never wondered that she had seemed a divinity to him. He still acknowledged that she was more beautiful, more admirable than by far the greater number of women you saw. And her quiet, refined manner cast a halo of superiority around her which he admitted was enough to make a devotee of so young and enthusiastic a man as he had then been. He knew better now, and he took a strange cynical pleasure in testing his present feelings towards her, seeking her society that each time he might feel the more conscious of his own freedom, and revel in it.

Paul Fletcher was, as you will perceive, playing with edge-tools, and where *this* foe was concerned, perhaps it would have been wiser if he had let his discretion prove the better part of valor.

"You really are going too far, Charlie," said Paul Fletcher to Mr. Noel, as they walked one day to Lady Torwood's, the meeting-point of a riding-party which they were to escort. "I shouldn't have presumed to say so if you hadn't started the subject. But do you or do you not want to marry Mrs. Heathcote?"

"Pon my word then, I don't know," Mr. Noel answered, with a rueful countenance.

"And do you or do you not want to marry Miss Ellis?"

"Not on any account," was the decided reply. "I may want steadying, but such ballast as that would sink me at once. By all the widows in Christendom

it would, then! But," Mr. Noel added, pathetically, "notwithstanding all that, I expect to find myself married to one or both of them some day without knowing it!"

"Then I should recommend you to think about taking flight as soon as you can," said Paul, laughing.

"Think! but I tell you, my boy, that when I'm with one of them she rattles away so that I can't even hear myself think—and the other thinks so much, that it seems waste to do it one's self too!"

The party (consisting of the two widows, Miss Ellis, and a Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, connections of Eleanor's, and excellent humdrum people, who were never in any body's way) was soon mounted, and *en route* for Stoneleigh and Kenilworth. Paul and Eleanor, as usual rode first, followed by Mrs. Heathcote, who was a beautiful rider, and looked particularly well on horseback, and Mr. Noel; Caroline Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Churchill rode abreast, and brought up the rear.

"The estate has improved immensely since then," said Lady Torwood, continuing their conversation. "You would not know the farms again if you were to go over them. All *your* tenants have thriven and made them thrive, and Mr. Burton tells me it is now one of the most flourishing properties in —shire."

"I am delighted to hear such a good account of my nurseling," said Paul, lightly, "and hope it may answer its present promise."

"Poor Lord Torwood took great interest in my old home," Eleanor went on resolutely, "and in all the people about it, and we spent two or three months there during— He had planned a new village school just at the gate leading into the meadow from the high road, and would, I think, eventually have made it his pet place. I assure you we neither of us ever forgot to whom we owed its preservation."

"I have always understood Lord Torwood was a most benevolent man," Paul answered, determined not to be behind-hand in the subject she had chosen.

"You would have liked and respected him, I am sure," Eleanor said gravely.

A huge note of interrogation seemed to dance up and down before Paul as he heard this last remark; but he did not say any thing.

"I live now chiefly at Chesterton, my dower-house," resumed Lady Torwood. "I have neither courage nor spirits to face the solitude of Vaughan with—its recollections."

"They must indeed be mournful ones," Paul said considerably, "after what you have just told me. Your last associations with it must be very sad."

"My last?" Eleanor repeated, looking straight before her. "Yes, my last. But I have many bitter associations with what was once a very happy home."

Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Why nourish them?" he said. "I had thought you were more philosophical, Lady Torwood. Let the dead past bury its dead!"

"But even then I am bound to be its chief mourner!" Eleanor answered with some bitterness. "Believe me, I am not ambitious of the post. Will you give me my 'warrant of release' from it?" she added suddenly, and looking round at Paul.

"If I had had the power," Paul answered, again in a light tone, and with an icy smile on his lips, "it should have been given long ago—without your asking what you have a right to command." And a Grandisonian attack again caused Captain Fletcher to bow to his horse's mane.

A slight sigh escaped Lady Torwood.

"But are you sure this is the way?" said Mr. Noel to his fair companion, as they branched off the Lillington road, instead of taking that followed by Paul and Eleanor. "Does it rejoin the Kenilworth road again?"

"Oh! it's all right," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing, we shall get to the end of it by and by. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Caroline are following us most dutifully and sheepishly, and so we have the majority on our side. Never mind the others, Mr. Noel. I dare say they're very happy. You know that's a very old story now. What? *don't* you know? Did Paul Fletcher ever tell you? Of course not, by the by, for there's no doubt she behaved shamefully to him." And Mrs. Heathcote proceeded to enlighten Mr. Noel, as far as her knowledge went, on the past history of Lady Torwood and Captain Fletcher. "But I see it's all coming right again," Milly ended, cheerfully; "it's such fun her being a widow!"

"There's no doubt that that must make her more irresistible," said Mr. Noel;

"and so you played her this trick on purpose, Mrs. Heathcote?"

"What trick? Oh! the road, you mean? I never said there *was* a road round, though there might have been; I never came this way before. But we've ridden too far to turn back. Do look at Caroline, plodding along on that great heavy black horse; I wonder she doesn't come off, for she isn't thinking in the least about what she's doing."

Mr. Noel did look, and during the remainder of the ride became unusually taciturn, notwithstanding the sallies of his very lively companion.

Paul and Eleanor, meantime, pursued their onward course without looking behind them. The day, which had been very bright when they started, now began to darken; heavy masses of cloud gathered overhead, and soon the low sigh of the wind and a few big drops of rain came as harbingers of the storm.

"Do you think it will be heavy, Charley?" Paul called out, looking round; but no Charley answered, neither was any such individual in sight.

"They must have lagged behind," Paul said to Lady Torwood; "we had better push on, though, and not wait for them. It is getting very heavy, and I think you had better take shelter in Kenilworth. They are sure to join us there, as that was to be the limit of our ride."

It was good advice, for the rain was gradually increasing, and soon fell in torrents mingled with hail, while a cutting north wind struck chill upon Eleanor's not very robust frame. The best plan, Paul thought, was for them to take shelter at the inn till the storm was over; the others were just behind them, he said, and would rejoin them. So they rode on as fast as they could, and before long Lady Torwood was safely installed before a bright fire in the inn-parlor, where Captain Fletcher, after having had the horses put up, speedily rejoined her. After watching for some time in vain at the window, Paul decided that it was no use expecting the rest of the party any longer, begged Lady Torwood not to be uneasy—they must have taken a wrong turn at the cross-roads, or ridden desperately home again; but as *she* was safely housed now, they had much better remain where they were till the rain was over, and make themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. So Eleanor re-

signed herself to her fate and the fire, which after all, when she looked at the sheets of rain plashing against the window, was not a bad alternative. The fire crackled cheerily, Paul drew a comfortable arm-chair to one side of it, while Lady Torwood dried her habit at the other, and presently the tidy little waitress came "trippingly," as Mr. Tennyson would say, with a tea-tray in her hand, which she deposited on a little table beside them. "Missus had sent it up, as she thought the lady might like the chill taken off her."

Paul had never seen Eleanor make tea, he remembered, (a trifling recollection, to be sure,) as he now watched her, since that last evening at Vaughan. Whatever she did was gracefully done. She certainly was more beautiful than any one he had ever seen.

He was rather amused with this little episode: he would not have believed, two years ago, that he could be thrown so completely *tête-à-tête* with her as he was to-day, and have been so quiet and unconcerned. Captain Fletcher's spirits rose with the occasion. He felt a general sensation of *bien-être* stealing over him, a strange lightness of heart. It was the contrast between the outlook and the in, he thought; we are material creatures after all. It was the fire that gave him such a particular sense of satisfaction. Lady Torwood did not seem so fully to share it, therefore Captain Fletcher became compassionate, and did all in his power to enliven her. When he unbent, no one could be a pleasanter companion than Paul, and now he exerted himself to the utmost, and with success. Eleanor became animated also, and, in short, it would be impossible to imagine a more agreeable hour than they both spent in the little inn-parlor at Kenilworth. We don't think they once mentioned Amy Robsart or Tressillian, which would have been the right thing to do in the right place, but the former subject would have been too dismal for their present mood, the latter infinitely too prosaic. An odd change had come over Paul Fletcher that afternoon; the tea must have been made with water from the fountain of oblivion. It was the Paul Fletcher of three years back that sat there—buoyant again with youth and spirits "*pétillant d'esprit*"—not the stern, satirical personage who had ridden away that day from Leamington, and

bowed with such ceremonious dignity to Lady Torwood over his horse's mane, on the way. Paul had forgotten every thing that day; forgotten his disappointment, his bitterness of spirit; it was Eleanor Vaughan who sat beside him—Eleanor Vaughan, his first love! As they talked, the inn-parlor at Kenilworth vanished, they sat once more in the well-known library "at home," as Paul had once fondly called it. Eleanor was in her gentlest mood; gently, and with smiles, she looked into that loving face—ah! so through life her eyes would ever meet his! so through youth, and middle life, and hoar old age—so till death it would be! No cloud of falsehood or betrayal had ever darkened, would ever darken, the brightness of those eyes!

And as they sat thus together, the oaken door at the end of the room opened, Eleanor's deer-hound bounded in, and in the doorway stood the dear old squire, with his silvery hair, and kindly face, and cordial smile, while—

Illusion, alas! The door had opened—but it was the door of the parlor at Kenilworth, it was only "missus, who had sent up to say that the rain was over, as the lady wished to know." So there was no more time for dreaming. The evening was closing in and they must make the best of their way home. But the spell was still on Paul; for when the horses came to the door and he had helped Eleanor to mount, he laid his hand suddenly on hers. "Are you *very* sorry it rained?" he said, looking up at her.

"Not very!" Lady Torwood smiled, in some surprise.

And when, after a quick, silent ride back to Leamington, they entered Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent, where poor Mrs. Campbell was anxiously expecting them, it was with almost his boyish gleeful manner that Paul exclaimed, going up to her, "Here she is, Mrs. Campbell—you see I've brought her safely home to you!" and shook the old lady by both hands in a manner that caused her to look up bewildered.

"What spirits Captain Fletcher is in, my dear?" Mrs. Campbell said, in an inquiring tone of voice, after he had made his exit in the same rather wild manner.

"Paul?" said Lady Torwood; "yes, he is more like himself to-night." And for a few minutes she leaned thoughtfully against the chimney-piece.

"It was very thoughtless of Milly Heathcote to take the wrong road," Mrs. Campbell went on, indignantly.

"Very," was Lady Torwood's complacent rejoinder.

"Caroline told me when she came in that she followed them, of course thinking Mrs. Heathcote knew the way. You know she never sees any thing; she doesn't even see that Mr. Noel evidently regards her with an eye of affection, but maintains that he is paying his addresses to Mrs. Heathcote. As if I couldn't judge," Mrs. Campbell added, drawing herself up with a jerk. "It might have been *very* disagreeable for you!"

"Very," said Lady Torwood again, but without taking the trouble to inquire to which part of Mrs. Campbell's speech the latter remark pertained.

II.

Paul Fletcher's warning to Mr. Noel had not been uncalled for; for, to own the truth, that gentleman had contrived to place himself in a rather awkward predicament. With that peculiar turn for compliment which his compatriots are celebrated for, Mr. Noel had rarely been in Mrs. Heathcote's society without so conducting himself as to appear entirely her slave—an appearance which, to be still further candid, the fair and fast widow had done her best to convert into a reality. Whereas, on the other hand, strange as it may appear, after his decided disavowal to Paul, the steady, solemn qualities and charms of Caroline Ellis were gradually bringing Mr. Noel's volatile affections to an anchor. A crisis of some kind he felt was at hand, and he became more and more convinced of this as he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Miss Ellis the morning after their ride towards Kenilworth. He had called with Paul to inquire after them, and the latter, hearing Lady Torwood was fatigued and still in her room, had left him at the Regent, Mr. Noel suddenly remembering that he had something very particular to say to Mrs. Campbell. When he entered the drawing-room, however, he found, to his surprise, *only* Miss Ellis there, Mrs. Campbell being with Lady Torwood. However, as she probably would come down again soon, he thought he might as well remain till she did so, and that was how he found himself *tête-à-tête* with Caroline. Mr. Noel was in an

unusually grave mood that morning. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to have acquired some of his surplus vivacity. Indeed, it was generally observable now that in Charley's presence a greater amount of vitality animated Miss Ellis's otherwise apathetic nature.

"And you think you have really no prejudice against Ireland, Miss Ellis?" said Mr. Noel, continuing a conversation which now and then touched upon dangerous ground.

"Caroline and I will come and pay you a visit there if you like, Mr. Noel," said a voice at the door, which made him start. Mrs. Heathcote had a way of coming into the room without being heard, which, to say the least, was sometimes dangerous. "I delight in Ireland, and want of all things to see more of it. We were only quartered at Belfast when I was there, before we were ordered out, so—Where's Eleanor, Carry? Tired? I'm sorry the ride or the society should have been too much for her!" Mrs. Heathcote went on, laughing.

Miss Ellis lapsed into her customary stolidity. Mrs. Heathcote always acted like a refrigerator upon her.

"It's getting late, too," said Milly, taking out her watch. "One o'clock." (Mr. Noel had been precisely an hour and a half waiting till Mrs. Campbell came down.) "I have been at the pump-room since twelve, waiting for a friend who had appointed to meet me there, and he—*she*, I mean—*left* me there."

Here Mrs. Heathcote coughed, and poor Charley became hot all of a sudden. He had quite forgotten the engagement Mrs. Heathcote had made for him the previous day! He was in for it now, he felt.

"Some more important engagement, however, I suppose," Mrs. Heathcote continued, playing with her watch-chain. "My friend lacks your punctuality, I am afraid, Mr. Noel." And the fair widow raised her eyes deliberately to Charley's face:

"Don't be too unmerciful, Mrs. Heathcote," he said, rallying, "I am sure your friend will never so transgress again! If *you* are too severe upon our faults, where are we to find merciful judgment?" an ambiguous speech on the part of Mr. Noel which might be differently interpreted, as his side-glance at Miss Ellis showed he intended it should.

"The criminal confides too much in my

humane indulgence, I have no doubt," Milly answered, now looking down and buttoning her beautifully-fitting glove. A pause ensued.

"I think I had better go and see if Lady Torwood is coming down," said Miss Ellis, putting down her work.

"Not on any account, Miss Ellis," Charley exclaimed, hastily. "I beg you won't disturb her on my account—*pray* don't go! I must be going myself directly—a very particular engagement."

"I am glad to see that (unlike my friend) you are so particular, Mr. Noel," Milly said, drily. "Never mind, Caroline dear, I can wait." And Mrs. Heathcote settled herself yet more comfortably in her arm-chair. "What a beautiful bouquet?" she said, looking round the room; "where did you get it?"

"Mr. —" began Caroline.

"Paul Fletcher sent it for Lady Torwood by me this morning," Mr. Noel interrupted, with equal truth and politeness.

Caroline opened her eyes wide and looked steadily at him. Charley returned the look beseechingly. Mrs. Heathcote unbuttoned her other glove.

"Have you and Eleanor the same taste in flowers, then, Cary?" she asked, quietly. "White camellias and violets are your favorites, are they not? That was such a lovely bouquet you sent me for Lady Maynard's ball on Tuesday, Mr. Noel! And, by the by, I quite forgot to thank you for the songs. It was so kind of you to remember them!" Again Caroline looked up.

Mrs. Heathcote grew every moment more relenting towards the culprit, and better satisfied apparently with herself; and so the conversation went on, Charley finding it more and more difficult to keep the "*juste-milieu*" between his two fair companions, till at last, in despair, he rose to go, and departed with the consciousness that Caroline's manner to him had entirely changed since the morning, and that its haughty offended composure formed a marked contrast to Mrs. Heathcote's, as his tormentor smiled him a gracious farewell, and took her bonnet off as he left the room, "to have a little chat with dear Caroline," as she herself expressed it.

Lady Torwood had recovered from her fatigue, and was able to receive Captain Fletcher when he called again that afternoon "on his way" past the Regent.

The change remarkable on the preceding day was still apparent in him. He had found fairy treasure at Kenilworth. Ah! it was more than magic, though! it was, or might become, reality! Why should happiness not again be his? He had had his fill of disappointment—looked dreary solitude long enough in the face; his share of the trial which in some form must come to all, was at an end. Might he not take the weight of caution and suspicion from off his heart and let it beat and bound again as it *had* done of yore? The poor heart in its stone-prison yearned so earnestly for freedom!

"How good of you to come again," Lady Torwood said, extending her hand from the little couch on which she sat near the fire.

Paul smiled as he held the delicate hand in his own. (Paul's hand was a very characteristic one, not small or fleshy, but well shaped and with determination in every muscle and line of it; a hand that looked as if it had never been idle, and as if it could handle an oar or a rod—ay, and sterner implements too, with equal facility.)

"Are you quite rested?" he said, in answer. "I am afraid I rode too fast for you; I think I forgot what I was doing—I forgot every thing yesterday."

"Did you?" Lady Torwood blushed as she said. She did not merely change color as she used to long ago; this time the blush came straight from her heart. "I feel quite rested now, though. But I am not equal to very much exertion yet. Repose is a blessed thing—repose of mind and body." And Eleanor sighed rather sadly.

Paul looked anxiously at her. She did indeed not look robust, though the subdued air and tone about her to-day made her more charming than in her most brilliant hours. There was something touching in the half-humility of her attitude as she sat with her usually haughty head bent down, and her hands lying folded together on her lap, gleaming white upon the dark drapery of her gown. She *was* subdued in reality—she was changed; had she, too, not known much sorrow of its kind? and after all, had she been happy in the life she had chosen, had it not perhaps been one of long regret and repentance?

Such thoughts passed through Paul Fletcher's mind as he watched her.

"Repose!" he repeated. "It depends so much on the individual mind which seeks it. With us men, for instance, action is often the greatest repose. It requires a certain amount of happiness to enable one to find repose of mind in rest of body. To escape from a greater evil to a lesser, is, I believe, the truest repose—and so I have often found it in great exertion. A racked and wearied mind and heart often prove the best goad to bodily work. They make fine soldiers in every profession."

"They give the energy of desperation, if you will," said Lady Torwood, looking regretfully at Paul, "and the after-weariness of over-fatigue; but exhaustion is surely not *rest*."

"Can you teach me what *is*?" Paul said earnestly.

Lady Torwood shook her head.

"I must first find it myself," she said. "Charity fulfilled, preachers would tell you, is the surest step towards it; and in charity lies one thing—forgiveness of injuries"—her voice trembled as she went on—"and if you would find rest yourself, to give rest first to another; where you have been injured to forgive!"

Paul Fletcher started. Outwardly calm, within he was terribly agitated. He knew by the tone of her voice, by the eyes raised to his as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece beside her, that Eleanor Vaughan—Eleanor whom he had so loved—was now a suppliant before him. Eleanor—humbled, repentant—once more free.

"Eleanor!" he said, looking down into her face.

So in the old days he had looked, so called, the suppliant then himself. How had she answered *then*?

Once more his eyes met hers, and though the same haughty glance did not now repel him, still they could not meet his long. Eleanor's eyes were not true eyes, and Paul felt it. In an instant the spell that had for the last two days been on him was dissolved—the fairy gold turned to dross. It was but glamor over him; the old deep first love was dead; it had

not revived, it never would again. He looked at the hand that now covered Eleanor's face, and guarded by its diamond circlet he saw the plain gold wedding-ring. It acted like a counter-charm. For that ring, for glitter and tinsel like those diamonds, she had bartered his heart and his love—destroyed the happiness of his youth. Cold, ambitious, worldly as she had then been, her nature could not now be so entirely changed. False she had been—false she would still be; twice she had betrayed him—she would betray him again. He could forgive her, but he never could trust her again; never honor and confide in her as his soul felt it must honor and confide in her whom it chose as its mate. Without truth, on what foundation could he build his happiness? All this passed with lightning rapidity through Paul Fletcher's mind during the intense pause that followed the utterance of her name. Lady Torwood did not speak, but as much as was in her nature to feel she then felt. It was in an altered tone, but one of great feeling, that Paul Fletcher spoke again.

"I am not wrong in thinking that you speak of the past?" he said. "And if it be so—if ever a thought of me has given you a moment of unrest—one pang of self-reproach—let it be so no longer. For my sake, and for the sake of olden days, Eleanor, believe me—that *I have forgiven*, that *I do now forgive*!"

He took her hand in his and held it with the kindness of a friend—no fervent clasp as in those olden days. He now felt calmly and with friendliness towards her, as she had wished he should. Again Eleanor raised her beautiful eyes to his, but Paul met their beseeching glance unwaveringly. He had decided; he never could waver from this resolve again.

A deadly paleness over-spread Lady Torwood's face, and, as she turned her eyes downwards, a tear went slowly rolling down her cheek and fell on Paul's hand. It atoned for much! And if Paul Fletcher had been twice betrayed, we believe that in that moment he was a second time avenged!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

AN UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

On the sixteenth of December, 1857, I took my passage from Sydney for Buenos Ayres in an American ship of four hundred tons burden. Besides myself, there were six passengers on board, one Englishman and five Americans, and a lady, the wife of one of the latter.

On reaching latitude 35° south, longitude 175° west, we were assailed by a hurricane. Our captain, however, was an excellent seaman, his crew composed of thorough sailors, and his ship a very taut craft. We therefore wore out the storm, without, as it was supposed, more damage to the vessel than the loss of our foretop-gallant mast and the springing of a slight leak. This last circumstance caused our worthy skipper some uneasiness, as we were, from his reckoning, very far from the nearest land. He was therefore exceedingly surprised when the look-out man hailed us with—"Land on the larboard bow."

"The fellow must be drunk or blind," cried the captain, "or my sextant out of order." With these words he proceeded to mount the rigging.

We anxiously watched him as he went aloft. As soon as he had reached the main-topmast he applied his glass to his eye, and swept the horizon to larboard, and at once hailed us with—

"The chap's right. I see the land looming about five knots off, on the larboard bow. We should have viewed it before, but it's covered with a haze."

As may be imagined, the ship's course was at once laid in the direction of the land, and in about an hour we arrived off a low shore covered with dwarf trees. To our utter surprise, however, we perceived a large town built close to the water's edge, and presenting every appearance of civilization. As the sea was deep all round, we came close in shore, and cast anchor in fourteen fathoms water. There was a large crowd assembled on the beach, and as soon as we had

come to an anchor a small boat pushed off and made towards us. What astonished us the most was, that the inhabitants, so far from being naked savages, were all clothed, and wore wide slouching hats. Their costume appeared quite strange to us.

The boat which had left the shore soon came alongside, and a man in the bows hailed us in a language we did not understand.

"I must be wrong in my reckoning," observed our skipper, "but may I be tarnally flammergasted if I know where we have got to."

A tall, fair man now came on board. He wore an immense slouched hat, and had a short beard cut to a point, and long flowing hair. He was dressed in a sort of doublet, made of blue silk. Having set his foot on deck, he advanced and spoke some words which nobody understood, but from the signs he made it was evident that he was asking whence we came. The captain pointed to the west, when our visitor uttered the words "Vaut Nautecôné?"

"Hang me if his lingo be not something like ours," said the skipper; "the chap evidently means to ask what nation we belong to. America!" he continued, in answer to the question.

Our visitor uttered the word after him, and said, "Note Aingleès?"

"How the duce can the fellow know any thing about England?" said the captain, "and where could he have picked up those few words of our talk?—oddly enough pronounced, notwithstanding."

The whole boat's crew were now invited down into the cabin, and some excellent brandy placed on the table. Our skipper mixed several glasses of grog, hot with, and handed them to his guests, who with one accord, after having tasted the liquor, exclaimed, "Vairee gobôd."

"If that does not mean 'very good,'" said the captain, "may I be mastheaded until the day of judgment."

After a while, as we became used to their pronunciation, we discovered that the language of our new friends was neither more nor less than a corrupt sort of English, and before half an hour had elapsed we could make each other out.

As may be expected, we were all anxiety to go ashore, and the captain's gig having been got ready, we followed in the wake of the native boat until we reached a sort of pier, on which were assembled a crowd of people, with astonishment and curiosity expressively depicted on their countenances. On landing, we were accosted by several dignified-looking persons, dressed in the same fashion as their countrymen who had boarded our vessel, the predominating color of their doublets being blue. "*Vailcomè hairè*," was the observation of a portly man of fifty, who shook us all by the hands. We replied, speaking as distinctly as possible, "That we were most happy at making his acquaintance;" but it was evident that no one understood our way of speaking.

We were now invited to enter a nondescript sort of vehicle, drawn by four animals resembling sheep, with long necks and legs, and proceeded through the town, the streets of which were not paved, but well and cleanly kept. The ground-floor of the houses on either side, which generally consisted of a ground and first-floor, were composed of shops, or rather booths. We remarked names over them which were in large Latin capitals, painted blue. We at length drove up to the door of a house much larger than the rest, when our host, alighting, signed to us to do the same, and then conducted us through a spacious court, in which was playing a small fountain, into a large room not inelegantly furnished. On the floor was a carpet made of a mixture of silk and wool; a divan, covered with silk damask, encircled the apartment, in the midst of which were tables and arm-chairs. Our host left us for a few minutes here, and returned with a lady and two children. He introduced the former to us as his *spóòse*. The lady was dressed in a costume of blue silk of a most peculiar form. She was a very handsome woman, with auburn hair, dressed in a fashion resembling that of English women in the days of James I. Round her throat she wore a necklace of small diamonds and rubies, and on her

fingers several large silver rings, set with the same kind of stones.

Our host shortly afterwards conducted us into another chamber, which was evidently the dining-room, as upon a large table was spread a white linen cloth, covered with plates and dishes containing roast and boiled meats, puddings, pastry, and some magnificent pine-apples and other fruits. The plates and dishes were all made of silver, at the side of each cover were laid a knife and fork, also of silver, with blades of polished sea-shell. There were no glasses on the table, but by each cover was a mug of silver.

Having seated ourselves, we partook of a most elegant repast, the liquor we drank consisting of the fermented juice of the pine-apple, and it was delicious.

I must here observe, that in the year 1627, the island, which was then uninhabited, had been peopled by the survivors of an English ship wrecked on the coast. As far as we could learn, there were now about twenty-five thousand people in the island, being the descendants of ten persons—four men, four women, a boy and a girl.

Before the conclusion of the meal we had begun to understand each other, the language spoken by our new friends being a sort of corrupt English, chiefly differing from our way of speaking by its pronunciation and accent.

It appeared that our host was the chief of the island. He informed us that since the wreck, from which the original settlers had landed, no communication had taken place with any other part of the world, and from the timber on the island not being of a size large enough to build any other craft than small boats, it had been impossible to venture any great distance from the land. A few attempts to make voyages of discovery had indeed been made, but neither the boats nor their crews had ever been seen again. The only sort of craft belonging to the inhabitants are very small fishing-boats, which never lose sight of land.

We were hospitably invited to take up our abode in the house of our host, and to remain as long as we might wish, and, as it eventually appeared that our vessel had suffered more damage than was imagined, and there being no large timber on the island, it became evident, as our skipper informed us, that we should be obliged to make a stay of at least four

months. We did not however, regret the delay, as we felt we were among friends, and that nothing would be spared to render our sojourn as comfortable as possible.

Before proceeding with my narrative, I will relate how it happened that we found an English colony on an island which had hitherto escaped the researches of all the navigators of these seas.

As far as was known by the present inhabitants, an English ship was wrecked during a violent storm upon the northern coast, which is very dangerous on account of the numerous reefs that surround it. The greater portion of the crew had taken to their boats, but were seen to perish by those left on board. These persons, who remained on deck until the water had become calm, were ten in number. They consisted, as I have before observed, of ten persons — four men, four women, a boy and a girl. Fortunately for them, the ship remained for several months firmly wedged upon the reef on which she had struck, and they were enabled to bring off many things that proved of inestimable service to them. From these ten persons were descended the twenty-five thousand present inhabitants of Salvation Island, such being the name given to it by the first settlers. For about a hundred and fifty years a regular journal had been kept by the first colonists and their successors, but unfortunately it had been destroyed, about seventy years before our arrival, by the house in which it was deposited having been consumed by fire. In consequence, the history of the first settlers was a matter of tradition. There must, however, have been among them persons of genius and practical talent, as by their means a desert island had become not only a populous but a civilized country.

The island, which is about the size of Guernsey, contains one town and several flourishing villages. The land being low, and appearing from the ocean constantly covered with haze, it can not be perceived from any great distance from the shore, which accounts for its having remained undiscovered for so long a period. The soil is very fertile, and the greater portion of it is under cultivation, the chief productions being corn, sugar, fruit, silk, and cotton. Pine-apples are so abundant that the wine of the country is made from the juice of the fruit. There are no ferocious beasts; a few venomous snakes and scor-

pions being the only obnoxious animals remaining. There is still some game to be met with, consisting of golden and silver pheasants, partridges, and hares. The domesticated animals consist of a large species of lama. In the interior of the country is an extinct volcano, which supplies the natives with sulphur. Silver and copper ore are plentiful. A little gold and lead are to be met with, but no iron.

The government of the island consists of a chief (pronounced "sheeäif,") elected for life, and an assembly composed of, at present, twenty representatives, termed "tousants," from there being always one for every thousand inhabitants. They are all elected for life, by every male and female of nineteen years of age and upwards. For the last eighty years the dignity of chief has remained in one family, the great-grandfather, the grandfather, and the father of the present chief having been all in turn elected.

It was at the house of the chief that we were lodged, there being no establishment worthy of the name of inn in the town; and had there been, such was the hospitable nature of our host that we should not have been suffered to take up our abode in it.

It was evident to me that one of the first settlers must have been a Presbyterian minister, as the religion of the island was Presbyterian, differing very slightly from the rites of the Scottish Church. There were no less than four places of worship in the town, and every village possessed at least one.

The island is traversed by very good roads, the vehicles being rude cars, hung upon leathern straps; the leather is made from the skins of the lama, which is a most useful quadruped. It gives abundant milk, its flesh is good, its wool is made into very tolerable cloth, and the animal is used to draw light carriages; it can also be mounted, provided the rider be of light weight. Innumerable flocks of these inestimable animals pervade the surface of the island, and form the chief riches of its inhabitants. There are several kinds of precious stones to be met with, the most valuable being diamonds, rubies, and topazes. The two former, however, are of small size, while the latter are large and brilliant.

The principal manufacture of the country is silk; mulberry-trees of small size

being abundant. A beautiful blue dye is procured from a flower, the name and genus of which I forget.

The inhabitants of Salvation Island are of a most gentle nature, and possess very handsome forms and figures, particularly the women, many of whom are beautiful. I presume they owe their charms to their simple mode of life and the climate, the latter being the most delicious that can be conceived, for, although the island is situated almost within the tropics, a constant cool sea-breeze from the south-east by east prevents the heat from becoming oppressive; besides, the sun is constantly veiled with clouds during nine months of the year.

After a few weeks we got quite accustomed to the pronunciation and accent of the inhabitants, and could converse with them without difficulty. The hospitality of our host continued ever on the increase. In his company and car we visited every portion of the island, and made several excursions to a house he possessed in the interior. His questions were numerous concerning the history of the inhabited world since the period of his ancestors having been separated from their kind. Fortunately for him and his fellow-countrymen, the few books that had been saved from the wreck had not been consumed by the fire which had destroyed the archives of the community seventy years previously. Among these books were several of Shakspeare's plays, and histories of England, France, Spain, and Italy. Some were in manuscript, and others printed in the rude manner of the epoch. As may be conceived, the chief's, as also his fellow-countrymen's knowledge of English history, did not go further down than to the commencement of the reign of Charles I. The tragic death of the martyr king, and all the subsequent stirring events that had occurred, were unknown to them, and, as may be expected, all the books we had with us were perused with avidity.

I have already alluded to the beauty of the women. I do not think that in any other portion of the globe exists such faultless charms. Their dispositions are most amiable, and in a very short time after our arrival there was scarcely a single man who had arrived in our ship, and who was under fifty years of age, but was in love; indeed, a general petition was made to our captain to entreat him to re-

main altogether in the island, but the skipper observed that he had a valuable cargo on board, and that to remain would be robbing his owners. I must observe that he was fifty-five years of age, and had a wife and family at New York. I confess, that had I not myself had a wife and family at Tours, in France, I should have been content to remain for the rest of my life in the island. As it was, all the unmarried passengers chose that course, and remained.

The Sabbath is most religiously observed by the little colony, every person being obliged, under a penalty, to attend at public worship at least once on that day, unless prevented by illness or infirmity. All the shops are closed from Saturday at sunset until the Sunday at the same hour.

There are, naturally, few public amusements in the island; the chief diversions, however, consist in wrestling, foot-races, and shooting at a mark with bows and arrows for prizes, which are in general small sums of money.

Although gunpowder is made in the island, the bow is the arm in use, for the only guns in the possession of the inhabitants are some old match-locks saved from the wreck.

Justice is administered in a very simple manner. Thieves and other misdemeanants are tried by a judge and a jury, composed of seven persons, the latter being of the same sex as the accused. As for heinous crimes, they may be said to be unknown, not a single murder having taken place to the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant. Adultery is considered a misdemeanor, and punished by a public whipping on the bare back.

A short time after our arrival, a young man and woman were thus punished upon a platform erected in a square used as a market. An hour before sunset the two offenders were brought out, and, first, the woman was tied up to two perpendicular poles and her back bared, but in so decent a manner that her bosom was not exposed. Two women then proceeded to inflict thirty-nine lashes upon her shoulders with a rod made of rushes. The infliction was by no means severe—so little so, indeed, that I overheard the boatswain of our ship, who was standing near, remark: "Mercy on me, do they call that flogging?"

After the woman had been whipped

(she was, by the by, a lovely creature,) she was untied and led away, looking very much ashamed of herself, and her accomplice tied up in his turn. He received the same number of lashes, but they were inflicted in a more severe manner, as they were laid on by men, and the instrument used was a whip, the thongs of which were made of string; still, our boatswain observed, that it was a mere sham of a flogging.

It must be observed that adultery is by no means of common occurrence, or, at least, the misdemeanor is not frequently brought to light; besides, the inhabitants are a very moral people, and there is a great deal of shame attending a conviction.

Thefts and other misdemeanors are punished by whipping and exposure in a sort of stocks. Imprisonment is not in use.

Plays are never performed in the island, there being no such a thing as a theater; but public recitations from Shakspeare are frequent. On an English stage they would not be understood, from the peculiar manner of pronouncing, of which I will attempt a description, as far as possible, from a declamation I heard of *All the world's a stage*. It was pronounced nearly as follows:

"Aul te vaurid's a stauje,
Aund aul te main aund vomain maiairlee plauy-
airs;
Tai hauv tair aiscects aund tair aintrauncâis,
Aund oné maun een hees teemé plauz maunee
paurts.
Te aucts, etc."

I must observe, that in familiar conversation the inhabitants always make use of the pronoun thou, pronounced *tóòò*.

Since the wreck of the original settlers, no ship from any part of the world has ever visited the island. On several occasions, during the storms which have taken place, ships have been seen running before the wind in the distance, but have never come sufficiently near to observe the signals made on shore. The lowness of the land, and its appearing from the sea almost constantly enveloped in haze, has evidently been the reason of its never having attracted the notice of any passing vessel. Had it not been that the day was unusually clear at the time we neared the island, we should in all probability have passed without observing it. The water to the south, east, and west is very deep,

and free from reefs; but on the northern coast there are many hidden rocks, which would render the navigation very dangerous, and any ship getting among the reefs in a gale would be almost sure to perish.

I have already observed that all the unmarried passengers on board our vessel got married and remained in the island. I called upon one of them about a fortnight after the ceremony; he told me that his wife was a most devoted and affectionate creature, anticipating his every wish, and seeming to exist for him alone. "I have no near relations in my own country," he observed, "and I never wish or intend to leave this place."

I have already mentioned that the government of the island is carried on by a chief elected for life, and by an assembly of "tousants," also chosen for life. The election is carried on in the following manner:

When a chief, or a tousant, dies, the inhabitants of the whole island are called upon to choose another in the place of the deceased. The election commences thirty days after his death. An enormous earthenware bowl, with a hole in the lid, is deposited in the market-place from sunrise to sunset, and strictly guarded for a week. During that time, every body in the island, both men and women, of the age of nineteen and upwards, is allowed to throw into the orifice a small flat piece of shell, with the name of the person he votes for inscribed thereon. At the end of the week the bowl is broken, and the contents examined, when the person who has most votes is elected. There is no intimidation or speechifying, and during the election nothing uncommon appears to be going on.

There are seven magistrates or judges in the island, termed justices, (pronounced *joostissés*.) They judge every case, whether criminal or otherwise, assisted by a jury of seven persons, termed deciders, (pronounced *desseeders*.) In criminal cases these deciders are always of the same sex as the accused: from their decision there is no appeal. The right of pardon is vested in the chief, who carries on the government assisted by the tousants.

At the end of five months, our ship being thoroughly repaired, the skipper gave us notice that he was about to set sail. Our departure, however, was delayed by at least half of the ship's company desert-

ing, and it took several days to hunt out their hiding-places and bring them on board. As it was, the boatswain's mate, two able and one ordinary seamen were left behind, every search after them proving fruitless.

We had in vain invited some of the colonists to accompany us in our voyage; they were all so attached to their native land that they one and all declared they would sooner die than leave it. I did not wonder at their determination, for had I been a single man I would willingly have remained myself.

At length the moment for weighing anchor arrived. I am sure that very few of the inhabitants of the town were absent from the beach as we entered the captain's gig, and such a scene of shaking

hands ensued, as beggars all description. We had met with the warmest hospitality while ashore, and felt most unhappy as we quitted it. The name of the excellent chief, Miles Brant, (pronounced Meelès Braunt,) will, I am sure, remain till death in the memory of those who for five months slept under his roof. May God bless him, and protect the flourishing little colony in that far-off land!

We arrived at Buenos Ayres at the commencement of August, where I left the ship, which was to proceed to New-York, and took my passage for France, accompanied by an Englishman, who had been my fellow-passenger from Sydney. We arrived at Bordeaux on the thirteenth October, from whence I proceeded by railway to join my wife and family at Tours.

From the London Times.

FAREWELL TO THE COMET.

MR. HIND, the astronomer, writes as follows: Calculations of the comet's orbit prove that Venus has had a rather narrow escape from immersion in the denser part of the tail, if not from actual collision with the nucleus. The nearest approach of the two bodies was on Monday last, when their mutual distance was less than 9-100ths of the earth's distance from the sun. If the comet had reached its least distance from the sun a few days earlier than it has done, the planet might have passed through it. The inhabitants of Venus witnessed a cometary spectacle far superior to that which has recently attracted so much attention here, inasmuch as the tail appears twice as long from that planet as from the earth, and the nucleus proportionably more brilliant. It is not unlikely that great

uneasiness and alarm has been prevalent on the "Virgin planet" for some weeks past, on account of the uncertainty which must necessarily have attached to the comet's exact course about the time of passage across the orbit of Venus; the wisest of her astronomers, unless they are ahead of their terrestrial cousins in matters of science, will have been sorely puzzled to decide until very lately whether he was hurrying on to a transit through the comet or not. Such narrow escapes may well lead to speculation on the creative object which belongs to these wanderers of the solar system. The following remarks bear upon a number of queries which have formed every-day questions during the last month: The comet which is just now receding from view in these latitudes was first discov-

ered by Dr. G. B. Donati, astronomer at the Museum of Florence, on the evening of the second of June. Previous to this date we had no knowledge of its existence, and therefore it was not a predicted comet; neither is it the one last observed in 1856. At the date of discovery it was distant from the earth 228,000,000 miles, and was an excessively faint object in the largest telescopes. It was not until the middle of August, or later, that a trustworthy determination of its future track among the stars could be obtained. It is now fairly within our grasp, and astronomers are not likely to be ignorant of its position to any extent until it is again within the range of the telescope in Europe more than two thousand years hence. The tail, when the comet was most conspicuous, appears to have maintained an average length of at least 40,000,000 miles, subtending an angle varying from thirty degrees to forty degrees. The dark line, or space down the center, frequently remarked in other great comets, has been a striking characteristic in that of Donati. The nucleus, though small, has been intensely brilliant in powerful instruments, and for some time bore high magnifiers to much greater advantage than is usual with these objects.

In several respects this comet has resembled the famous ones of 1744, 1680, and 1811, particularly as regards the signs of violent agitation going on in the vicinity of the nucleus, such as the appearance of luminous jets, spiral offshoots, etc., which have rapidly emanated from the planetary point and as quickly lost themselves in the general nebulosity of the head. The comet arrived at its least distance from the sun a few minutes after eleven o'clock on the morning of the thirtieth September; its longitude, as seen from the sun at this time, being thirty-six degrees thirteen minutes, and its distance from him 53,000,000 miles. The long

diameter of its orbit is one hundred and eighty-four times that of the earth's, or 35,100,000,000 miles, yet this enormous space is considerably less than one thousandth of the distance of the nearest fixed star! The smaller diameter of the ellipse is about 2,780,000,000. The comet remains on the north side of the earth's path only two hundred and five days, so that nearly the whole of its vast trajectory is situated below or rather to the south of that plane. The time of revolution resulting from Mr. Loewy's calculations is two thousand four hundred and ninety-five years, which is about five hundred years less than that of the comet of 1811, during the period it was visible from the earth. The hourly velocity of the comet in its orbit varies between 127,000 miles at the perihelion and four hundred and eighty miles at the aphelion. The permanency of comets is strikingly exemplified in the history of the celebrated comet of Halley, which revolves round the sun in about seventy-six years, and was last visible to us in the autumn of 1835. With the aid of the observations preserved in the Chinese annals there is strong reason for supposing that this body may be traced to the year 11 B.C., when it appeared, as Dion Cassius relates, "under that consulate of M. Valerius Messala Barbatus and P. Sulpicius Quirinus, before the death of Agrippa," and for many days seemed "as though suspended over the city of Rome."

It is only necessary to suppose that the comet's orbit coincided somewhat more nearly with that of the earth than it does at present, (an inference supported by several subsequent appearances,) and, taking the year 11 B.C. as our point of departure, we may recognize the comet at almost every visit up to the date of its last return. Notwithstanding their extreme tenuity, it is evident that these bodies may exist in their actual state for thousands of years.

From the *National Review*.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN* was the great poet of Russia—the Shakspeare of that great Empire. Without room for more we quote the following from an article in the *National Review*:

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1837, the unfortunate duel took place in which the hand of a foreigner (Von Dante, or more properly Van Heeckeren) put an end to the life of the greatest Russian poet in the prime of his manhood and the meridian of his genius. Pushkin's wife was the unhappy occasion of this duel; but the details of this sad affair are too little known for us to venture to pass any opinion on the subject, and we prefer, therefore, merely to present our readers with the account given by Shukowski of his lamented friend's last moments in a letter to the father of the poet:

"I have had no courage until now to write to you, my poor Sergei Swowitsh. What could I say, stunned as I was myself by the misfortune that has come down, like an avalanche, to crush us all? Our Pushkin is no more! It is but too true, impossible as it seems. The idea that he no longer exists can scarcely force itself into the current of our daily common thoughts; we can not yet free ourselves from the habit of looking for him continually. It is still so natural to expect him at the usual hour; his voice seems constantly to mingle with our conversation; his childlike cheerful laugh seems still to be heard where we were daily used to hear it. Nothing is changed, there is no other mark of the sad loss; every thing takes its wonted course, is in its place; he alone is gone, gone forever. It seems incredible. In an instant this strong life was extinguished; this fullness of genius and of brilliant hope had vanished. I say nothing of you, his afflicted father; I say nothing of us, his mourning friends; but Russia has lost her poet, her favorite poet. She has lost him at the very moment when he had attained his full maturity; the turning-point at which the mind takes leave of the turbid unruly forces of youth, and, guided by genius, gives itself up to the clearer creative power of manhood, which is as fresh as the former and more prolific, though not perhaps so exalted. Where is the Russian whose heart has not been bereaved of something dear to it

by his death? The present glorious reign has lost its poet. He belonged to it, as did Derzhawin to the glorious reign of Catharine, and Karamsin to that of Alexander. . . .

"At six o'clock in the afternoon Pushkin was brought home by Lieutenant-Colonel Dansas,* in the most terrible state. The valet-de-chambre carried him from the carriage up the staircase. 'Am I too heavy for you to carry?' asked Pushkin. He was brought into his cabinet; he asked for clean linen, changed his dress, and lay down on the sofa. Just as they carried him to bed, his wife, who knew nothing of what had happened, wanted to come in; but he exclaimed with a loud voice: 'Do not come in, I have some one with me.' He was afraid of frightening her. She did not come till he was in bed. The doctors were sent for. Arendt was not to be found. Scholz and Sadler came. Pushkin asked to be left alone with them. 'Is my case dangerous?' said he, tendering his hand to Scholz. They examined the wound, and Sadler hastened to fetch the necessary instruments. When alone with Scholz, Pushkin asked: 'What do you think of my state? Speak openly.' 'I can not deny that there is danger.' 'Say rather that I must die.' 'I can not conceal it; but we must first hear the opinion of Arendt and Salomon, for whom we have sent.' 'I thank you: you have acted like an honest man with me,' said Pushkin. He put his hand to his forehead, was silent for some moments, and added: 'I must arrange my affairs.' 'Would you not like to see some of your friends?' asked Scholz. 'Farewell, my friends!' said Pushkin, while his looks fell upon his library. Of what friends he took leave at that moment, if of the living or the dead, I know not. Shortly afterwards he asked: 'Do you think, then, I have not more than an hour to live?' 'Not at all; but I thought you would like to see some of your friends. Mr. Pletneff† is here.' 'Very well; but I should like to see Shukowski also. Give me a glass of water, I feel ill.'

"Scholz felt his pulse; he found his hand cold, his pulse weak and quick. He went to fetch him something to drink. I was sent for. . . . When Arendt came, he saw directly that there was no hope. They put ice on the sufferer's stomach, and gave him cooling drinks. These produced tranquillity. As Arendt was leaving him, Pushkin said: 'Ask the Emperor

* His second in the fatal duel, and who had been his friend ever since his school-days.

† Professor at the University of St. Petersburg.

to forgive me.' . . . His wife's state of mind is scarcely to be described. She glided like a shadow from time to time to the room where her dying husband lay. He could not see her, but each time he felt her presence. 'Is my wife here?' said he; 'let her go away.' He was afraid of allowing her to approach him, because he did not wish her to be a witness of his sufferings. 'How is my wife?' he once asked Spasky, the doctor who staid with him during the night; 'the poor creature suffers innocently, alas! and the world will condemn her!' He bore his sufferings with astonishing fortitude, except two or three hours during the first night, when they passed all human endurance. 'I have been present at thirty battles,' said Dr. Arendt; 'I have seen a great many people die, but no one like him.' In the moments of his greatest physical suffering he did not scream, but only groaned, being afraid that his wife might hear him. When towards the morning, his sufferings had a little subsided, he asked to see her.

"I can not describe this farewell scene. He next asked for his children. They were asleep, and were brought but yet half-awake. He fixed his looks silently on each of them, laid his hand on their heads, blessed them with the sign of the cross, and ordered them to be taken away. 'Who is here?' he asked the doctors. They named me and Prince Wjäsenski. 'Call them,' said he with a faint voice. I approached him, took the hand, already growing cold, which he held out to me, and kissed it. I could not say a word. On his waving his hand, I stepped back. But he called me to him again. 'Tell the Emperor,' said he, 'that I am sorry that I must die; I have been entirely his. Tell him that I wish him a long, long reign, and joy in his son and in Russia.'

"He said these words in a low voice, with pauses, but quite intelligibly. He then took leave of Wjäsenski. At this moment Count Wielhorski arrived, approached him, and received a last clasp of the hand. It was obvious that the dying man was in haste to settle his account with the world, and that he already felt the presence of death. He twice felt his pulse himself, and said to Spasky, 'Death is coming.' When Turgeneff approached him, he looked at him twice with an expressive glance, as if wishing to say something; but only waved his hand and whispered: 'Karamsin!' She was immediately sent for, and soon arrived. He looked at her for a minute. When she stepped back from his bed, he called her and said, 'Bless me!' then he kissed her hand."

His sufferings still continued through the following night, but were somewhat ameliorated. He was as much master of himself as before, and helped to carry out the directions of the doctors; although he wished for death as a relief to sufferings so dreadful, and repeatedly said: "Please, quicker: is my last hour come?"

Oh! please, quicker!" He heard with satisfaction how general was the sympathy people felt in his fate. It was like a national misfortune. Persons, known and unknown, thronged to the house to inquire how he was, and to express their deep concern. Every face showed grief, many wept. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, (on the twenty-ninth of January 1837,) he expired. Only for a few moments during the last struggle was the clearness of his mind obscured; but shortly before death his face became quite serene, he opened his eyes, and said: "It is over with life; breathing becomes difficult, it suffocates me." These were his last words. Shukowski adds:

"When all had left the room, I sat down and looked at his face. Never had I seen any thing like the expression left upon it in these first minutes after death. His head was a little inclined; his hands, a few moments ago moving as in cramp, lay now stretched out as if reposing after heavy labor. But the expression of his face I can not describe. It was so new to me, and yet so well known; it was that neither of dream nor of sleep; it was not the intellectual expression which was formerly habitual to it, nor was it a merely poetical thought; but it seemed to be some deep and thrilling insight, which gave the characteristic expression now visible—the discovery of a divine secret, a state of profound spiritual content. Whilst I thus looked at him, I felt as if I ought to ask him: 'What is it that you see?' And what would have been his answer, could he have come back? These are the moments of life which deserve to be called great. I may say that in this one I saw the face of death itself—the sublime, mysterious, unvalued face of death. What a stamp it had left on him! how the secrets of death and of his own inmost nature were written on these features! I assure you that I never before saw on his face any expression of such deep, solemn, sublime thought. Surely this thought must have preexisted in his mind, and belonged to his noble nature; but it came out in this perfect purity only when, at the touch of death, all earthly things have vanished from him."

The two following days, while his coffin was yet unclosed, more than ten thousand persons came to take a last glance at him. On the first of February he was solemnly buried in the vault of a church at St. Petersburg, from which a few days afterwards, the coffin was taken to the convent where his mother was buried, and where he had wished to repose likewise.

Among his descriptions of nature, the representations of autumn are the most

beautiful; as, for example, in *Onegin*: "How sadly the dawn of morning rises from out the cold mists! The wolf and his mate, lurking for prey, emerge from the thick bushes; the steed, feeling the enemy near, prances about, snorting and trembling for fear. The horseman prudently turns round his horse, and rides to the mountains. No longer is heard the horn of the shepherd leading the cows from the village; every body stays at home. The spinning-wheel rattles, the girls sing at their work with cheerful faces, the pine-torch flickers instead of the candle."

Pushkin had an excellent library at his country-seat, which he continually enriched with new treasures. In 1829, he published an historical poem, *Poltawa*, and a new edition of his smaller poems in two volumes. His dramatic composition, *Boris Godunoff*, was at the same time prepared for the press. He was very much annoyed by the mutilations which his works suffered from the censorship, and for a while almost entirely ceased from publishing; until, as it is said, the Emperor Nicholas, having heard the reason of the poet's silence, took it upon himself to exercise the censorship on his works, and was found less severe than his officers. In the same year, 1829, Pushkin followed the triumphant march of the Field-Marshal Paskiewitch to Erzeroum. He saw again those beautiful countries of the Caucasus, Georgia, and a part of Armenia, which he had known before, and wrote a masterly description in prose of this expedition.

The summer of 1830 he passed at his country-seat Boldino, in the province of Nishni-Novgorod, whither he retreated to arrange his private affairs, as he had made up his mind to marry. These occupations, however, did not affect his literary activity. He was, on the contrary, busier than ever. He finished the two last cantos of his greatest poem, *Onegin*; wrote a poetical tale, *The Little House at Kolomna*, a series of dramatic scenes, *The Avaricious Knight*, *Mozart and Salieri*, *A Festival at the Time of the Plague*, besides about thirty smaller poems, and five tales in prose for the journal of a friend. In February, 1831, his wedding took place at Moscow. In a letter he wrote shortly afterwards, he says: "I am married. My only wish is, that nothing in my life may now change.

I am so little accustomed to this new position, that I feel as if in a new life. The remembrance of Delwig" [a friend recently dead] "is the only shadow in this existence of otherwise heavenly light." From Moscow he was intending to go back and pass the summer at Tsarskoe-selo; and, anticipating the pleasures of this sojourn, he writes to the same friend: "I shall then pass the summer and autumn in my enchanting solitude, not far from the capital, with the recollections of former and the enjoyment of present happiness, and surrounded by all the blessings of married life. I shall see you and Shukowski every week. St. Petersburg is so very near; living is cheap; I need not have a carriage. What is left me to wish for?" This summer, indeed, was one of the happiest in Pushkin's life; Shukowski also passed it in Tsarskoe-selo, and the two poets lived in the greatest harmony and mutual enjoyment of each other's works.

Several poems, and the beginning of Pushkin's *History of Peter the Great*, date from this time. Unfortunately, the latter was never finished. He worked at it till the time of his death; but the many minute details which such a work required tired him thoroughly out. His lively mind could not fix itself for any length of time on the same pursuit; he liked the study of history only so far as it fertilized and enriched his poetical genius. In the course of the year 1833, he again made a journey into the interior of Russia, to see the scene of the insurrection of Pugatshoff. As a literary result of this journey, he wrote the charming novel, *The Daughter of the Captain*. On his return, he took an active part in the publication of a periodical called *The Reading Library*, and in 1835 published a volume of new poems. Some of his most finished works — *The Brazen Horseman*, *The Stone Guest*, *the Sylph of the Stream*, *Galub* — appeared in 1836. Towards the end of this year he lost his mother; and when he followed her to her last resting-place in the convent of Swätigorski, he ordered, as if with some presentiment of the near approach of his own death, a burial-place to be reserved for him by her side.

We can not better conclude this imperfect account of the great Russian poet than by a very literal rendering of his own proud epitaph on himself:

"A monument to me leave I among my people,
Not built by human hands, not overgrown
by grass,
But rising up more proud than that which
does relate
Napoleon's great deeds of glory.

No, I shall not perish; that may ever fall
to ashes
Which is destruction's prey—the body they
inter;
My spirit in my song shall be alive as long
as
On earth a single poet lives."

From Titan.

MIDNIGHT ON THE ALPS.

I HAVE myself achieved my Alpine ascent. I walked over Mont Cenis. I beg you will not think too light of my deed. Had I any power of description, I know my narrative would not sound tame, even by the side of Albert Smith's one thousand and first performance.

What, in sober reality, is after all an ascent of Mont Blanc? You huddle and crouch together, a score of you, in a cleft of the rock of the Grands Mulets—you consume an intolerable deal of cold fowl and champagne—you toil up in the dark by a slippery snow-path, tied together like so many Spanish onions in a string—you have in your ears the din of your jabbering Chamouni guides, the piteous moans, or the stale jokes of your jaded, dreary fellow-Cockneys. In due time you reach the summit—if you reach it—and in a cruel, cutting, killing wind, you stand for five, or it may be for ten minutes upon it, benumbed, bewildered, frost-bitten, sick at heart, and have before you—weather permitting—a bird's-eye view of "all the kingdoms of the earth." Then down you slide, or scamper or tumble, *pêle-mêle*, *harum-scarum*, riding on your spiked mountain-staff, like so many witches on their broomsticks, down on the snow-dust again. You are met in the valley by a troop of half-cheering, half-jeering Savoyard ragamuffins, who have got up an ovation ready for you, for the sake of

the halfpence you are expected to sow broadcast amongst them. You sit down to a hot *fork-breakfast*, pen your letter to the *Times*, and are able to say, for your lifetime, that you have done it—you have done Mont Blanc. You have not paused for one moment; you have not been one moment alone, not one moment sufficiently collected to "realize a sensation." You have seen and heard and felt nothing.

Now for my achievement. We had dined on tough mutton, at a dirty hole of an inn at St. Michael's in Maurienne. I had sat from six o'clock till midnight in the coupé of the *Messagerie Impériale*, napping for six weary hours, that being, as you know full well, "my custom always of an afternoon." I had a Berlin Rath and Ritter of some kind or other with me, and his blooming tender bride on her wedding-tour, who kept nodding most affectionately to the Alps as they neared, and whose fair blonde head perpetually oscillated like a pendulum between her husband's shoulder and mine, till it settled comfortably on the side where her heart beat—I sat on her left—affording me the benefit of a genial warmth, which the late hour and the keen mountain air rendered any thing but superfluous or unwelcome.

On the stroke of twelve we were at Lans-le-bourg. There I drank a whole King Arthur's punch-bowlful of coffee

and milk; then, while the conductor, with many an oath, put twelve mules to his lumbering conveyance, I walked forth into the night alone.

I felt fresh and strong, and my heart bounded within me. I brandished my trusty iron-headed stick, a weapon, as you are well aware, with which I could crack a bull's frontal bone, let alone a mere Christian man's skull. We have traveled together, dear Marmion, and you can bear witness that I have few, if any, equals for soundness of lungs, and swiftness of foot, especially walking up-hill. It is a peculiarity with me that I never stay or slacken my pace in the ascent, however long or toilsome, but ever rush on and on, as if I meant to take the mountain by storm. The rapidity and continuity of motion raises the blood to fever-heat, and gives the brain something of the actual throbbing of fever. Now most of us know from experience that no human enjoyment comes up to the trance of a good fever, and the lightness and elasticity of the mountain air impart to the senses a high-wrought excitement, which comes as near the spiritualization of the whole frame as it is possible for us to attain here below. I traveled with the hurry of a Queen's messenger, had had two or three sleepless nights on the journey, and had still the boots on with which I stepped into a cab at my door in Pocklington Square, so that long unrest had brought me to a state of coma which lifted me up to the highest realms of the unreal.

I had not gone ten yards when the firm tread of my heel was the loudest—presently the only sound I heard. The toiling diligence thundered shortly afterwards behind me, but was soon far away in the rear, and the jingling of a hundred bells, and the crack of the whips, and the shouts of the postillions, and the "Sacrés" of the conducteur, who, having no horn to blow, apparently consecrated his superfluous wind to blow up men and cattle, ascended, mellowed by the widening distance, till they died away altogether in the space I put between me and them.

After two or three turnings in the road, I was again alone, and silence deepened around me. I tried two or three snatches of song—marching-tunes with which I am wont to beguile my way; but the notes died in utterance. The God of the Alps awoke and hushed me. The road wound up in the hollow of the valley;

the rocky mountain-sides were fringed here and there with ragged fir-trees; the view was bounded, the air close and noiseless, nothing broke the holy stillness of the night. Now silence and solitude are the first and foremost elements of all Alpine enjoyment. Another essential condition is perfect freedom of motion. Where you have to mind and pick your way, where you apprehend that any false step, any untoward tumble, may pitch you over a thousand fathoms' precipice, you must be a very Syntax if you have an eye for the picturesque. But here the road lay before me as smooth and safe, as firm and compact, as the carpeted floor of your drawing-room; mountain and valley, as far as eye could reach, were almost as clear and distinct as the fullest noontide glare could make them. Right before me, where the jagged mountain-gorge seemed to close the way, there flashed a blaze of stars such as can only light up an Alpine atmosphere. Those stars—I knew them by heart. It was the glorious gorgeous cluster of the winter constellations just rising in the east. There was the milk-white Capella, and the blood-red Aldebaran, and the ruby Rigel, and topaz Procyon, the pale twinkling Pleiades, and the flaming belt of Orion. The very Koh-i-noor of the whole set, my own Sirius, played bo-peep behind rocks and woods; but far up above-head a planet glowed, Jupiter, I supposed, bright and broad as a bran-new sixpence, a very Bude-light in a whole galaxy of minor gas-lights. The warmth, the purity, the calmness of the air was unspeakable.

Presently, however, I issued forth from that deep gully, and reached more open space; you have gone yourself over Mont Cenis, Marmion, or have crossed the Alps at some other point, and I, who have been on foot, by night and by day, summer and winter, up and down, nine out of ten of those Passes, hardly need describe the peculiar features of the scenery. Mont Cenis is by no means the most sublime of mountains, though its road be perhaps the most striking of all mountain-roads. You are familiar with the change of landscape at every step along the winding ascent; now deep in the glen, now high on the terrace, now thick through the wood, now close by the foaming cataract, now up on the dizzy bridge, now edging the yawning abyss.

Well—I reached an open space, and

was suddenly assailed by the roar of the thousand voices of the Alps. Down on my left dashed the unseen torrent, down on my right the wind reveled across the tangled pine-forest. The night was not so still as it had seemed below, and some thin streaks of pitch-dark clouds scudded like evil spirits along the narrow gorges, forerunners of a storm that was brewing in the east.

As yet there was only that low moan, that keen, fresh, freshening breeze quickening all our senses and brightening our perceptions, so that I, whose eyes like the cat's, are always keenest in the night air, and whose ears are of the sharpest at any time, could catch sights and sounds at an incredible distance and with amazing swiftness. But somehow the imagination would work upon all sounds and sights, so as to people every crag and every bush with unearthly objects, and to make the air alive with notes and tunes other than those of the piping wind and of the brawling brook.

The Alps are on the whole, pretty lonely and stirless, and especially on the highroad, singularly destitute of animal life. At night, however, a hundred invisible things seem perpetually rushing past; a hundred unaccountable voices—voices of the night—blend with the real music of earth, air, and water. The Alps are haunted!

Heaven! that I could only write down the thousandth part of the fancies that flitted across my mind! There is no million of miles of space, no million of years of time, a man may not travel through, in the millionth part of a second, under such a combination of magnetic causes. You have noticed the peculiar effect of a gust of wind through extensive firwoods: it sounds like the clash of ten thousand steel blades meeting in mortal conflict. It seemed to me as if all the legions that ever toiled up that far-famed ascent—Gauls, Africans, Romans, Goths, Burgundians, Langobards, Saxons, and Franks—were now marching up in the dead of night, in one close array, and I heard the clangor of their iron tread, and desecrated their spears and halberds gleaming up those star-lighted defiles. Charlemagne and his host of Franks took my fancy particularly, and I pictured to myself the meeting of that monarch with the solitary obscure monk, or deacon, who came to point out to him an unknown path, which would lead the Franks to the rear of the

Lombard position at the Chiuse, and give their onset all the irresistible impetus of a sudden surprise. I was myself by turns the French king, by turns the Latin monk. I rehearsed, in the name of this latter, the graphic speech, in which that lonely wanderer gives an account of the miraculous way in which Providence had guided him across the Alpine desert, in the third act of Manzoni's *Adelchi*. Anon, I bethought myself of Excelsior: I was Excelsior, and my stick became his star-spangled banner; and I wished and hoped Mont Cenis might, like Jacob's ladder, reach up to heaven, and I felt that I could walk up, up, forever, sure not only that my mortal strength would never forsake me, but that my breathing would become easier and easier, my limbs lighter and lighter, till my mortal frame would be buoyed up into the air, and the ascent would end in Ascension.

Oh! what ether is more exhilarating, what opium can give rise to wilder dreams, than such as beset us in the pure mountain air and after a smart mountain walk at midnight? There is hardly one hour of my life I did not live over again, hardly a line of poetry I ever read in any language, hardly three notes of a tune I ever heard in any land, that did not flit and flash across my mind in that short spell of clairvoyance—not one familiar face that I did not conjure up, not one well-known voice that did not mingle with the eternal roar of the Alpine wilderness. And in the midst of that mazy reverie a thousand evanescent, ineffable sights and sounds came suddenly to startle me: it was now a footstep—a very distinct footstep—not the echo of my own footstep—as if of some one dodging me—close behind me: now a heavy-trailing thing—some giant snake or other huge monster—rushing through the bush, almost at my feet: now a great flitting shadow towering on my path, and moving straight in my direction: a dark demon spreading his bat-like wings, ready to enfold me to his breast. Oh! the endless jugglery and phantasmagoria of the night! and I strained my eyes so as to pierce the gloom, and stood still and listened, till the throb of my pulses was the loudest noise: but the slightest attempt at seizing any of those sounds and sights would melt them into nothing; the moment I stilled my heart, the moment I rallied my wandering faculties, nothing

but the real was before me. I felt conscious all the time that I stood on the very brink of the supernatural, that I was walking on the very border of the "night side of nature," but any attempt to reach over the bourne flung me back rudely; back I fell into the dull, visible, and tangible world.

And I recalled to mind the day—and that day was hardly fourteen months back in the past—when I traveled over that same Alpine chain, though on another road, over the Splügen; traveled, but not alone; when a gentle and beloved companion pressed close to me, as the sledge bounded and jolted over the deep ruts of the uneven frozen ground, and she clung gasping and trembling to me for support; and I was reminded how that gentle, tender, timid being, so full of youth and life and love and happiness, lay now as cold as the snow she was then passing over; and, all on a sudden, I lifted up my voice till it rang like a bell in the still night air, and I prayed with a fervor, such as nature's temple only, and only sometimes, can inspire—I prayed to God Omnipotent that I might be allowed to break through the barrier that parts us from the invisible world—that here, in this great desert, where no human being was near to see, whence any tale I might tell would be credited by no human being, I might, for the shortest instant, catch a glimpse of the sweet countenance of the dear departed one—that I should for once stand with the dead face to face. I prayed—and as I prayed, I gazed wistfully before me, and eagerly breathed a name—and almost fancied faith and longing love could work miracles—ay, almost fancied—only fancied; for it is God's will that the great depth should never be sounded, that men should believe because they never can see. Even on the Alps, at midnight, the dead never return!

In the mean while the wind had freshened into a keen piercing gale; the clouds rolled darker and darker, and as I reached the highest regions, the stars paled one by one, the planet itself was absorbed, earth and sky mingled; the whole atmosphere was invaded by a thick fog, which lashed my face with almost imperceptible atoms of I knew not whether rain or snow or dust. At every new turning I had been plunging into more and more palpable darkness, and at last I moved through such a dense inky-black medium, that the foot had to dispense altogether with the aid of the eye. The very mist had become invisible.* Past the heavy crosses set up to guide the traveler through the winter snows, but now scarcely discernible from time to time, as they loomed portentous through the dusk—past the cantonniers' houses placed at short intervals by the wayside—past the dilapidated hospice, all dark and voiceless, and the paltry mountain inns which have usurped its hospitable duties, I trod stealthily, wrapt in my cloak, myself not unlike the spirit of darkness and of storm: the very watch-dogs gave no sign. I stood on the summit; I walked across the plain, along the icy-lakes, the death-lakes of Mont Cenis. Italy lay before me, a vast ocean of gloom. I stood at Grande Croix. Presently a ruddy light, a mere burning speck at first, then a huge fiery ball, meteor-like, flashed across the plain, low on the horizon, in the distance. There came jingling bells, cracking whips, swearing voices—the lumbering, thundering blundering diligence. I crept into my place beside the Berlin bride, who was napping and nodding still, drowsier and warmer than ever. The weird trance was at an end.

The Alps were left behind, and I, a man, found myself talking, thinking, and acting like other men.

* "Ricorditi, Lettor, se mai per Alpe
Ti colse nebbia per la qual vedessi
Non altrimenti chi per pelle talpe."

Dante, Purgatorio, xvii. 1-3.

"Call to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er
Hast on an Alpine height been ta'en by cloud,
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole
Doth through opacous membrane."

Cary's Translation.

Who ever observed more correctly or described more forcibly?

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE EXILE'S MEMORY.

BY ELEANOR F. COBBY.

ANCIENT homestead! quaint and lonely,
When shall I thy threshold tread?
When return to those who love me,
If, alas! they are not dead?
Round thy rustic porch the woodbine
Flutters in the evening breeze;
Still thy lowly gate is guarded
By those ancient poplar-trees—
Standing sentry, night and day,
With their leaves of trembling gray.

Well I know each sounding chamber;
Well I know each dark recess:
Oh! I might be happy often
If I could but love thee less!
Well I know the streamlet winding
Through thy pleasant pasture-land,
Where at noon the dappled cattle
In the shady waters stand.
Thoughts of home are sweet to me,
Pining o'er the distant sea.

Joy the dearest, grief the deepest,
Bind my heart with sacred ties,
To that homestead, quaint and lonely,
Neath our gray, old English skies:
There I drank life's cup of anguish,
Brimming o'er with bitter tears;

When our gentle sister left us
In the dawn of joyous years—
Through that porch where woodbines wave
Borne, in silence, to the grave.

There, love's sweetness first entranced me;
There, I felt its tender spell;
Clasped hands and gentle glances
Telling what the lips should tell.
Absence came, with wider changes,
And the dream was soon forgot;
Yet it leaves a lingering kindness
For the old, familiar spot.
Oft at eve, my mind recalls
Glimpses of those ivied walls.

Oft at eve, my mind recalls it
With the friends I see no more;
Oft illumes its parlor casement
With the merry lights of yore;
In the midst of outward sorrow,
When my heart is bleeding fast,
Nature's low unceasing voices
Tell me of the happy past—
Distant stream and moaning breeze
Sound like rustling poplar-trees.

A SHADOW.

WHAT lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gay?
What lack the babbling fountains?
Their voice is sad to-day.
Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low,
That made the earth rejoice
A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?
A shadow is on the sun:
What lack the merry hours,
That I long that they were done!

Only two smiling eyes,
That told of joy and mirth;
They are shining in the skies,
I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes it
So weary and full of pain,
That trembling Hope forsakes it,
Never to come again?
Only another heart,
Tender and all mine own,
In the still grave it lies,
I weep alone!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

LATE AND EARLY MARRIAGES; OR, THREE HUNDRED PER ANNUM.

"WELL! and is it really you, Bessie Villiers? And what, in the name of goodness, have you done with yourself all this time? Five—well, no—but four weeks at least it is, since we have had the honor of a visit from your Ladyship."

This speech was finished with a grand mock courtesy, from the speaker, Miss Isabella Rivers, a handsome young lady, dressed in the very last fashion, in the richest of silks and the costliest lace; and it was addressed to another young woman of her own age, who a minute previously had been announced by Mrs. Rivers's page, who was gorgeously bedizened in blue, and silver buttons.

Bessie Villiers, the visitor, beside her friend, would not possibly have attracted much notice at first; she was by no means so *distinguis* looking, and was dressed very quietly though neatly. Her black *glacé* was not enlarged to inconvenience by crinoline, though a daintily-worked white petticoat just peeped from the skirt of her robe, as she held it up to avoid the contact of even Mrs. Rivers's handsome morning room carpet. A sweet and happy face, though not a *very* beautiful one, beamed from beneath a modest straw bonnet, plainly but elegantly trimmed with violet-colored velvet; perfectly-fitting gloves and boots finished this unremarkable toilet, if I except a black velvet mantle and sable furs, which served to denote the winter season.

"I have been very busy, my dear Isabella," said Miss Villiers, with a slight hesitation, and a color very perceptibly rising through her pure pale skin.

"And so, indeed, has been your humble servant," said Isabella: "Balls, soirées, operas, weddings!"

"What!" said Bessie, smiling, "have you at last made up your mind then?"

"To my own wedding?" Miss Rivers almost screamed. "Good Heavens, no! How could you think of such a thing? Why, Frederick and I are not half rich enough yet. I say Frederick and I, but I mean Mr. Bury; for, of course, every

one knows I have no money, don't they, mamma?" continued this lively young lady, tapping her mother under the chin—a proceeding which interfered with that matron's dignity materially, as, dressed in a costly morning silk, she lounged with one of Mudie's volumes in her hand.

"Don't be foolish, Isabella," her mother answered; "and pray don't tumble my collar so; it is really very disagreeable."

"What is, ma, dear?" replies her daughter—"that I still hang on your hands? Well, you know it is not Fred's fault, because he wanted to arrange our marriage only last month, and you would not hear of it."

"Certainly not," the elder lady says, "until Mr. Bury's prospects improve, and his income will enable him to keep a wife."

"I was about to name to you," said Bessie Villiers, "that I am going to be married on the seventeenth of next month. We think now there is every prospect of Mr. Dimsdale's income progressing, and we have made up our minds not to make any further delay. I shall be twenty-one you know," she said, "next week; my birthday is on the fourth, and Arthur is just two years older, and—"

"And pray, my dear," Mrs. Rivers broke in, "what may—if not an impertinent question—what may be the income of Mr. Dimsdale?"

Most people would have thought this a very impertinent question indeed. Bessie colored a *little*, but answered quietly: "Three hundred a year, Mrs. Rivers."

"Is it possible!!!" in an accent of astonishment which demands all those four notes of admiration to describe it.

"My dearest Bessie!" (from Isabella,) "you are surely dreaming; or out of your mind: or"—laughing immensely—"terribly in love."

"I do, certainly, wish to say that I love Mr. Dimsdale very much," says Bessie, in a little tone of pique. "If I did not, I should be very wrong to marry him."

This mildly-tempered shaft, perhaps, was aimed at Miss Rivers, who had been wavering—so said evil report—between her engaged lover and a certain gentleman considerably older than herself; at any rate, Isabella received the innuendo (which became so, more from the emphasis with which it was delivered rather than its words) with a long loud laugh—the way, by the by, in which Mrs. Rivers and her daughters usually received any thing like hints of reproof, and which was doubly effective in at once expressing their scorn of report, and their contempt for the hinter.

"You are quite Arcadian, my dear girl," said Isabella, when she had indulged her mirth; "perhaps I might better say Utopian; but certainly I agree with you, it is much pleasanter to marry a person one does like, than any one to whom we have an aversion. And that is the reason I intend waiting for Frederick."

"But," interposed Miss Villiers, "surely Mr. Bury's income exceeds what Mr. Dimsdale and I think we can afford to marry on?"

"It does indeed," answered her friend, rather more seriously than before: "Frederick has five hundred a year. But do you think we could keep house on such a wretched sum, my dear girl? The thing would be out of the question; even mamma says so, don't you mother, dear? although she wants so very much to get rid of me, and hear me called Mrs. Somebody, instead of Miss Rivers."

"Out of the question? Of course," her mother answered loftily; "and I can not, my dear Miss Villiers, imagine how your parents can permit you to sacrifice yourself, and descend from the enjoyments of a comfortable and elegant home into poverty."

"Poverty!" said Bessie, smiling.

"My dear, yes. What can you possibly do with three hundred a year?"

"At least," said Miss Villiers, "it is, in careful hands, a competency; and together we can make it go further than living singly; for Mr. Dimsdale candidly acknowledges that, as a single man, he can save very little, and wants beside the comfort of a home. Papa, you know," said Bessie, blushing, "takes a great interest in all social subjects, and discusses them freely among us all; and he declares this system of waiting till people are rich, now in vogue among the genteel middle-

class people, is productive of great immorality."

Mrs. Rivers tossed her head: "Those are questions," she said, "best left alone; at any rate, with us they are kept entirely out of sight."

"No man," said Isabella, in the tone of one who had definitively made her mind up on the subject—"no man has a right to marry unless he can support a wife in the way she has been brought up."

"And there again lies the fault. Papa says," exclaimed Bessie, "middle-class families bring up their daughters to know nothing whatever of domestic economy; to acquire showy accomplishments, which are yet not perfected enough to gain them bread, if accident or misfortune forces them to earn their own subsistence; to dress expensively, to frequent parties, and to keep a fixed determination not to marry until they can, as wives, be supported in the same reckless system in which they have as daughters before existed."

"Capital," says Mrs. Rivers, derisively. "Upon my word, Miss Villiers, you have retained your father's lectures well. I wish, Isabella, you would remember what I say to you, in the like manner. And pray, my dear, Bessie"—patronizingly—"tell us your qualifications for keeping house on the smallest possible income I ever heard of people being desperate enough to marry on?"

"One thing—the first and best principle, I believe," answered Miss Villiers gravely—"will be to keep our expenses within that income. I shall regulate them weekly, take a small house—just sufficient for decent and respectable comfort—have only one servant, and superintend every domestic occupation myself, which I am happy to say will be in my power, because we have always assisted my mother in those affairs."

"Really!" said Mrs. Rivers, being obliged to make some observation, and not knowing what other on earth to offer.

"Papa's income, my dear Mrs. Rivers," continued Bessie, "is, as you know, a very handsome one; but even he owns that if my mother had not exercised a strict economy and been prudent in her domestic expenditure, he could not have done as he has; that is, provided by a life assurance, handsomely for her in the event of his death, and put by something for his daughters, for marriage-portions, or to

help them on if they remain single. Every one of us," Bessie pursued—a flush of honest pride coming into her sweet face—"has followed some pursuit, by which, if compelled, we could earn our own living. We have never calculated on marriage as a means of livelihood, nor do I believe any of us are likely to sink into repining helpless beings, if we are destined to remain single. I believe each state of existence has its own peculiar cares and trials. We have endeavored to prepare for either."

Excellent sentiments! but they appeared to make no impression at all on Mrs. Rivers, or her daughter Isabella, who deemed it entirely beneath ladies to understand any thing whatever about household matters. Had they been born to rank and wealth, perhaps their high station might have denied them a participation in woman's dearest duties. The Duchess of Oldschool would certainly be out of place, walking into Her Grace's kitchen, directing Her Grace's *chef*, haggling with Her Grace's butcher, baker, or poulterer. But Mrs. Rivers, the wife of a commercial man, whose income was fixed at seven hundred per annum, might have so directed her affairs, with the greatest possible advantage to her husband's expenditure and her daughter's future welfare, since this young lady could not hope for an alliance with any member of the peerage, or even a wealthy commoner of high family. But Mrs. Rivers and her daughters preferred aping the Duchess of Oldschool, in their expenditure, their idleness, their fashionable modes, and even fancied that people mistook their Birmingham lacquer for Her Grace's massive gilding.

A week or two after the conversation recorded, Miss Villiers was united to the man of her choice, and subsided down into a small neatly-furnished house in a cheap locality, where the Rivers family would have been horrified to have ventured, and where, for untold sums, they would not have been supposed to visit.

When the acquaintances of our girlhood once cease, they rarely become renewed. Very wisely, Bessie Villiers, instead of marrying to please the particular set among whom she visited, married to please herself! Many persons shook their wise heads at Bessie's marriage; they said Mr. Dimsdale was fond of company, was

inclined to be gay, and that a longer courtship would have been better, because there would have been an object for him to pursue—to save, in short, for his marriage. As it was, Arthur Dimsdale had saved very little money, and Bessie married without many things which half-a-dozen friends told her were perfectly indispensable for a new-married couple.

"We shall keep no company," said Bessie: "our income I know will not suffice for that; so really I do not see that we require so much plate, neither do we want an expensive dinner-service, nor all the accessories belonging to the givers of dinners. As for the few friends who may take a cup of tea, or a sandwich supper, our every-day wares will do very well, for I always wish to set out a neat table for my husband."

And neatness reigned in the small household, and the young husband came to regard his house—small and inconvenient as many thought it—as a casket wherein he had enshrined a jewel of untold price.

As times and women go, I fear really good, unexacting, and economical wives—wives, in short, who steer clear of that Scylla and Charybdis, Extravagance and Meanness, are regarded as something no less precious than rare.

When Bessie's third infant was born, she accidentally learned that Isabella Rivers was not yet married but still engaged to Frederick Bury; Isabella had declared that she would not marry till Frederick's income averaged a thousand per annum. Mr. Dimsdale's own income by this time had reached five hundred; but though his family had increased he had some little money saved, and lived in comfort, though neither in fashion nor splendor. The small house still was large enough for the married pair, and home was still the most attractive place to Arthur Dimsdale. A new book, a new song, a rare plant were among the few luxuries they permitted themselves. Never once had Mr. Dimsdale regretted his early marriage. Like most other young men, when first he entered the busy world, he had tasted some of those pernicious pleasures to which the world, in the intervals of money-making, devotes itself; but these soon palled on a taste too pure to enjoy amusements tainted with vice—too unsophisticated to find any happiness save in the ties of home. If he loved Bessie when he first knew her,

for her simple, unpretending manners, he became entirely devoted to her when he found that she did not refuse to share his privations as well as his more opulent prospects.

"I hear," said Arthur to Bessie, one evening after he had been dining with some bachelor friends—for Mrs. Dimsdale was not one of those exacting wives, who demand that their husbands should give up every former acquaintance—"I hear Fred Bury is living a sad fast life. No wonder the poor fellow has been disappointed in his expected home; he has no domestic happiness, not even at the Rivers's, who never spend their evenings at home, but are eternally gadding to balls, to lectures, soirées, parties, the opera, or heaven knows where; and so he visits all the haunts about town, and finishes a night of dissipation at the 'Chimney Corner,' where the greatest attraction is Mr. Codling, that humorous comic-singer, who, I declare, always sent me home, whenever I have listened to him, (and I confess Bessie, I did sometimes—in the times before the Flood, I mean, my dear—before you took compassion and married me,) with suicidal inclination; so dreadful was the contrast between that poor wretch's ludicrous ditties, and his wo-begone private descriptions of his sufferings, with a wife and nine children at home. But of course Isabella knows nothing of these practices of young men, and would believe no one who should assert that she is to blame for Fred's delinquencies."

Two years after, when, according to Bessie's calculation, Isabella was twenty-nine, and Mr. Bury was thirty-three, Miss Rivers was married. The wedding was performed—for what are those silly pageants, but entertainments enacted for the special amusement of the mob who congregate at the church door, and a large circle of private friends?—in the most approved fashion: Veils of Honiton lace, orange-blossom wreaths, white *moiré* dresses, and *bouquets* were plentiful, and cost as much money as would have furnished a good-sized house from top to bottom. A honeymoon, spent in Paris, completed the expense attendant on this marriage; and when Mr. Bury settled down in his new and expensively-furnished residence, he was thoroughly put out by the expenditure to which he had been forced.

Mrs. Bury had furtively stolen two or

three visits to Bessie Dimsdale's before her own marriage took place, partly out of curiosity to see her former friend's humble *ménage*, and to ascertain if they were not involved in deep distress, and how people could manage on an income of three hundred per annum. She was much surprised, on her first visit, to find that although there was no page in blue, and silver buttons, there was nothing at all sordid or squalid in the appointments of Mrs. Dimsdale's well-ordered home. Bessie herself on this occasion had been preparing her husband's five o'clock dinner, yet was dressed in a snowy wrapper and lace cap, as nice and neat as if she really had expected early visitors, which she did not.

"Well, my dear, you must be sorely put to it," said Isabella sympathizingly, as she said "Good-by!"

Bessie only laughed: "Try it yourself," she answered; "but take my advice, don't try Frederick's patience too much."

Mrs. Dimsdale returned Isabella's visit, after the latter's marriage. Mrs. Bury resided in a handsome house near Bayswater, in which there was every thing the most luxurious could desire. Mr. Bury, she informed Bessie, had received an addition to his income by some fortunate speculation in railway shares: "So we are pretty well off," she said. "You know, of course, I could never have done as you did: and see, now, you have actually three children! Bless me! I declare I am quite old! and yet how fresh and well you look—quite handsome, I declare. Do you know I was much happier at home, than I am, now I am married? Fred is so fretful, you don't know; but I always refuse to listen to his troubles, for he's always boring one about something or other; but I tell him women have nothing to do with business, and ought not to be worried with it: then he flies in a passion, and twits me with keeping him single so long; and actually, Bessie, the other day, what do you think he said?"—and the tears really filled Mrs. Bury's dark eyes as she spoke—"why, that I had grown into a cross, peevish creature, and that I was more like a sour old maid than a young wife. I cried all day, and did not come down to dinner; so my lord clapped on his hat, and left the dinner smoking on the table, and, I suppose, went and got his own where he could. So you see I

have my troubles, though we are well off."

Troubles, indeed, which Bessie, with her well-regulated temper and well-regulated home, had never experienced.

"And then," pursued Isabella, "Mr. Bury has habits quite unbecoming a married man. At first, of course, he was pretty attentive and well-behaved; but, my dear, he comes home sometimes dreadfully late; and, when he finds me up—would you believe it?—he actually swears, and declares he will have a key! He shall not, though," said Mrs. Bury, her spirit rising, and showing a tolerable sample of what she could be if roused; "though he turns round and reproaches me with his having got into bad habits, because he says I kept him for years from the comforts of a home and domestic happiness."

Her friend soothed and calmed her as well as she could; but Isabella, having once begun to complain, found it such a relief, that she kept on. One day she came to Mrs. Dimsdale in a state of great excitement; she produced a note, after some indifferent conversation—for Bessie did not care for these confidences, and, seeing something was amiss, wished to discourage her from making them—and, showing it to her friend, begged she would read it, being in Italian, in which language Bessie was a proficient, though Isabella knew nothing of it, but "Ah! sospiri," or "Una voce," which she used to sing to her Italian music. "I found it," she said, "in Fred's waistcoat pocket this morning—I always search his pockets before he gets up. It is from a woman, I am certain; I have brought it to you to read, remembering how well you understood Italian before you were married. See!" she said, holding out the satin, pressed, perfumed billet, which, if not written in "very choice Italian," was nevertheless indited in that mellifluous language, unfortunately a sealed book to Mrs. Bury—"see! do read it, my dear! I am on the rack till I know whom this is from."

The rack! Ah! my dear Mrs. Bury! what were all the tortures of ancient times—the thumb-screw, the press, the knotted cords for flagellation—compared with those of jealousy, which women have, from time immemorial, invented for themselves, and which they administer constantly to their own souls so unsparingly, so remorselessly? So Mrs. Dims-

dale, taking pity on her friend's agonies of doubt and curiosity, though protesting a good deal against the action, translated the note—not without much blushing and hesitation, for the first four lines explained perfectly, even to her inexperience, from what kind of person the epistle came.

"Caro Carissimo"—

So it began, and I will translate the rest, for the benefit of my dear reader, who, like Mrs. Bury, may not be sufficiently skilled in "*La bella lingua Toscana*;" for I hold it to be an impertinence to write in a language not universally understood:

"Caro Carissimo: I die a hundred thousand deaths, because you have not been to me for these two days. I looked for you in vain last night behind the curtain. The opera was '*Norma*;' and if I had sung *Norma*—as but for *La Crinolini's* infamous jealousy I should—how I should have mourned my *Pollio's* falseness! As it was, '*Animo Mio*,' having to go on for *Clotilde*, and support that vile *Crinolini*, in her agonies! think how much my own exceeded them! By the by, I have seen the sweetest bijou of a bracelet, at *Houbigant's*, yesterday; bring it with you, and receive my forgiveness, my embraces, my fidelity till death!

"Yours ever,

"GIULIETTA."

"There: I told you so!" said Isabella, as she heard this, with a visage inflamed with rage, and eyes which, could their glances have been turned to steel, would have inflicted deep stabs on the person of her rival—"I knew there was something of this kind. And I have gone to the opera, and actually seen this creature act confidantes and mammas—a beetle-browed, swarthy wretch. And for such an object he is false. Oh! I—I can not—can not bear this!"

And Mrs. Bury's convulsive sobs threatened a fit of hysteria, which, being produced by violent and irrepressible emotions, are not, as some male slanderers assert, always under the control of the female exhibitor thereof.

"My dear Isabella, try and be calm," her friend—distressed as much as it was possible for a by-stander to be—said.

But you might as well have preached discretion to a tearing March wind, and have persuaded the same to become a Zephyr meandering among summer trees, as have prevailed on that furious and stung woman to cease complaining. When

she could weep no more, and even the kind-hearted Bessie grew weary of trying to soothe or reason with such a tornado. Mrs. Bury rose, and took her departure. Her brougham conveyed her home, from which her husband had long since departed; doubtless, she thought, to make his peace with the Italian woman, Giulietta.

To calm herself, and yet to keep alive her resentment—although that fire needed no fuel to be thrown on its flames—what does my sympathizing reader think Mrs. Bury did? She opened the cellaret in her sideboard, and drank a glassful of French brandy—the best, purest Cognac, but still, an undoubted and sad fact, brandy. I will not positively affirm that the same process did not take place more than once during the course of that miserable day; a process which certainly did not improve Mrs. Bury's temper, or give her reason the aid so much to be desired.

Mr. Bury came home to dinner; it was as much as his wife could do to preserve her equanimity till the servant had withdrawn. Then a dessert was spread out before Frederick which he had little anticipated. Olives of bitterness formed the principal ingredient of this repast, to which no sweetness came as alloy; no cooling fruits offered themselves to the parched palates and fermenting acids of recrimination and anger. His wife threw the billet of *La Signora Giulietta* before her husband, in fact into the plate from which he was just eating his grapes—sour ones indeed they proved to be. A storm arose, of which none of my readers can form an accurate idea, unless, as married persons, they themselves have passed through such experiences.

The battle raged, with equal forces on either side. The lady brought an overwhelming fire, at first, on the enemy—of tears, sneers, reproaches, complainings, and a volubility which had well-nigh at last routed the opposing party, who, indeed, at the onset, acted merely on the defensive. Presently retaliation ensued.

"You would not marry me when I first asked you; you would wait till I had money enough to give you every bauble you fancied. I don't see much difference in women, for my part; Giulietta gets all she can, so do you; I'm only the poor stock that gets the money—how, none of you know or care, so long as your wants and pleasures are supplied. A man need have full coffers, who presumes nowadays

to take a wife: I wanted a home—a place where I could smoke and talk and come and go, without a parcel of nonsense and etiquette, and all that rubbish that fags a man out; so I took to Giulietta. And when I married, why, I could not turn the woman off without more expense than I could well afford, with all the trumpery of our wedding. Well, separate if you think proper. I tell you to your face, I am much more comfortable and free and easy at Giulietta's lodgings than in my own stuck-up house, where I am in awe of my own servants, and frozen by my own wife, who is never pleasant, affectionate, or kind, but when she wants money or presents."

And this reprisal of the enemy fairly routed and silenced the invading force, who took flight in tears, and sought the refuge of her own room, which was locked and bolted against the approach of her husband, who smoked a cigar without any concealment, in the dining-room, and who put on his hat about ten o'clock, and went to fetch Signora Giulietta from the opera, on whose boards she had been that evening representing the confidante in "*La Favorita*."

Mrs. Bury's own couch on that night was far from being a bed of roses. Her pillow, indeed, was bedewed with tears—not of repentance, but rage and balked revenge; and she arose in the morning unrefreshed by sleep, and with a breast filled with anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. She did not carry her threat of separation into effect. She determined on a different course of conduct, and ordering her brougham, drove to various shops where she was known, and ordering herself rich dresses and jewelry, desired the bills might be sent in to Mr. Bury. She sought out a career of dissipation for herself, and flirted on the very verge of impropriety, and this she called revenge.

Mr. Bury took no notice of his wife's absence from her home. He did not frequent her set; and Mrs. Bury gave parties quite independent of her husband, merely assigning the bills to him for payment. He began soon to be uneasy at his expenditure. He tried to expostulate with his wife, and was answered with a threat and a sneer, which caused him to turn on his heel with something which I fear strongly resembled an oath.

There is little doubt but that the present writer will be blamed for so plain a

description of Mr. Bury's vices and follies; and indeed there is no excuse to be offered but the statement that these things occur every day, and are heard of and discussed in many private families of respectability, who, if the truth must be told, are themselves to blame for the consequences of their own insatiable demands to be supplied with the very best loaves and fishes which this life offers, and who ignore love and suburban cottages as quite unworthy living for, and as things incompatible with genteel and fashionable existence in the nineteenth century.

When Mrs. Bury's milliner's bill, and her dress-maker's bill, and her perfumer's ditto, and that of the lady's shoe or boot-maker—for her gloves, bijoux, furs, and other trifles not possible to be done without—came home, and the sum-total of these came to be added to Mr. Bury's own accounts, that gentleman declared himself in a state of insanity.

Mrs. Bury was going out to a party, one evening, when a messenger came to her house, and informed her that her husband had been arrested at the suit of Messrs. Crescent and Opal, jewelers. Isabella turned white as her own *moiré* dress when she heard this news. She had been nursed in the lap of prosperity; for though Mr. Rivers lived up to his income, yet no signs of distress had ever hovered over him, or shocked his wife and family; and Mrs. Bury's sympathy therefore was at once aroused for her husband, whom this lady came—although rather too late—to regard as the victim of her extravagance; which, indeed, she styled her revenge.

O man and wife! of whom marriage is supposed to make one frame, one heart, one mind! what become of ye, when either stoops to vengeance on the other? Is it not as if I should pluck out my own heart, because my right hand had failed me and lost its cunning? And can two beings knit into one, really exist independently and yet be happy?

Mrs. Bury, with many tears and sighs, acknowledged her error. Repentance came to her, as it comes to many other sinners, somewhat too late to do good. She visited her husband in his durance, and implored for his pardon; which he, much affected, freely bestowed, imploring at the same time absolution at her hands for his own grave errors as a husband. She became aware then, that he had no

longer an abandoned partner in guilt; that, in a word, *La Signora Giulietta* had—with the ready custom of her class to forsake adversity, and cling only to the skirts of prosperity—deserted him when he could no longer supply her rapacity.

Isabella became shortly afterwards aware of another circumstance: that she had been collecting hoards of dresses, jewelry, and property, only for the demands of her husband's creditors.

I will close now this dismal history, which, had it not been to point a moral to the evil every day increasing among us, I would not have related at all. Isabella and Frederick at the first and earliest period of their affection would have supported, soothed, and wooed each other—the last only more devotedly for privation; whereas, waiting till selfishness got the upper hand, they could not enjoy the competence for which they had had the patience to wait whole years, and, like children who having with the utmost caution, skill, and care, constructed a house of cards, so these full-grown babies blew down with a breath the edifice which had cost youth, toil, and long waiting ere it was reared—reared only to be thus destroyed.

Mr. Bury was a bankrupt, and his former associate, Arthur Dimsdale, was not only a husband, but a loving father, and a prosperous rising man. With him and his family, desires had not increased with wealth. Simple pleasures to them were ever the best liked. Love and happiness were, after years of union, still centered only in each other.

Isabella sat with Mrs. Dimsdale, a twelve-month after Frederick Bury's disasters. Mrs. Bury had discarded her gay toilettes; perhaps, more properly speaking, they had discarded her. Be that as it may, Isabella looked better in her plain black silk and net cap, than she had ever done in her *moirés* and velvets; for there was a look of content and happiness which, in her earlier days of wedded splendor, she had never worn. She was conversing with Bessie on the past and present. Something of the future mingled too with their discourse.

"Yes," Mrs. Bury said, in answer to some remark of her friend, "we are beginning life again; and would we had so begun it years ago! But, O Bessie! I feel so light—so happy—so active! Ah!

if people knew what comfort and happiness they miss by waiting to grow rich, early marriages—where there was a competence and a fair prospect of getting on—would be promoted, and we should in the end be wiser, happier, and better.

You must teach me," she said, (the tears rising in her still beautiful eyes) "to be my husband's helpmate; and in return I will tell your girls, when they grow up, my story, and warn them against putting off happiness for riches."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SHAKSPEARE.

We are impressed with the belief that we could not please our readers with any embellishment better than to place at the head of this first number of the year, a portrait of the world-renowned poet, in company with his cotemporaries, in one beautiful group, of which he was the honored chief. His fame will last undimmed while the world shall stand, and his works remain an inexhaustible store-house and mine of thought and literary treasures, for all coming generations, who will dig or draw out their gems and jewelry.

For this beautiful portrait-group, adapted thus to the dimensions of our journal, we are indebted to the artistic skill of our incomparable artist, Mr. John Sertain, who for fourteen years has embellished its consecutive numbers. We subjoin a brief sketch of the poet.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, and died. "This," says Steevens, "is all that is known, with any degree of certainty, about Shakspeare." We should have cared very little about the birth and marriage, the will, or the death, of this native of a petty country-town in the sixteenth century, but for the one other certainty, "he wrote poems and plays." That fact renders the minutest incident in the life of this son of a Warwickshire yeoman, a matter of interest to the whole human race; for out of the cottage in which he was born, has gone forth a voice which is the mightiest in modern litera-

ture; which has had no small influence in forming our national character; and which, in connection with the higher teaching from above, is refining and humanizing wherever its sound is heard. Steevens was in a great degree right, as far as regards a mere biographical notice of Shakspeare. His real biography lies in a critical estimate of his writings, as compared with others of his time, and in his relation to the age in which he flourished. The documentary biography, beyond that furnished by the facts that tell us the dates of his several works, lies in a very narrow compass. William Shakspeare was born in 1564. His baptism was registered in the parish church of Stratford, on the 26th April, in that year. It was usual to baptize within three days of birth, and, therefore, his birth-day is held to be the 23d of April, the St. George's day of England. The probability, though not the certainty, is that he was born in the town of Stratford. The old house there, in which he is said to have been born, was unquestionably the property of his father, John Shakspeare. His father was married and living in Stratford in 1558. His mother was Mary Arden, of the ancient family of the Ardens. The course of John Shakspeare may be traced by the parochial and municipal record, from the office of jurymen of the court leet in 1556, to that of bailiff, or chief magistrate, in 1568. He has been held to have been a butcher, or a wool-stapler, or a Glover. In an age when there was little subdivision of occupations, the yeoman cultivating his land, might have sold the carcasses of his sheep,

dressed their wool, and prepared their peltries. The occupier of grazing land had no large separate markets for such commodities. There was a free grammar school at Stratford. We have no record that William Shakspeare went to that school; but why should we doubt that he was educated there; it was the natural place of his education. Some persons have endeavored to show that there is no tincture of grammar school studies in his writings; that he was essentially unlearned. Such a belief is now wholly abandoned, except by those pedants, if there be any left, who think that there can be no learning without a constant parade of it. It has been stated by Rowe, that John Shakspeare had "a large family, ten children in all." There were other Shakspeares in Stratford. The registers distinctly show that the father of the poet had five children who survived the period of infancy. We have no trace how William Shakspeare was employed in the interval between his school-days and manhood. Some hold that he was an attorney's clerk. The tradition is, that he was a wild young fellow, stealing deer. The certainty is, that he was treasuring up that store of knowledge, and cultivating that range of genius, which made him what he became. At Shottery, a pretty village within a mile of Stratford, is an old farm-house, now divided into several tenements, where dwelt a family of the name of Hathaway, and this property remained in the possession of their descendants. Anne Hathaway became the wife of William Shakspeare in 1582. The marriage-bond and license are preserved in the Consistorial Court, at Worcester. By this marriage there were three children, Susanna, Hammet, and Judith. Hammet, the only son, died in 1596. The two daughters survived their father, and inherited his property. Soon after his marriage, William Shakspeare became connected with the Blackfriars' Theater, in London. In 1589, when he was only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint proprietor of that theater, with four others below him in the list. The players of the Blackfriars were the Lord Chamberlain's company, those who acted under royal patronage. We know nothing of the date of the production of the first play. We can absolutely assign very few dates to any of his plays, except by the following table, which has been given by Mr. Knight, of the positive

facts which determine dates *previous* to which they had been produced:

Henry VI., Part I.....	Alluded to by Nashe in "Pierce Pennilesse,"	1592
Henry VI., Part II.....	Printed as "The First Part of the Contention,"	1594
Henry VI., Part III.....	Printed as "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,"	1595
Richard II.....	Printed	1597
Richard III.....	Printed	1597
Romeo and Juliet.....	Printed	1597
Love's Labor Lost.....	Printed	1598
Henry IV., Part I.....	Printed	1598
Henry IV., Part II.....	Printed	1600
Henry V.....	Printed	1600
Merchant of Venice.....	Printed, 1600. Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
A Midsummer Night's Dream.....	Printed, 1600. Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Much Ado About Nothing.....	Printed.....	1600
As You Like It.....	Entered at Stationers' Hall.....	1600
All's Well that Ends Well.....	Held to be mentioned by Meres as "Love's Labors Won,"	1598
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Comedy of Errors.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
King John.....	Mentioned by Meres.....	1598
Titus Andronicus.....	Printed.....	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor.....	Printed.....	1602
Hamlet.....	Printed.....	1603
Twelfth Night.....	Acted in the Middle Temple Hall.....	1602
Othello.....	Acted at Harefield.....	1602
Measure for Measure.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1604
Lear.....	Printed 1608. Acted at Whitehall.....	1607
Taming of the Shrew.....	Supposed to have been acted at Henslow's Theater, 1598. Entered at Stationers' Hall.....	1607
Troilus and Cressida.....	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court.....	1609
Pericles.....	Printed.....	1609
The Tempest.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1611
The Winter Tale.....	Acted at Whitehall.....	1611
Henry VIII.....	Acted as a new play when the Globe was burned.....	1613

Of the thirty-seven plays of Shakspeare, the existence of thirty-one is thus defined by contemporary records. The six which are not so defined, are *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, *Timon*, and the three Roman plays. There are not many instances of the mention of Shakspeare, during his lifetime, by writers of his period; but one writer, Francis Meres, notices many of his more important plays, in 1598. His poems carry their own dates. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593; *Lucrece* in 1594; the *Sonnets* in 1609. Meres had mentioned, in 1598, Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets amongst his private friends." Shakspeare became rich in connection with the theaters. He purchased the principal house in Stratford in 1597, and parcels of land in that parish. He became the tithe-owner also by purchase. It is supposed that he ceased to be connected with the theaters in 1609, for there is a valuation of his property in that year, for which he asked £1433 6s. 8d. His fa-

ther died in 1601; and it is more than probable that the greatest of poets succeeded him as a practical farmer in his native place. He had his actions in the bailiff's court for corn sold and delivered. He was looked up to by his neighbors, as there is evidence in letters. His eldest daughter, in 1607, married Dr. Hall, an eminent physician residing in Stratford. Judeth married Thomas Quiney, a tradesman of substance, in February, 1610. The register of Stratford has another register two months afterwards. On the 25th of April, William Shakspeare was buried in the parish church. Anne, the wife, survived till 1623. She was amply provided for by the laws of her country; for the greater part of Shakspeare's property was freehold, and the widow was

entitled, for her life, to the dower of one third. The bequest to her of the second-best bed was one of affection, and not of neglect. The best bed was always an heirloom. The eldest daughter, Susanah, died in 1649. Judeth died in 1662. Neither left any male-heir. The one grand-daughter of Shakspeare, Elizabeth Hall, inherited the bulk of his property. By her second marriage she became the wife of Sir John Bernard. In half a century the family estates were all scattered, and went to other races; with the exception of two houses in Henley street, which Lady Barnard devised to her kinsman, Thomas Hart, the grandson of Shakspeare's sister, Joan. These houses were purchased by the British nation, in 1847, of the descendants of the Harts.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSICIAN OF WALDON CATHEDRAL.

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldron Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjahr*—I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is "chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the Lord-bishop of the diocese;" but I do not think that it is "noted" at all. Nevertheless, though I have traveled much, I have

never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation, received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry mid-summer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fields and fiords. I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the

cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah! ye Waldon-ites! ye shall slumber through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye!"

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there — no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a foot-fall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if

human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had "drowsed" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen "naught nor nobody."

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door behind me; but I sauntered a long time beneath the limes before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practiced again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed —. But I did not consider my-

self to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of by-gone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

"The old professor," I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed upstairs, and burst in upon my hazy friend. He removed his pipe from his lips, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. "Hollo! I thought you were in the other room," he exclaimed.

"Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old—?" My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Every thing was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checked my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer, "I don't understand it, any more than I understand this!"—tapping his book with his pipe. "I saw you leave that door"—pointing to that of the outer room: "Soon after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all; don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I cried out: 'Well done, old boy!'"

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a securely fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mould-

ering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment; but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded, all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain!

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What* had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practiced. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then, an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind misgave me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this, (showing a shilling,) and went away the very minute she'd adone playing."

"She!" It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight plain young girl. She would surely come again—I would secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minute in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted though the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed;

before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain; the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music, I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to command her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

"If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys."

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

"Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since; you must fill his place in this cathedral."

"Are you not the organist?"

"No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it."

"Are you the bishop, then?"

"No." I laughed. "But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral."

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

"I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here."

"I am the best judge of that: I will try you. I will call at your home and arrange with your relations."

"I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow."

"Your answer must be, 'Yes;' and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?"

She shook her head; so as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

"Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again," I said.

"Oh! yes, if you wish it."

"You have not asked my name, or where I live." I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

"It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night, you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again."

I said "Good night," but followed her still; it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the façade of the cathedral immediately opposite me, (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight,)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognized the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

"I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor," was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

"I have yet to learn the young lady's name," I reminded her.

"Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town."

"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs. Smith—that was her name she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I dispatched Margaret with Mrs. Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play any thing she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarletti's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her, but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admirably she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practicing in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when——"

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs. Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

"No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall

you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes: she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine: she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practice with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved; now she

could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs. Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral-yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

"Would it be possible for me ever any where to forget this place," she said musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt, (so she called Mrs. Smith,) I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am under-ground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted, heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterized her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission: evidently, a central somewhat was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had

long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline—But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual: her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

"She is shockingly affected; a dreadful

flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!"

"She flies rather lower than that," said a kindred voice. "She and Mr. — (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course they call it practicing—a very pretty kind of practice!"

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

"A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies," I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the vailing lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendliness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice any thing beyond these instructions—any thing personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last reentered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and

my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had reentered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead," was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly-kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by and by.

"Nigh a month since, sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please, sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir; she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, sir; it has, sir." Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said any thing of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs. Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I can not say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no

right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh! well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked humbly.

"Yes, yes."

"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no: you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

"You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice — (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral-yard. It was on New Year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New Year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half a dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

A T T H E G A T E .

I MET the maiden at the gate,
The eve when first I spoke her name;
I would not have been there too late,
For all the flattery of fame.
And lightly fluttered her sweet dress,
O'er which the fondling zephyrs strayed;
With affluence shook each raven tress,
Imprisoned in pearl-sprinkled braid!

Large clusters of white lilac bloom
In adoration o'er her bowed;
For through the evening's dusky gloom,
They saw her face with charms endowed.
While I grew tremulous to see
How low they drooped her brow to reach;
For I believed they strove to be,
Near to her cheeks flushed like a peach!

I envied all the leaves that stirred,
Lest they should round her beauty crowd;
And when she spoke her first sweet word,
I felt the proudest of the proud!
The moon seemed conscious of the pride,
That fame-like in my bosom glowed;
And whiter than the fairest bride,
Her splendor round the maiden flowed!

Then I grew jealous of all things
On which the maiden cast her eyes;
For touched with love all Nature sings,
And earth seems nearer to the skies!
I loved her from that hallowed eve
She vowed her lot in life was mine;
I doubted not, and now believe,
That love once born must be divine!

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. EDMUND HORNEY. Pages 500. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. Lindsay & Blakiston, No. 25 South-Sixth street. For sale by A. S. Barnes & Co., New-York.

MRS. HORNEY presents her book of travels and of sojourn in the form of sixty-one letters addressed to her mother. The style is plain, easy, and familiar—quite conversational. We looked for a preface and introduction to the book, but found none, which we regard as desirable as a portico or vestibule to a well and tastefully constructed building. A book of travels, well written, imparting valuable information concerning the manners and customs of a people and country which comparatively few are supposed to visit, is an accession to literature. Mrs. Hornby has filled her volume with facts and incidents of her travels and sojourn which are pleasantly described and will interest the reader.

THE SABBATH HYMN-BOOK FOR THE SERVICE OF SONG IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. Pages 941: Hymns 1290. New-York: Mason & Brothers. Boston; J. E. Tilton & Co.

THE compilers of this book are men of high repute, learning, talents, and influence in the theological and musical world. Professors Park and Phelps of the Andover Theological Seminary, and Doctor Lowell Mason, so long the *primus inter pares* of the living musical world, are men whom the religious public, at least, have a right to suppose are fully competent to the work and the responsibility which they have undertaken and assumed. How far they have succeeded, and what approximation to the highest standard of hymnology they have made, will be differently estimated even by those who are competent to judge. The responsibility of preparing a book of songs for service in the house of the Lord is no ordinary one, viewed in its true light. The index of subjects is the best we have seen.

PRACTICAL SERMONS. By NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D.D., Late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. Pages 455: Sermons XXXII. New-York: Published by Clark, Austin & Smith. 1858.

THESE are memorable sermons. They will be had in everlasting remembrance by many now in heaven and many still on earth, who have been converted by the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon their instrumentality. We welcome their appearance, and commend them in earnest language to the attentive perusal of all. They are powerful discourses—redolent of weighty and solemn truths, plain, pungent, pointed, direct—burnished weapons,

like the sword of the Spirit, flashing with celestial brightness. They are Pauline in their strength and logic and force of diction. They are not small arms from the great armory of truth; but heaven's heavy artillery, siege-guns constructed and designed by a skillful engineer, to do execution when brought to bear upon the citadel of sin in the hearts of men, and induce an immediate surrender to the rightful Sovereign. The Spirit of God honored them, made them effectual as weapons in the spiritual warfare in numerous cases through continuous years. We have heard most of them again and again uttered in impressive tones, and a deep yearning interest, from the lips of him who on earth will never utter them again. Preaching in the estimation of this man of God, was no fancy work, no commonplace affair, of a dull and sleepy intellect, and a careless, indifferent heart; but a great and solemn business doing and to be done for eternity, and worthy of the entire devotedness even of angelic minds. This earnest, impressive conviction of its transcendent importance, breathes through all these discourses. As such they are worthy of the attentive perusal of all who, as preachers of the Gospel, are engaged in the most important and responsible of all business which can employ the human intellect and heart on earth. This brief notice should have accompanied the striking portrait of the author in our last number, but the volume was not received in time.

EXTRACTION OF TEETH BY ELECTRICITY.—The *Moniteur des Hopitaux* publishes a letter addressed to the Academy of Medicine by Mr. George, the Paris dentist, in which, after alluding to the danger of employing chloroform for so insignificant an operation as the drawing of a tooth, the writer mentions that after Mr. Snape's experiments for producing local anesthesia by means of electricity he has repeated them himself on various patients, and has obtained the most successful results. It appears from Mr. George's description that electricity applied to a decayed tooth does not by any means produce a shock, but merely an agreeable *frémissement*. Mr. George also states to the Academy his intention of devoting gratis, to the poor, an hour daily, for the extraction of teeth.

THE YIELD OF GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.—From the first discovery of the gold fields in Victoria up to the end of last year, the government escorts had brought down to Melbourne 11,457,472 ounces of gold, the value of which is estimated at £45,830,000. During the above period the total amount of revenue derived from the gold-fields, inclusive of the export duty, was nearly three millions sterling, out of which about £1,583,000 had been expended in making and repairing roads from Melbourne to the various gold-fields.

SINGULAR HUMAN PETRIFICATION.—The *Alla California*, of July tenth, contains a letter from a German physician, Doctor F. Lichterberger, at Fort Langley on Fraser River, giving a detailed account of the death of a miner, by petrification, consequent upon drinking a mineral fluid known as water of crystallization—a solution of silica—found in a geode. Geodes are rounded masses of quartz, containing cavities lined with crystals; and varying in size from a few inches to sometimes two feet in diameter. The unfortunate man whose death is recorded, in striking one of these geodes, broke off a piece, leaving a cup, which, according to the statement of a companion, contained about half-a-pint of the fluid above named. With a jesting remark about the crystal, the thoughtless man swallowed the whole of the fluid at a draught. In a short time its effects began to manifest themselves, death soon followed, *rigor mortis* immediately supervened, and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the fact that the whole system had become petrified.

TREATMENT OF GOUT.—The *Abeille Medicale* contains an article on the use of the oil extracted from the horse-chestnut as a sedative in gout. In order to extract this oil, the horse-chestnuts are first ground to powder, the latter is then treated with sulphuric ether, which dissolves the oil, resin, and saponine contained in the mass; the oil is then obtained pure by evaporating the ether. Ten kilogrammes of horse-chestnuts yield ten grammes of oil. To use it, it must be applied with a fine hair-brush on the part affected; if the pain is very intense the unction should be effected circularly, so as to arrive gradually to the center. When the first application is absorbed, a second one is effected after the lapse of a few minutes, and then a third and fourth, if necessary. The oiled part is then covered with blotting-paper, cotton, or flannel, and then with oilskin; the patient must be kept in perfect repose. In some cases the application of the oil causes an increase of pain for the first half-hour, after which the sedative action commences, but generally the pain gradually disappears without any aggravation.

APPETIZING.—"Each lion makes so great an impression on the population, that their number is generally exaggerated. A lion eats, at the lowest calculation, one hundred pounds' worth of beasts in a year, and, as he lives naturally thirty years, he costs the Algerians three thousand pounds in his life. I met a lady last night, who told me she was a few years ago going home to her house in the neighborhood, attended by two servants. It was dusk, when, quite close to her grounds, in a path by a brook, she saw within a few yards of her, on the other side of the brook, two large glittering eyes—nothing more—it was a lion: 'my lord' allowed them to pass and they heard no more of his royal highness. The same lady told me that at Oran—I think it was, a lion was killed, which three days before, had eaten a man; the Prefet gave a great dinner, the principal dish being the lion, which the French gentlemen assembled eat with the greatest relish."—*Algeria.* By B. L. S. Bodichon.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.—No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure to the utmost limit

of what is fit. It promises excellence and usefulness, to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans who have neither father nor mother to care for them; but a child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent; it is its own master—it is peevish, forward, headstrong, blind-born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—The operation of taking up the trees on the Boulevard des Italiens, from the Rue de Richelieu to the Rue Louis le Grand, and replacing them by large healthy ones, is now being carried on with great activity. The plan pursued in planting these new trees is to dig a deep continuous trench, nine feet in width, which is to be filled throughout its whole length with fine vegetable mould, so as to enable the trees to send out their roots longitudinally, the extreme hardness of the ground under the footpath and carriage-road presenting an almost impenetrable obstacle to their development in those directions. This trial of a plan for giving the roots of the trees a particular direction is good, and many prove useful. It is a sort of espalier training below ground. English tree-growers will look with interest for the result.—*London paper.*

SYDNEY SMITH says: "A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember a joke after a meeting of the clergy, in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I gave his health, saying that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons within hearing laughed, but my next neighbor sat unmoved in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming: 'I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith—you meant a joke.'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I believe I did.' Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back."

WILLIAM VEAZIE furnishes "A Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington; with a Sketch and Life of the Author." The publisher deserves great praise for the elegant and tasteful style in which this volume has been prepared, and it is to be hoped that public appreciation may not be withheld from an enterprise at once so liberal and audacious. The paper, printing and binding of this work, as well as of the same publisher's previous issue, *Dierckx's Curiosities of Literature*, are of the first quality, and combine all requisite neatness and beauty with lowness of price. Many current issues are entirely unpressurable in cloth binding, but this is an exception from which other publishers will do well to profit.

JAMES MILLER sends us a volume published by J. P. Chamberlin and Company, entitled the *Duties of Human Life*; translated from a Sanscrit Manuscript, written by an ancient Brahmin. To which is prefixed a Letter, giving an Account of the manner in which the Manuscript was found, from an English gentleman residing in China, to the Earl of K***, edited by Joshua Perkins.

KING JOHN'S PALACE IN STEPNEY.—"There is about to be an act of downright Vandalism perpetrated in the east of London—namely, the demolition of that old palace of King John, on Stepney Green, which has stood for eight centuries, and is now in thorough repair. The old castle is a beautiful specimen of ancient brickwork, and it ought to be preserved when a very small outlay would restore it to its pristine beauty. It is on record that a Parliament was held in it seven hundred years ago. It is a most interesting relic of old times, and it is a disgrace to our antiquaries to suffer so fine a building to be wantonly destroyed."

A GREAT GUN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—A monster piece of ordnance was brought from Woolwich to Windsor Castle, by command of her Majesty, and placed on the North Terrace, where it will be inspected by the Prince Consort, and a suitable situation selected for its permanent position. The gun was taken during the late war from the Chinese, and brought to England by the ship *Sibyl*; it is an admirable piece of workmanship in brass, and weighs 7 tons 3½ cwt. 8 lbs.; its length is 13½ feet, girth 7 feet 3 inches, and 12 inches in the bore. It requires upwards of 30 lbs. of powder to load it, and it will carry a ball of 200 lbs. weight. The value of the brass alone is estimated at between £500 and £600.

J. E. TILTON & Co. issue a new edition of *Biography of Self-Taught Men*: with an Introductory Essay, by B. B. Edwards. This volume, which has been got out in very readable style, contains nearly fifty biographical sketches, including nearly every department of human mental activity. Its purpose is to furnish examples of industry and perseverance which may stimulate and encourage young men, between whom and the acquisition of knowledge obstacles are interposed, to continued and unremitting effort, showing how in many similar instances all difficulties have been overcome, and the Temple of Fame reached even from the very foot of the mountain.

T. NELSON & SONS favor us with a copy of *Martin Rattler*; or, *A Boy's Adventures in the Forests of Brazil*, by Robert Michael Ballantyne, author of many other well-known and favorite Juveniles. The author observes: "In presenting this book, I have only to repeat what I have said in the prefaces of my former works—namely, that all the important points and anecdotes are true; only the minor and unimportant ones being mingled with fiction. With this single remark, I commit my work to your hands, and wish you a pleasant ramble, in spirit, through the romantic forests of Brazil." The volume contains several spirited illustrations.

The Sultan has made another step towards the admission of Europeans into the Mohammedan family. He has sent a Christian to be his Ambassador at Berlin, Aristarchi Bey, a Fanariote noble. The Turkish Christian diplomatist hastens to his post on the wings of love, for his bride awaits him at Berlin. He is about to espouse Fraulein Bonnin, the daughter of the Prussian general of that name, who commands the Seventh Division of the Prussian army.

The funeral-car of Napoleon I., presented to Napoleon III. by Queen Victoria, has arrived in Paris in the custody of Sir John Burgoyne. The Minister

at War had sent one of his aides-de-camp to Havre to meet Sir John. The ceremony of the reception of this relic at the Invalides took place at one o'clock in the afternoon. The Prince Napoleon, the Minister at War, and General Count d'Ornano, the Governor of the Invalides, were present. The pensioners were drawn up in two lines extending from the outer gate to the chapel-doors. The car was placed temporarily in the peristyle of the chapel, but it is ultimately to have a place near the Emperor's tomb in the Chapelle St. Jérôme.

CHINESE WIT.—A missionary in the Chinese waters having distributed several copies of the Ten Commandments on shore, they were sent back the next day with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

"Do you profess religion?" "No, sir; I profess my faith and practice my religion." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

"LOST AND FOUND."—A person crossing over the Severn, was asking the master of the boat whether there were ever any people lost in the passage? "No sir," answered the Monmouthshire tar, "never; my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

When Lord Erskine was chancellor, being asked by the Secretary of the Treasury whether he would attend the grand ministerial fish-dinner at the end of the session, he answered: "To be sure I will. What would your fish-dinner be without the Great Seal?"

LUNAR BEAUX.—Says an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows: "Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?" "I have seen a beau by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the sly rejoinder.

The *Pays* says it is authorized by M. de Lamartine to declare that the statement made by different journals of the sale of his estate of Milly is unfounded. Not only has the property not been sold, but it has not been offered for sale.

A BOTTLE was on Monday picked up on the shore at Portobello, having inclosed in it a slip of paper, bearing the following words: "1857, August 4. Ship Lady Franklin, Arctic Regions, all well. Dear Mother, P. B. One boy killed. P. B."

MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, is now at Stockholm. He has tamed several violent horses there in the presence of the Prince Royal, and His Royal Highness presented him with a gold medal. Mr. Rarey is, a letter states, about to proceed to St. Petersburg.

On Friday week Messrs. Southgate and Barrett, at their auction-rooms, Fleet street, concluded a five days' sale of the literary property belonging to the late Mr. Bogue, bookseller and publisher, of Fleet street, and the amount realized by the sale was nearly £10,000.

The Emperor Alexander has presented a diamond ring to the principal editor of the *Invalides Russe* for an historical account of the Lunatic Asylum of St. Petersburg.



ENG. BY J. J. S. SARTON. F.R.S.

A NIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

PAINTED BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

